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THE LITERATURE OF ITALY

consists of sixteen volumes, of which this one forms a part. For full particulars of the edition see the Official Certificate bound in the volume entitled

"A HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE."

Literature of Italy 1265–1907.

Edited by Rossiter Johnson and Dora Knowlton Ranous

With a General Introduction by William Michael Rossetti and Special Introductions by James, Cardinal Gibbons, Charles Eliot Norton, S. G. W. Benjamin, William S. Walsh, Maurice Francis Egan, and others

New translations, and former renderings compared and revised

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THE PIGEONS OF SAN MARCO
From a Painting by V. Palmaroti

THE PIGEONS OF SAN MARCO
From a Painting by V. Palmaroli

MY PRISONS

(*I MIE PRIGIONI*)

AND

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI

A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS

(*Translated by Florence Kendrick Cooper*)

BY

SILVIO PELLICO

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ROSSITER JOHNSON

THE NATIONAL ALUMNI

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INTRODUCTION

READERS of the present generation, to whom are presented frequent pictures of the crimes of Russian absolutism, probably think of the Czar's government as unique in modern times. But within the memory of persons now living Austria was an absolute monarchy, displaying the usual insolence and cruelty of despotism. The fair plains of northern Italy were under foreign domination before Cavour and Garibaldi secured for their compatriots a free and united country. Venetia especially was under the Austrian yoke. In 1818 Byron wrote:

> "The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—
> An emperor tramples where an emperor knelt."

The prisons were full of political offenders, arrested without warrant and detained without trial, suffering horrors quite equal to those of Siberia. The Carbonari was a secret political organization in Italy, which arose about 1810, and became powerful and well known about 1818. It took its name, which signifies "charcoal burners," from the circumstance that it had adopted charcoal as a symbol, signifying purification. Its motto was "Revenge upon the wolves that devour the lambs." The organization in 1820 had about seven hundred thousand members, in all parts of the country, many of whom were of high social rank. They not only hoped to put an end to foreign domination, but were strongly inclined

to republicanism. The fraternity spread into France, where it was formidable though less powerful than in Italy; and all the revolutionary movements in those countries between 1818 and 1830 were attributed to it.

Silvio Pellico was a member of the Carbonari, and because he was known or suspected to be such he became a victim of Austrian tyranny. He was born in Saluzzo, in Piedmont, June 24, 1789, was the son of a silk-manufacturer, and was educated by a priest in Turin. He lived for a time in Lyons, France, where he had a married sister, but went to Milan in 1810, taught French, and was appointed tutor to the children of Count Lambertinghi. He wrote first a tragedy entitled *Laodamia*, and afterward *Francesca da Rimini*, which at once gave him a high reputation. Byron is said to have translated the *Francesca* into English, but did not publish it. Leigh Hunt used the same subject for a poem, and George Henry Boker for a play—both of which are well known. In 1819 Pellico, with several partners, established a liberal journal entitled *Il Conciliatore*, which the Austrian authorities first subjected to a rigid censorship and then suppressed. In the autumn of 1820 he was arrested and an imprisonment of ten years followed, as recorded in his work here presented. This book immediately obtained a wide circulation and was translated into several languages. Its permanent fame is due to its obvious candor, its minute particularization of prison life, and its exposition of a grinding tyranny amidst the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century. After his release, Pellico spent the remainder of his life at Turin, and he died near that city January 31, 1854. He wrote several

tragedies, one of which was founded on the life of Sir Thomas More, in whose fate he saw something analogous to his own. He wrote also a religious treatise entitled *Dei doveri degli Uomini* ("The Duties of Man"). His collected works were published in four volumes in Italy, and his biography was written by Chiala in Italian and by Bourdon in French. R. J.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

HAVE I written these memoirs from a feeling of vanity, or desire to talk about myself? I trust this is not the case; and, as far as one may be able to judge in his own cause, I think I was actuated by better motives—to afford consolation to the unfortunate by explaining the evils to which I was exposed, and the sources of relief which I found attainable under the heaviest misfortune; to bear witness that, in the midst of long sufferings, I have never found mankind so hopelessly wicked, so unworthy of indulgence, or so deficient in noble characters, as it is customary to represent it; to invite generous hearts to love and esteem one another, and to hate no one—feeling irreconcilable hatred only toward mean deceit, cowardice, perfidy, and all moral degradation; to impress on all that well-known, but too often forgotten truth, that both religion and philosophy require calmness of judgment, combined with energy of will; and that, without the union of these qualities, there can be neither justice, nor dignity of character, nor sound principles of human action.

CHAPTER I

IMPRISONMENT AT MILAN

ON Friday, October 13, 1820, I was arrested at Milan, and conveyed to the prison of Santa Margherita. The hour was three in the afternoon. I underwent a long examination, which occupied the whole of that and several subsequent days; but of this I shall say nothing. Like some unfortunate lover, harshly dealt with by her he adores, yet resolved to bear it with dignified silence, I leave *la politica,* such as she is, and proceed to something else.

At nine in the evening of that same unlucky Friday, the actuary consigned me to the jailer, who conducted me to my appointed residence. He there politely requested me to give up my watch, my money, and everything in my pockets, which were to be restored to me in due time; saying which, he respectfully bade me good-night.

"Stop, my dear sir," I observed; "I have not yet dined; let me have something to eat."

"Directly; the inn is close by, and you will find the wine good, sir."

"Wine I do not drink."

At this announcement, Signor Angiolino gave me a look of unfeigned surprise: he imagined that I was jesting.

"Keepers of prisons," he rejoined, "who sell wine, have a natural horror of an abstemious captive."

"That may be; but I don't drink it."

"I am sorry for you, sir; you will suffer doubly from solitude."

Perceiving that I was firm, he took his leave; and in half an hour I had something to eat. I took a mouthful, swallowed a glass of water, and found myself alone.

My chamber was on the ground-floor, and overlooked the court-yard. Cells here, cells there, to the right, to the left, above, below, and opposite, everywhere met my eye. I leaned against the window, listened to the passing and repassing of the jailers, and the wild song of several of the unhappy inmates.

"A century ago," I reflected, "this was a monastery. Little then thought the pious, penitent recluses that their cells would now reëcho only to the sounds of blasphemy and licentious song, instead of holy hymn and lamentation from woman's lips; that it would become a dwelling for the wicked of every class,—the greater part destined to perpetual labor or to the gallows. And what living being will be found in these cells a century hence? O mighty Time! unceasing mutability of things! can he who rightly views your power have reason for regret or despair, when Fortune withdraws her smile, when he is made captive, or the scaffold presents itself to his eye? Yesterday I thought myself one of the happiest of men: to-day, every pleasure, the least flower that strewed my path, has disappeared. Liberty, social converse, the face of my fellowman, nay, hope itself, has fled. I feel it would be folly to flatter myself: I shall not go hence, except to be thrown into still more horrible receptacles of sorrow; perhaps, bound, into the hands of

the executioner. Well, well—the day after my death it will be the same as if I had yielded my spirit in a palace and been conveyed to the tomb accompanied with all the pageantry of empty honors."

Thus, by reflecting on the sweeping movement of time, I bore up against passing misfortune. Alas! this did not prevent the forms of my father, my mother, two brothers, two sisters, and one other family I had learned to love as if it were my own—from all whom I was, doubtless, for ever cut off—from entering my mind, and rendering all my philosophical reasoning of no avail. I was unable to resist the thought, and I wept as a child.

Three months previously I had gone to Turin, where, after several years of separation, I saw my parents, one of my brothers, and two sisters. We had always been an attached family; no son had ever been more deeply indebted to a father and a mother than I. I was affected at beholding a greater alteration in their appearance, the effect of age, than I had expected. I indulged a secret wish to part from them no more, but to soothe the pillow of departing age by the grateful cares of a beloved son. How it vexed me, too, I remember, during the few brief days I passed with them, to be compelled by other duties to spend so much of the day from home and the society of those I had such reason to love and to revere!—yes, and I remember now what my mother said one day, with an expression of sorrow, as I went out:

"Ah! our Silvio has not come to Turin to see *us*."

The morning of my departure for Milan was truly painful. My poor father accompanied me about a mile on my way; and, on his leaving me, I more than once turned

to look at him, and, weeping, kissed the ring my mother had just given me; nor did I ever before quit my family with a feeling of such painful presentiment. I am not superstitious; but I was astonished at my own weakness, and more than once I exclaimed in a tone of terror:

"Good God! whence comes this strange anxiety and alarm?"

With a sort of inward vision, my mind seemed to behold the approach of some great calamity. Even now in prison I retain the impression of that sudden dread and parting anguish, and can recall each word and every look of my distressed parents. The tender reproach of my mother, "Ah! Silvio has not come to Turin to see *us*," seemed to hang like a weight upon my soul. I regretted a thousand instances in which I might have shown myself more grateful and agreeable to them. I did not even tell them how much I loved them or all that I owed to them. I was never to see them more; and yet I turned my eyes with something like indifference from their dear and venerable features! Why, why was I so chary of giving expression to what I felt (would they could have read it in my looks!), to all my gratitude and love? In utter solitude, thoughts like these pierced me to the soul.

I rose, shut the window, and sat for hours, believing it would be vain to seek repose. At length I threw myself on my pallet, and excessive weariness brought me sleep.

To awake during the first night in prison is horrible.

"Is it possible," I murmured, trying to collect my thoughts—"is it possible I am here? Is not all that passed a dream? Did they really seize me yesterday? Was it I whom they examined from morning till night, who am

doomed to the same process day after day, and who wept so bitterly last night when I thought of my dear parents?"

Slumber, the unbroken silence, and repose, in restoring my mental powers, had added incalculably to the capability of reflecting, and, consequently, of grief. There was nothing to distract my attention; my fancy grew busy with absent forms, and pictured to my eye the pain and terror of my father and mother, and of all dear to me, on first hearing the tidings of my arrest.

"At this moment," said I, "they are sleeping in peace; or, perhaps, anxiety for me may keep them watching, yet little anticipating the fate to which I am here consigned. Happy for them were it the will of God that they should cease to exist ere they hear of this horrible misfortune. Who will give them strength to bear it?"

Some inward voice seemed to whisper me, "He whom the afflicted look up to, love and acknowledge in their hearts, who enabled a mother to follow her Son to the Mount of Golgotha, and to stand under His cross—He, the friend of the unhappy, the friend of man."

Strange that this should be the first time I truly felt the power of religion in my heart; and to filial love did I owe this consolation. Though not ill disposed, I had hitherto been little impressed with its truth, and had not well adhered to it. All commonplace objections I estimated at their just value, yet there were many doubts and sophisms, which had shaken my faith. It was long, indeed, since they had ceased to trouble my belief in the existence of the Deity; and, persuaded of this, it followed necessarily, as part of His eternal justice, that there must be

another life for man who suffers so unjustly nere. Hence, I argued, the sovereign reason in man for aspiring to the possession of that second life; and hence, too, a worship founded on the love of God and of his neighbor, and an unceasing impulse to dignify his nature by generous sacrifices. I had already made myself familiar with this doctrine; and I now repeated:

"What else is Christianity but this constant ambition to elevate and dignify our nature?"

I was astonished, when I reflected how pure, how philosophical, and how invulnerable the essence of Christianity manifested itself, that there could come an epoch when Philosophy dared to assert, "From this time forth, I will fill the place of a religion like this." And in what manner?—by inculcating vice? Certainly not. By teaching virtue? Why, that will be to teach us to love God and our neighbor; and that is precisely what Christianity has already done, on far higher and purer motives. Yet, notwithstanding such had for years been my opinion, I had failed to draw the conclusion: "Then be a Christian. No longer let corruption and abuses, the work of man, deter you; no longer make stumbling-blocks of little points of doctrine, since the principal point, made thus irresistibly clear, is to love God and your neighbor."

In prison I finally determined to embrace this conclusion, and I did embrace it. The fear, indeed, of appearing to others more religious than I had been before, and to yield more to misfortune than to conviction, made me sometimes hesitate; but, feeling that I had done no wrong, I felt no debasement, and heeded not to encounter

the possible reproaches I had not deserved, resolving henceforth to declare myself openly a Christian.

I adhered firmly to this resolution as time advanced; but the consideration of it was begun the first night of my captivity. Toward morning my excessive grief had grown calmer, and I was astonished at the change. On recalling the idea of my parents, and others whom I loved, I ceased to despair of their strength of mind; and the recollection of those virtues which I knew they had long possessed gave me real consolation. Why had I before felt such great dismay when thinking of them, and now so much confidence in their strength of mind? Was this happy change miraculous, or the natural effect of my renewed belief in God? What avails the distinction, since the sublime benefits of religion remain the same?

CHAPTER II

VISITED BY THE UNDER-JAILERS

AT midnight, two under-jailers paid me a visit, and found me in a very ill mood: in the morning, they returned, and were surprised to see me so calm and cheerful.

"Last night, sir, you had the face of a basilisk," said Tirola; "now you are quite another thing. I rejoice at it, if, indeed, it be a sign (forgive me the expression) that you are not a scoundrel. Your scoundrels (for I am an old hand at the trade, and my observations are worth something) are always more enraged the second day after their arrest than the first. Do you desire some snuff?"

"I do not take it, but will not refuse your offer. If I have not a Gorgon-face this morning, it must surely be a proof of my utter insensibility, or easy belief of soon gaining my freedom."

"I should doubt that, even though you were not in durance for state matters. In these days, they are not so easily arranged as you might think; you are not fool enough to imagine such a thing. Pardon me, but you will know more by and by."

"Tell me, how come you to have so pleasant a look, living only, as you do, among the unfortunate?"

"Why, sir, you will attribute it to indifference to others' sufferings. Of a truth, I know not how it is; yet, I assure

you, it often gives me pain to see the prisoners weep, and I sometimes pretend to be merry in order to bring a smile upon their faces."

"A thought occurs to me, my friend, which I never had before: it is, that even a jailer may be made of very congenial clay."

"Well, the trade has nothing to do with that, sir. Beyond that huge vault you see without the court-yard, there is another court, and other prisons, all prepared for women. They are, sir, women of a certain class; yet there are at heart some angels among them. And if you were in my place, sir—"

"I?" and I laughed heartily.

Tirola was disconcerted, and said no more. Perhaps he meant to imply that, had I been under-jailer, it would have been difficult not to become attached to some one or other of those unfortunates.

He now inquired what I wished to take for breakfast, left me, and soon returned with my coffee. I looked steadily at him, with a significant smile, as much as to say, "Would you carry me a bit of a note to an unhappy man—to my friend Piero?"[1] He understood it, and answered with another:

"No, sir; and, if you do not take heed how you ask any of my comrades, they will betray you."

Whether we understood each other or not, it is certain I was ten times upon the point of asking him for a sheet of paper and a pencil; but there was a something in his eye that seemed to warn me not to confide in any one about me, and still less to others than himself.

If Tirola, with his good-natured countenance, had pos-

sessed a less roguish look, if there had been something a little more dignified in his aspect, I should have tried to make him my ambassador; for perhaps a brief communication, sent in time, might prevent my friend from committing some fatal error; perhaps save him, poor fellow, besides several others, including myself; and too much was already known. Patience! it was fated to be thus.

Here I was recalled, to be examined anew. The process continued through the day, and was again and again repeated, allowing me only a brief interval during dinner. While this lasted, the time seemed to pass rapidly; the excitement produced by the endless series of questions put to me, and by going over them at dinner and at night, digesting all that had been asked and replied to, and reflecting on what was likely to come, kept me in a state of incessant activity.

At the end of the first week I had to endure a most vexatious affair. My poor friend Piero, eager as I to have some communication, sent me a note, not by one of the jailers, but by an unfortunate prisoner that assisted them. He was from sixty to seventy, and condemned to I know not how long a period of captivity. With a pin I had by me, I pricked my finger, and scrawled with my blood a few lines in reply, which I committed to the same messenger. Unluckily, he was suspected, was caught with the note upon him, and from the horrible cries that were soon heard I conjectured that he was severely bastinadoed. At all events, I never saw him more.

On my next examination I was greatly irritated to see my note presented to me (luckily containing nothing but a simple salutation), traced in my blood. I was asked

how I had contrived to draw the blood; was next deprived of my pin; and a great laugh was raised at the idea and the detection of the attempt. Ah! I did not laugh; for the image of the poor old messenger rose before my eyes. I would gladly have undergone any punishment to spare the old man. I could not repress my tears when those piercing cries fell upon my ear. Vainly did I inquire of the jailers respecting his fate. They shook their heads. observing:

"He has paid dearly for it; he will never do such-like things again: he has a little more rest now."

Nor would they speak more fully. Perhaps they spoke thus on account of his having died under, or in consequence of, the punishment he had suffered; yet one day I thought I caught a glimpse of him at the farther end of the court-yard, carrying a bundle of wood on his shoulders. I felt a beating of the heart, as if I had suddenly recognized a brother.

When I ceased to be persecuted with examinations, and had no longer anything to occupy my time, I felt bitterly the increasing weight of solitude. I had permission to retain a Bible and my Dante, and the Governor also placed his library at my disposal. This consisted of some romances of Scuderi, Piazzi, and worse books still; but my mind was too deeply agitated to apply to any kind of reading whatever. Every day, indeed, I committed a canto of Dante to memory—an exercise so purely mechanical that I thought more of my own affairs than of the lines during their acquisition. The same sort of abstraction attended my perusal of other books, except occasionally a few passages of Scripture. I had always felt

attached to this divine production, even when I had not believed myself one of its avowed followers. I now studied it with far greater respect than before; yet my mind was often almost involuntarily bent upon other matters, and I knew not what I read. By degrees I surmounted this difficulty, and was able to reflect upon its great truth with a higher relish than ever. This did not give rise in me to the least tendency to moroseness or superstition. Nothing is more apt to weaken and distort the mind than misdirected devotion. With the love of God and mankind, it inspired me also with a veneration for justice, and an abhorrence of wickedness, along with a desire of pardoning the wicked. Christianity, instead of militating against anything good that I had derived from philosophy, strengthened it by the aid of logical deductions, at once more powerful and profound.

Reading, one day, that it was necessary to pray without ceasing, and that prayer did not consist in many words uttered after the manner of the Pharisees, but in making every word and action accord with the will of God, I determined to begin with earnestness, to pray in the spirit with unceasing effort; in other words, to permit no thought that should not be inspired by a wish to conform my whole life to the decrees of God.

The forms I adopted were simple and few; not from contempt of them (I think them very salutary, and calculated to excite attention), but from the circumstance of my being unable to go through them at length, without becoming so far abstracted as to make me forget the solemn duty in which I was engaged. This habitual observance of prayer, and the reflection that God is omni-

present as well as omnipotent in his power to save, began erelong to deprive solitude of its horrors; and I often repeated, "Have I not the best society a man can have?" and from this period I grew more cheerful, I even sang and whistled in the new joy of my heart. And why lament my captivity? Might not a sudden fever have carried me off? Would my friends then have grieved less over my fate than now? Cannot God sustain them even as he could under a more trying dispensation? Often did I offer up my prayers and fervent hopes that my dear parents might feel, as I myself felt, resigned to my lot; but tears frequently mingled with sweet recollections of home. With all this, my faith in God remained undisturbed, and I was not disappointed.

To live at liberty is doubtless much better than living in a prison; but even here the reflection that God is present with us, that worldly joys are brief and fleeting, and that true happiness is to be sought in the conscience, not in external objects, can give a real zest to life. In less than one month I had made up my mind, I will not say entirely, but in a tolerable degree, as to the part I should adopt. I saw that, as I was incapable of the mean action of purchasing impunity by procuring the destruction of others, the only prospect that lay before me was the scaffold or long-protracted captivity. It was necessary that I should prepare myself. "I will live," I said to myself, "so long as I shall be permitted; and when they take my life I will do as the unfortunate have done before me: when the last moment arrives, I can die." I endeavored, as much as possible, to avoid complaint, and to obtain every possible enjoyment of mind within my

reach. The principal one was recalling the many advantages that had thrown a charm round my previous life—the best of fathers and of mothers, excellent brothers and sisters, many friends, a good education, and a taste for letters. Should I now refuse to be grateful to God for all these benefits, because he was pleased to visit me with misfortune? Sometimes, indeed, when recalling past scenes to mind, I was affected even to tears; but I soon recovered my courage and cheerfulness of heart.

At the beginning of my captivity, I was fortunate enough to meet with a friend. It was neither the Governor nor any of his under-jailers, nor any of the lords of the process-chamber. Who then?—a poor deaf-and-dumb boy, five or six years old, the offspring of thieves that had paid the penalty of the law. This wretched little orphan, with several other boys in the same condition of life, was supported by the police. They all dwelt in a room opposite my own, and were permitted to go out only at certain hours to breathe the air a little in the yard. Little deaf-and-dumb used to come under my window, smile, and make his obeisance to me. I threw him a piece of bread; he took it, and gave a leap of joy, then ran to his companions, divided it, and returned to eat his own share under the window. The others gave me a wistful look from a distance but ventured no nearer; while the deaf-and-dumb boy expressed for me a sympathy, not, I found, affected out of mere selfishness. Sometimes he was at a loss what to do with the bread I gave him, and made signs that he had eaten enough, as also had his companions. When he saw one of the under-jailers going into my room, he would give him what he had got

from me, in order to restore it to me. Yet he continued to haunt my window, and seemed rejoiced whenever I deigned to notice him. One day the jailer permitted him to enter my prison, when he instantly ran to embrace my knees, actually uttering a cry of joy. I took him up in my arms; and he threw his little hands about my neck, and lavished on me the tenderest caresses. How much affection in his smile and manner! How eagerly I longed to have him to educate, raise him from his abject condition, and snatch him, perhaps, from utter ruin! I never even learned his name; he himself did not know that he had one. He appeared always happy; and I never saw him weep, except once when he was beaten, I know not why, by the jailer. Strange that he should be thus happy, in a receptacle of so much pain and sorrow; yet he was as light-hearted as the son of a grandee. From him I learned, at least, that the mind need not depend on situation, but may be rendered independent of external things. Govern the imagination, and we shall be well wherever we happen to be placed. A day is soon over; and if at night we can retire to rest without actual pain and hunger, it matters little whether it be within the walls of a prison, or of a kind of building that is called a palace. This is good reasoning; but how are we to contrive so to govern the imagination? I began to try, and sometimes thought I had succeeded to a miracle; but at others the enchantress triumphed, and I was unexpectedly astonished to find tears come to my eyes.

CHAPTER III

CHANGE OF QUARTERS

"I AM so far fortunate," I often said, "that they have given me a cell on the ground floor, near the court, where that dear boy comes within a few steps of me, to converse in our own mute language."

We made great progress in it; we exchanged a thousand various feelings as I had no idea we could, by the natural expression of the eye, the gesture, and the whole countenance.

"Wonderful human intelligence! How graceful are his motions! how beautiful his smile! how quickly he corrects whatever expression I see of his that seems to displease me! How well he understands that I love him, when he plays with any of his companions! As I stand at my window to observe him, it seems as if I possessed over his mind an influence favorable to his education. By dint of repeating the mutual exercise of signs, we may be enabled to perfect the communication of our ideas. The more instruction he gets, the gentler and kinder he becomes, the more will he be attached to me. To him I shall be the genius of reason and of good; he will learn to confide to me his sorrows, his pleasures, all he feels and wishes; I will console, elevate, and direct him in his whole conduct. Perhaps this my lot may be protracted from month to month, even till I become gray in my

captivity. Perhaps this little child will continue to grow under my eye, and be employed in the service of this large family of pain and grief and calamity. With such a disposition as he has already shown, what would become of him? Alas! he would at most be made only a good under-keeper, or fill some similar place. Yet I shall surely have conferred on him some benefit, if I can succeed in inspiring him with the desire of obtaining the approbation of good men and his own, and to nourish sentiments of habitual benevolence."

This soliloquy was very natural in my situation. I was always fond of children, and the office of an instructor appeared to me a sublime duty. For a few years I had acted in that capacity with Giacomo and Giulio Porro, two young men of noble promise, whom I loved, and shall continue to love, as if they were my own sons. Often in prison were my thoughts busied with them; and how it grieved me not to be enabled to complete their education! I sincerely prayed that they might meet with a new master who would be as much attached to them as I had been.

At times I could not help exclaiming to myself, "What a strange burlesque is all this! Instead of two noble youths, rich in all that nature and fortune can endow them with, here I have a pupil, poor little fellow! deaf, dumb, a castaway; the son of a robber, who at most can aspire only to the rank of an under-jailer, which, in a little less softened phraseology, would mean to say a bailiff." This reflection confused and disquieted me; yet hardly did I hear the *strillo** of my little dummy, when I

*A sort of scream peculiar to dumb children.

felt my heart grow warm again, just as a father when he hears the voice of a son. I lost all anxiety about his mean estate. It is no fault of his, if he be lopped of nature's fairest proportions and was born the son of a robber. A humane, generous heart, in an age of innocence, is always respectable. I looked on him, therefore, from day to day with increased affection, and was more than ever desirous of cultivating his good qualities and his growing intelligence. Nay, perhaps we should both live to get out of prison, when I would establish him in the college for the deaf-and-dumb, and thus open for him a path more fortunate and pleasing than to play the part of a bailiff. While I was thus pleasantly engaged in meditating on his future welfare, two of the under-jailers one day walked into my cell.

"You must change your quarters, sir."

"What mean you by that?"

"We have orders to remove you into another chamber."

"Why so?"

"Some other great bird has been caged; and this being the better apartment—you understand."

"Oh, yes! it is the first resting-place for the newly arrived."

They conveyed me to the opposite side of the court, where I could no longer converse with my little deaf-and-dumb friend, and was far removed from the ground floor. In walking across, I beheld the poor boy sitting on the ground, overcome with grief and astonishment; for he knew he had lost me. Ere I quite disappeared, he ran toward me. My conductors tried to drive him away; but he reached me, and I caught him in my arms and returned

his caresses with expressions of tenderness, which I sought not to conceal. I tore myself from him and entered my new abode.

My poor heart, loving so readily and so warmly, to how many separations hast thou been already doomed! This was certainly not the least sorrowful; and I felt it the more as my new lodging was very dismal.

It was a dark and gloomy place. Instead of glass, it had pasteboard for the windows; the walls were rendered more repulsive by being hung with some wretched attempts at painting, and, where free from these colored daubings, were covered with inscriptions. These last gave the name and country of many unhappy inmates, with the date of the fatal day of their captivity. Some consisted of lamentations on the perfidy of false friends, denouncing their own folly, or a mistress, or the judge that condemned them. A few were brief sketches of the victims' lives; still fewer embraced moral maxims. I found the following words of Pascal: "Let those that attack religion first learn what it is. Could religion boast of commanding a direct view of the Deity, without veil or mystery, it would be attacking that religion to say that 'there is nothing seen in the world, which displays Him with such clear evidence.' But since it rather asserts that man is involved in darkness, far from God, who is hidden from human knowledge, insomuch as to give himself in Scripture the name of *Deus absconditus*, what advantage can the enemies of religion derive, when neglecting, as they profess to do, the science of truth, from complaining that the truth is not made apparent to them?"

Farther down was written (quoted from the same author): "It is not here a question of some trivial interest relating to a stranger: it applies to ourselves, and to all we possess. The immortality of the soul is a question of such deep and momentous importance to all as to imply an utter loss of reason to rest totally indifferent as to the truth or the fallacy of the proposition."

Another inscription was to this effect: "I bless the hour of my imprisonment; it has taught me to know the ingratitude of man, my own frailty, and the goodness of God."

Close to these words appeared the proud and desperate imprecation of one who signed himself an atheist, and who launched his impieties against the Deity, as if he had forgotten that he had just before said there was no God. Then followed another column, reviling the cowardly fools, as they were termed, whom captivity had converted into fanatics. One day I pointed out these strange impieties to one of the jailers, and inquired who had written them.

"I am glad I have found this," was the reply, "there are so many of them, and I have so little time to look for them;" and he took out his knife and began to erase it as fast as he could.

"Why do you do that?" I inquired.

"Because the poor devil that wrote it was condemned to death for a cold-blooded murder. He repented, and made us promise to do him this kindness."

"Heaven pardon him!" I exclaimed. "What was it he did?"

"Why, as he found he could not kill his enemy, he re-

venged himself by slaying the man's son, one of the finest boys you ever saw?"

I was horror-struck. Could ferocity of disposition proceed to such lengths? and could a monster capable of such a deed hold the insulting language of a man superior to all human weaknesses?—to murder the innocent, and a child!

In my new prison, black and filthy in the extreme, I sadly missed the society of my little dumb friend. I stood for hours in anxious, weary mood, at the window, which looked over a gallery on the other side of which could be seen the extremity of the court-yard and the window of my former cell. Who had succeeded me there? I could discern his figure, as he paced quickly to and fro, apparently in violent agitation. Two or three days subsequently, I perceived that he was furnished with writing materials and remained busy at his little table all day. At last I recognized him. He came forth, accompanied by his jailer, going to be examined, when I saw he was no other than Melchiorre Gioja.[2] It went to my heart: "You too, noble, excellent man, have not escaped!" Yet he was more fortunate than I. After a few months' captivity, he regained his liberty.

It always does me good to behold any really estimable being; it affords me pleasant matter for reflection and for esteem—both of great advantage. I could have laid down my life to save such a man from captivity; and merely to see him was some consolation to me. After regarding him intently for some time, to ascertain whether he was tranquil or agitated, I offered up a heartfelt prayer for his deliverance. Such an incident as this has a

charm for utter solitude, of which one can form no idea without experiencing it. A poor dumb boy had first supplied me with this real enjoyment, and I now derived it from a distant view of a man of distinguished merit.

Perhaps one of the jailers had informed him where I was. One morning, on opening his window, he waved his handkerchief in token of salutation; and I replied in the same manner. I need not describe the pleasure I felt; it appeared as if we were no longer separated; and we discoursed in the silent intercourse of the spirit, which, when every other medium is cut off, can make itself comprehended and felt in the least look, gesture, or signal of any kind.

It was with no small pleasure that I anticipated a continuation of this friendly communication. But day after day went on, and I was never more gratified by the appearance of the favorite signals. Yet I frequently saw my friend at his window; I waved my handkerchief, but in vain; he answered it no more. I was now informed by our jailers that Gioja had been strictly prohibited from exciting my notice or replying to it in any manner. Notwithstanding, he still continued to look at me, and I at him; and in this way we conversed upon a great variety of subjects, which helped to keep us alive.

CHAPTER IV.

OTHER PRISONERS.—CARBONARISM

ALONG the same gallery, on a level with my prison, I saw other prisoners passing and repassing, the whole day, to the place of examination. They were, for the most part, of lowly condition, with occasionally one or two of better rank. But all attracted my attention, brief as was my sight of them; and I truly compassionated them. A spectacle so sorrowful for some time filled me with grief; but by degrees I became habituated to it, and at last it rather relieved than increased the horror of my solitude. Several women, also, who had been arrested, passed by. There was a way from the gallery, through a large vault, leading to another court; and in that part were placed the female prisoners, and those that were laboring under disease. A single wall, very slight, separated my dwelling from that of some of the women. Sometimes I was almost deafened with their songs; at others, with their bursts of maddened mirth. Late at evening, when the din of day had ceased, I could hear them conversing; and, had I wished, I could have easily joined with them. Was it timidity, pride, or prudence that restrained me from all communication with the unfortunate and degraded of their sex? Perhaps it partook of all. Woman, when she is what she should be, is, in my eyes, a creature so admir-

able, so sublime, that the mere seeing, hearing, and speaking to her enriches my mind with noble thoughts; but, rendered vile and despicable, she disturbs, she afflicts, she deprives my heart, as it were, of all its poetry and its love. Spite of this, among those feminine voices there were some so very sweet that—there is no use in denying it—they were dear to me. One in particular surpassed the rest; I heard it less frequently, and it uttered nothing unworthy of its fascinating tone. She sang little, and usually kept repeating these two pathetic lines:

"Ah! who will give the lost one
Her vanished dream of bliss?"

At other times she sang from the Litany. Her companions joined with her; but still I could discern the voice of Maddalene[3] from all others, though they seemed to unite for the purpose of robbing me of it. Sometimes, too, when her companions were recounting to her their various misfortunes, I could hear her pitying them—could catch even her very sighs, while she invariably strove to console them.

"Courage, courage, my poor dear," she said one day; God is very good, and He will not abandon us."

How could I do otherwise than imagine she was beautiful, and more unfortunate than guilty—naturally virtuous, and capable of reformation? Who could blame me because I was affected by what she said, listened to her with respect, and offered up my prayers for her with more than usual earnestness of heart? Innocence is sacred, and repentance ought to be equally respected. Did

the most perfect of men, the Divinity on earth, refuse to cast a pitying eye on weak, sinful women, to regard their fear and confusion, and rank them with the souls he delighted to consort with and to honor? By what law, then, do we act, when we treat with so much contempt women fallen into ignominy?

While thus reasoning, I was frequently tempted to raise my voice and speak, as a brother in misfortune, to poor Maddalene. Once I had even spoken the first syllable of her name—Mad—and, how strange! I felt my heart beat like that of an enamored youth of fifteen—I who had reached thirty-one. It seemed as if I should never be able to pronounce it; and I cried out almost in a rage, "Mad! Mad!" yes, mad enough, thought I.

Thus ended my romance with that poor unhappy one; yet it did not fail to produce in me many sweet sensations for several weeks. Often, when I was steeped in melancholy, her sweet, calm voice breathed consolation to my spirit; when, dwelling on the meanness and ingratitude of mankind, I became irritated, and hated the world, the voice of Maddalene gently led me back to feelings of compassion and indulgence.

How I wish, poor, unknown, kind-hearted, repentant one, that no heavy punishment may befall thee! And, whatever thou shalt suffer, may it well avail thee, redignify thy nature, and teach thee to live and die to thy Saviour and thy Lord! Mayest thou meet compassion and respect from all around thee, as thou didst from me, a stranger to thee! Mayest thou teach all that see thee thy gentle lesson of patience, sweetness, love of virtue, and faith in God, with which thou didst inspire him who

loved without having beheld thee! Perhaps I erred in thinking thee beautiful; but, sure I am, thou didst wear the beauty of the soul. Thy words, though spoken amidst grossness and corruption of every kind, were ever chaste and graceful; while others imprecated, thou didst bless; when eager in contention, thy sweet voice still pacified, like oil on the troubled waters. If any noble mind hath read thy worth, and snatched thee from an evil career, hath assisted thee with delicacy, and wiped the tears from thine eyes, may every reward that Heaven can give be his portion, that of his children, and of his children's children!

Next to mine was another prison, occupied by several men. I heard their conversation also. One seemed of superior authority, not so much probably from any difference of rank, as owing to greater eloquence and boldness. One night he played the first fiddle. He stormed himself, yet silenced those who presumed to quarrel by his imperious voice. He dictated the tone of the society; and, after some feeble efforts to throw off his authority, they submitted, and gave the reins into his hands.

Not a single one of those unhappy men had it in him to soften the harshness of prison hours by uttering one kindly sentiment, one expression of religion or of love. The chief of these neighbors of mine saluted me, and I replied. He asked me how I contrived to pass such a cursed dull life. I answered that it was melancholy, to be sure; but that no life was a cursed one to me; and that, to our last hour, we should endeavor to procure the pleasure of thinking and of loving.

"Explain, sir, explain what you mean!"

I explained, but was not understood. After many ingenious attempts, I determined to clear it up in the form of example, and had the courage to bring forward the extremely singular and moving effect produced upon me by the voice of Maddalene; when the magisterial head of the prison burst into a violent fit of laughter.

"What is all that? what is that?" cried his companions.

He then repeated my words with an air of burlesque: peals of laughter followed, and I stood there, in their eyes, the picture of a convicted blockhead.

As it is in prison, so it is in the world. Those who consider it wise to be angry, to complain, and to despise others, think that to pity, to love, to console yourself with gentle and beautiful thoughts and images, which accord with humanity and its great Author, is all mere folly.

I let them laugh, and said not a word. They spoke to me again two or three times; but I was mute.

"He will come no more near the window," said one; "he will hear nothing but the sighs of Maddalene: we have offended him with laughing."

At last, the chief imposed silence upon the whole party, who were amusing themselves at my expense.

"Silence, beasts as you are! you do not know what you are talking about. Our neighbor is not so long-eared an animal as you imagine. You do not possess the power of reflection—no, not you. I grin and joke, but afterward I reflect. Every low-born clown can stamp and roar, as we do here. Grant a little more real cheerfulness, a spark more of charity, a bit more faith in the blessing of heaven—what do you imagine that all this would be a sign of?"

"Now, that I also reflect," replied one, "I fancy it would be a sign of being a little less of a brute."

"Bravo!" cried his leader, in a stentorian howl; "now I begin to have some hope of you."

I was not overproud at being thus rated a little less of a brute than the rest; yet I felt a sort of pleasure that these wretched men had come to some agreement as to the importance of cultivating, in some degree, more benevolent sentiments.

I again approached the window: the chief called me; and I answered, hoping that I might now moralize with him in my own way. But I was deceived; vulgar minds dislike serious reasoning. If some noble truth shines upon them, they applaud it; but the next moment withdraw their notice, or attempt to place it in some ludicrous point of view.

I was next asked whether I had been imprisoned for debt.

"No."

"Perhaps you are paying the penalty of a false oath, then?"

"No: it is quite a different thing."

"An affair of love, most likely, I guess?"

"You have killed a man, mayhap?"

"It's for Carbonarism, then?"

"Exactly so."

"And who are these Carbonari?"

"I know so little of them, that I cannot tell you."

Here a jailer interrupted us in great anger; and, after commenting on the gross improprieties committed by my

neighbors, he turned toward me, not with the gravity of a bailiff, but the air of a master:

"For shame, sir, for shame!—to think of talking to men of this stamp! Do you know, sir, that they are all robbers?"

I reddened up, and then more deeply for having shown my blushes; and methought that to deign to converse with the unhappy, of however lowly rank, was rather a work of goodness than a fault.

CHAPTER V

PELLICO IS VISITED BY HIS FATHER

NEXT morning, I went to my window to look for Melchiorre Gioja, but conversed no more with the robbers. I replied to their salutation, and added that I had been forbidden to speak to them. The secretary that had presided at my examinations told me, with an air of mystery, I was about to receive a visit. After a little further preparation, he informed me that it was my father; and, so saying, bade me follow him. I did so, in a state of great agitation; assuming at the same time an appearance of perfect calmness, in order not to distress my unhappy parent. On first hearing of my arrest, he had been led to suppose it was for some trifling affair, and that I should soon be set at liberty. Finding his mistake, he had now come to solicit the Austrian Government on my account. Here, too, he deluded himself; for he never imagined I could have been rash enough to expose myself to the penalty of the law; and the cheerful tone in which I spoke persuaded him that there was nothing very serious to apprehend.

The few words that we were permitted to exchange gave me indescribable pain, the more so from the restraint I had placed upon my feelings. It was still more difficult at the moment of parting. In the existing state of affairs as regarded Italy, I felt convinced that Austria would make some fearful examples, and that I should be

condemned either to death or to long imprisonment. It was my object to conceal this from my father, and to flatter his hopes at a moment when I was inquiring for a mother, brother, and sisters, whom I never more expected to behold. Though I knew it to be impossible, I even calmly requested that he would come to see me again, while my heart was wrung with the bitter conflict of my feelings. Filled with the same agreeable delusion, he took his leave, and I painfully retraced my steps into my cell. I thought that solitude would now be a relief to me, and that to weep would somewhat ease my burdened heart; yet, strange to say, I could not shed a tear. The extreme wretchedness of feeling this inability to shed tears under some of the heaviest calamities, is the severest trial of all; and I have often experienced it.

An acute fever, attended by severe pains in my head, followed this interview. I could not take any nourishment; and I often said, "How happy it would be for me, were it indeed to prove mortal!" Foolish and cowardly wish! Heaven refused to hear my prayer, and I now feel grateful that it did. Though a stern teacher, adversity fortifies the mind, and renders man what he seems to have been intended for—at least, a good man, a being capable of struggling with difficulty and danger; presenting an object not unworthy, even in the eyes of the old Romans, of the approbation of the gods.

Two days afterward, I again saw my father. I had rested well the previous night, and was free from fever. Before him, I preserved the same calm and cheerful deportment; so that no one could have suspected I had recently suffered, and still continued to suffer, so much.

"I am in hopes," observed my father, "that within a very few days we shall see you at Turin. Your mother has put your old room in readiness, and we are all expecting you to come. Pressing affairs now call me away; but lose no time, I entreat you, in preparing to rejoin us."

His kind and affecting expressions added to my grief. Compassion and filial piety, not unmingled with a species of remorse, induced me to feign assent; yet afterward I reflected how much more worthy it had been, both of my father and of myself, to have frankly told him, that probably we never should see each other again, at least in this world. "Let us take farewell like men, without a murmur and without a tear, and let me receive the benediction of a father before I die." As regarded myself, I should wish to have adopted language like that; but when I gazed on his venerable features and his gray hairs, something seemed to whisper me that it would be too much for the affectionate old man to bear; and the words died in my heart. "Good God!" I thought, "should he know the extent of the evil, he might perhaps become distracted, such is his extreme attachment to me; he might fall at my feet, or even expire before my eyes." No: I could neither tell him the truth nor so much as prepare him for it. We shed not a tear, and he took his departure in the same pleasing delusion as before. On returning into my cell, I was seized in the same manner, and with still more aggravated suffering, as I had been after the last interview; and, as then, my anguish found no relief in tears.

I had nothing to do now but resign myself to all the horrors of long captivity and to the sentence of death.

But to prepare myself to bear the idea of the immense load of grief that must fall on every dear member of my family, when they should learn my lot, was beyond my power. It haunted me like a spirit; and, to fly from it, I threw myself on my knees, and, in a passion of devotion, uttered aloud this prayer:

"My God, from thy hand I will accept all—for me all; but most wonderfully deign to strengthen the hearts of those to whom I was so very dear. Grant thou that I may cease to be such to them now; and suffer not the life of the least of them to be shortened by their care for me, even by a single day."

Strange, wonderful power of prayer! For several hours my mind was raised to a contemplation of the Deity, and my confidence in His goodness proportionately increased. I meditated also on the dignity of the human mind, when, freed from selfishness, it exerts itself to will only that which is the will of Infinite Wisdom. This can be done, and it is man's duty to do it. Reason, which is the voice of the Deity, teaches us that it is right to submit to every sacrifice for the sake of virtue. And how could the sacrifice that we owe to virtue be completed, if in the most trying afflictions we struggle against the will of Him who is the source of all virtue? When death on the scaffold, or any other species of martyrdom, becomes inevitable, it is a proof of wretched degradation or ignorance not to be able to approach it with blessing upon our lips. Nor is it necessary that we should submit only to death; we must bear also the affliction that we know those most dear to us must suffer on our account. All that it is lawful for us to ask is, that God

will temper such affliction, and that He will properly direct us. Such a prayer is sure to be accepted.

For several days I continued in the same state of mind —a sort of calm sorrow, full of peace, affection, and religious thoughts. I seemed to have overcome every weakness, and to be no longer capable of suffering new anxiety. Fond delusion! It is a man's duty to aim at reaching as near to perfection as possible, though he can never attain it here. What now disturbed me was the sight of an unhappy friend, my good Piero, who passed along the gallery within a few yards of me while I stood at my window. They were removing him from his cell into the prison destined for criminals. He was hurried by so swiftly that I had barely time to recognize him and to receive and return his salutation.

Poor young man!—in the flower of his age, with a genius of high promise of frank, upright, and most affectionate disposition, born with a keen zest for the pleasures of existence, to be at once precipitated into a dungeon, without the remotest hope of escaping the severest penalty of the law! So great was my compassion for him, and my regret at being unable to afford him the slightest consolation, that it was long before I could recover my composure of mind. I knew how tenderly he was attached to every member of his numerous family, how deeply interested in promoting their happiness, and how devotedly his affection was returned. I was sensible what must be the affliction of each and all under so heavy a calamity. Strange that, though I had just reconciled myself to the idea in my own case, a sort of frenzy seized

my mind when I depicted the scene; and it continued so long that I began to despair of mastering it.

Dreadful as this was, it was still but an illusion. Ye afflicted ones, who believe yourselves victims of some irresistible, heart-rending, and increasing grief, suffer a little while with patience, and you will be undeceived. Neither perfect peace nor utter wretchedness can be of long continuance here below. Recollect this truth, that you may be neither unduly elevated in prosperity, nor cast down under the trials that assuredly await you. A sense of weariness and apathy succeeded the terrible excitement I had undergone. But indifference itself is transitory; and I had some fear lest I should continue to suffer without relief under these wretched extremes of feeling. Terrified at the prospect of such a future, I had recourse once more to the only Being from whom I could hope to receive strength to bear it, and devoutly bent down in prayer. I besought the Father of Mercies to befriend my poor deserted Piero, even as myself, and to support his family no less than my own. By constant repetition of prayers like these, I became perfectly calm and resigned.

Then I reflected upon my previous violence. I was angry at my own weakness and folly, and sought the means of remedy. I had recourse to the following expedient: Every morning, after I had finished my devotions, I set myself diligently to work to recall every possible occurrence of a trying and painful kind, such as a final parting from my dearest friends, and the approach of the executioner. I did this, not only to inure my nerves to sudden or dreadful incidents—too surely my

future portion—but that I might not again be taken unawares. At first, this melancholy task was insupportable; but I persevered, and in a short time became reconciled to it.

CHAPTER VI

ANOTHER CHANGE OF QUARTERS

ON New Year's day, Count Luigi Porro[4] obtained permission to see me. Our warm friendship, the eagerness to communicate our feelings, and the restraint imposed by the presence of an imperial secretary, with the brief time allowed us, the presentiments I indulged, and our efforts to appear calm—all led me to expect that I should be thrown into a state of fearful excitement, worse than I had yet suffered. It was not so. After he took his leave, I remained calm; such to me proved the signal efficacy of guarding against the assault of sudden and violent emotions. The mood I set myself to acquire—constant calmness of mind—arose less from a desire to relieve my unhappiness than from a persuasion how undignified, unworthy, and injurious was a temper opposite to this—I mean a continued state of excitement and anxiety. An excited mind ceases to reason; carried away by a resistless torrent of wild ideas, it forms for itself a sort of mad logic, full of anger and malignity; it is in a state at once as absolutely unphilosophical as it is unchristian.

If I were a clergyman, I should often insist upon the necessity of correcting irritability and inquietude of character: none can be truly good unless that is effected. How nobly pacific, both with regard to himself and others, was He whom we are all bound to imitate! There

is no elevation of mind, there is no justice, without moderation in principles and ideas—without a pervading spirit that inclines us rather to smile at the events of this little life than fall into a passion with them. Anger is never productive of any good, except in the extremely rare case of its being employed to humble the wicked, and to terrify them from pursuing the path of crime, even as the usurers were driven by an angry Saviour out of the holy Temple. Violence and excitement, perhaps differing altogether from what I felt, are no less blamable. Mine was the mania of despair and affliction: I felt a disposition, while suffering under its horrors, to hate and to curse mankind. Several individuals, in particular, appeared to my imagination depicted in the most revolting colors. It is a sort of moral epidemic, I believe, springing from vanity and selfishness; for, when a man despises and detests his fellow-creatures, he necessarily assumes that he is much better than the rest of the world. The doctrine of such men amounts to this: "Let us admire only one another: if we turn the rest of mankind into a mere mob, we shall appear like demigods on earth." It is a curious fact that living in a state of hostility and rage actually affords pleasure; it seems as if people thought there was a species of heroism in it. If, unfortunately, the object of our wrath happens to die, we lose no time in finding some one to fill the vacant place. "Whom shall I attack next? whom shall I hate? Ah! that is the villain I was looking for? What a prize! Now, my friends, at him, give him no quarter." Such is the world; and, without uttering a libel, I may add that it is not what it ought to be.

It showed no great malignity, however, to complain of the horrible place in which they had incarcerated me; but fortunately another room became vacant, and I was agreeably surprised on being informed that I was to have it. Yet, strangely enough, I reflected with regret that I was about to leave the vicinity of Maddalene. Instead of feeling rejoiced, I mourned over it with almost childish emotion. I had always attached myself to some object, even from motives comparatively slight. On leaving my horrible abode, I cast back a glance at the heavy wall against which I had so often supported myself while listening as closely as possible to the gentle voice of the repentant girl. I felt a desire to hear, if only for the last time, those two pathetic lines:

"Ah! who will give the lost one
Her vanished dream of bliss?"

Vain hope! here was another separation in the short period of my unfortunate life.

But I will not go into any further details, lest the world should laugh at me, though it would be hypocrisy in me not to confess that, for several days after, I felt melancholy at this imaginary parting.

While going out of my dungeon, I made a farewell signal to two of the robbers who had been my neighbors. and who were then standing at their window. Their chief also got notice of my departure, ran to the window, and repeatedly saluted me. He began likewise to sing the little air:

"Ah! who will give the lost one."

"And was this," thought I, "merely to ridicule me?" No doubt forty-nine out of fifty persons would say decidedly, "It was." In spite of such a majority, I incline to the opinion that the good robber meant it kindly; and as such I received it, and gave him a look of thanks. He saw it, thrust his arm through the bars, and waved his cap, nodding pleasantly to me as I turned to go down the stairs.

On reaching the yard, I was further consoled by a sight of the little deaf-and-dumb boy. He saw me, and instantly ran toward me with a look of unfeigned delight. The wife of the jailer, however—Heaven knows why!—caught the little fellow, and, rudely thrusting him back, drove him into the house. I was really vexed; and yet the resolute little efforts he made even then to reach me gave me indescribable pleasure at the moment, so pleasing is it to find that one is really loved. This was a day full of great adventures for me. A few steps farther on, I passed the window of my old prison, now the abode of Gioja.

"How are you, Melchiorre?" I exclaimed as I went by.

He raised his head, and, darting toward me, cried out: "How do you do, Silvio?"

They would not let me stop a single moment. I passed through the great gate, and ascended a flight of stairs, which brought us to a large, well-swept room, exactly over that occupied by Gioja. My bed was brought after me, and I was then left to myself by my conductors. My first object was to examine the walls; I found several inscriptions, some written with charcoal, others in pencil, and a few incised with some sharp point. I remember

there were some very pleasing verses in French, and I regret that I did not commit them to memory. They were signed "The Duke of Normandy." I tried to sing them; adapting them, as well as I could, to the favorite air of my poor Maddalene. What was my surprise to hear a voice close to me reply in the same words, sung to another air? When he had finished, I cried out, "Bravo!" and he saluted me with great respect, inquiring whether I were a Frenchman.

"No: an Italian, and my name is Silvio Pellico."

"The author of *Francesca da Rimini?*"[5]

"The same."

Here he gave me a fine compliment, following it with the condolences usual on such occasions, upon hearing I had been committed to prison. He then inquired of what part of Italy I was a native.

"Piedmont," was the reply. "I am from Saluzzo."

Here I was treated to another compliment, on the character and genius of the Piedmontese, in particular the celebrated men of Saluzzo, at the head of whom he ranked Bodoni.[6] All this was said in an easy, refined tone, which showed the man of the world and one who had received a good education.

"Now, may I be permitted," said I, "to inquire who *you* are, sir?"

"I heard you singing one of my little songs," was the reply.

"What! the two beautiful stanzas upon the wall are yours?"

"They are, sir."

"You are therefore ——

"The unfortunate Duke of Normandy."

The jailer at that moment passed under our windows and ordered us to be silent.

"What can he mean by the unfortunate Duke of Normandy?" thought I, musing to myself. "Ah! is not that the title said to be assumed by the son of Louis Sixteenth?[7] but that unhappy child is indisputably no more. Then my neighbor must be one of those unlucky adventurers who have undertaken to bring him to life again." Not a few had already taken upon themselves to personate this Louis XVII, and were proved to be impostors. How is my new acquaintance entitled to greater credit for his pains?"

Although I tried to give him the advantage of a doubt, I felt on the subject an insurmountable incredulity, which was not subsequently removed. At the same time, I determined not to mortify the unhappy man, whatever absurd story he might relate to me.

A few minutes afterward, he again began to sing; and we soon renewed our conversation. In answer to my inquiry, "What is your real name?" he replied, "I am no other than Louis Seventeenth." And he then launched into very severe invectives against his uncle, Louis XVIII, the usurper of his just and natural rights.

"But why," said I, "did you not prefer your claims at the period of the Restoration?"

"I was unable, from extreme illness, to quit the city of Bologna. The moment I was better, I hastened to Paris: I presented myself to the allied monarchs, but the work was done. The good Prince of Condé knew me, and received me with open arms; but his friendship availed me

nothing. One evening, passing through a lonely street, I was suddenly attacked by assassins, and escaped with difficulty. After wandering through Normandy, I returned into Italy, and stopped some time at Modena. Thence I wrote to the allied powers, in particular to the Emperor Alexander, who replied to my letter with expressions of the greatest kindness. I did not then despair of obtaining justice, or, at all events, if my rights were to be sacrificed, of being allowed a provision becoming a prince. But I was arrested, and handed over to the Austrian Government. For eight months, I have been buried alive here; and God knows when I shall regain my freedom."

CHAPTER VII

THE PRETENDER GIVES A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

I BEGGED him to give me a brief sketch of his life. He told me very minutely what I already knew relating to Louis XVII and the cruel Simon, and the infamous calumnies that wretch was induced to utter respecting the unfortunate queen, his mother. Finally he said that, while he was in prison, some persons came with an idiot-boy named Mathurin, who was substituted for him, while he himself was carried off. A coach and four was in readiness; one of the horses being merely a wooden image, in the interior of which he was concealed. Fortunately they reached the confines; and the general that effected his release (he gave me the name, which has escaped me), educated him for some time with the attention of a father, and subsequently sent or accompanied him to America. There the young king without a scepter had room to indulge his wandering disposition. He was half-famished in the forests; became at length a soldier, and resided some time in good credit at the court of Brazil. There, too, he was pursued and persecuted, till compelled to make his escape. He returned to Europe toward the close of Napoleon's career; was kept a close prisoner at Naples by Murat; and at last, when he was liberated, and in full preparation to reclaim the throne of France, he was seized with that un-

lucky illness at Bologna, during which Louis XVIII was permitted to assume his nephew's crown.

All this he related with an air of remarkable frankness and truth. Although not justified in believing him, I nevertheless was astonished at his knowledge of the most minute facts connected with the French Revolution. He spoke with much natural fluency, and his conversation abounded with a variety of curious anecdotes. There was something also of the soldier in his expression, yet no lack of that sort of elegance which results from an intercourse with good society.

"Will it be permitted me," I inquired, "to converse with you on equal terms, without making use of any titles?"

"That is what I wish you to do," was the reply. "I have at least reaped one advantage from adversity—that I have learned to smile at all vanities. I assure you that I value myself more upon being a man than upon having been born a prince."

We were in the habit of conversing together, night and morning, for a considerable time; and, in spite of what I considered the comic part of his character, he appeared to be of a good disposition, frank, affable, and interested in the virtue and happiness of mankind. More than once I was on the point of saying, "Pardon me: I wish I could believe you are Louis Seventeenth; but, I frankly confess, I cannot prevail on myself to do so. Be equally sincere, I entreat you, and renounce this singular fiction of yours." I had also prepared to introduce the subject with an edifying discourse upon the vanity of all imposture, even of such untruths as may appear in themselves harmless.

I deferred my purpose from day to day. I partly expected that we should grow still more friendly and confidential; but I never had the heart really to make the experiment upon his feelings. On reflection, I sometimes attempt to reconcile myself to this want of resolution on the ground of proper urbanity, unwillingness to give offence, and other reasons of the kind. Still, these excuses are far from satisfying me. I cannot disguise the fact that I ought not to have permitted my dislike to reading him a sermon to stand in the way of speaking my real sentiments. To affect to give credit to imposture of any kind is miserable weakness, such as I think I should not, even in similar circumstances, exhibit again. At the same time, it must be confessed that, preface it as you will, it is a harsh thing to say to any one, "I don't believe you." He will naturally resent it; it would deprive us of his friendship or regard; nay, it would perhaps make him hate us. Yet it is better to run every risk than to sanction an untruth. Possibly the man capable of it, on finding that his imposture is known, will himself admire our sincerity, and afterward be induced to reflect in a manner that may produce the best results.

The under-jailers were unanimously of opinion that he was really Louis XVII; and, having already seen so many strange changes of fortune, they were not without hopes that he would some day ascend the throne of France, and remember their good treatment and attentions. With the exception of assisting him to escape, they made it their object to comply with all his wishes.

It was by such means that I had the honor of forming an acquaintance with this grand personage. He was of

middle height, between forty and forty-five years of age, rather inclined to corpulence, and had features strikingly like those of the Bourbons. It is very probable that this accidental resemblance led him to assume the character he did, and to play so melancholy a part in it.

I must accuse myself of one other instance of unworthy deference to private opinion. My neighbor was not an atheist; he rather liked to converse on religious topics, as if he justly appreciated the importance of the subject, and were no stranger to its discussion. Still, he indulged unreasonable prejudices against Christianity, which he regarded less in its real nature than in its abuses. The superficial philosophy that preceded the French Revolution had dazzled him. He had formed an idea that religious worship might be offered up with greater purity than as it had been dictated by the religion of the evangelists. Without any intimate acquaintance with the writings of Condillac and Destutt de Tracy, he venerated them as the most profound thinkers, and really thought that the latter had carried the science of metaphysics to the highest degree of perfection.

I may fairly say that my philosophical studies had been better directed. I was aware of the weakness of the experimental doctrine, and knew the gross and shameless errors, in point of criticism, that influenced the age of Voltaire in libeling Christianity. I had also read Guénée, and other able exposers of such false criticism. I felt a conviction that by no logical reasoning could belief in God be granted and the Bible rejected; and I conceived it a vulgar degradation to follow the current of antichristian opinions, and to want the lofty intellect to apprehend how

the doctrine of Catholicism is, in its true character, religiously simple and ennobling. Yet I had the meanness to bow to human opinion, out of deference and respect. The wit and sarcasms of my neighbor seemed to confound me, while I could not disguise from myself that they were idle and empty as the air. I dissimulated; I hesitated to announce my own belief; reflecting how far it were seasonable thus to contradict my companion, and persuading myself that it would be useless, and that I was perfectly justified in remaining silent.

What vile pusillanimity! Why thus respect the presumptuous power of popular errors and opinions resting upon no foundation? It is true that an ill-timed zeal is always indiscreet, and is calculated to irritate rather than convert; but to avow with frankness and modesty what we regard as an important truth, to do it even when we have reason to believe it will not be palatable, and to meet willingly any ridicule or sarcasm that may be launched against it—this I maintain to be an actual duty. A noble avowal of this kind, moreover, may always be made, without pretending to assume, uncalled for, any thing of the missionary character.

It is, I repeat, a duty not to keep back an important truth at any period; for, though there may be little hope of its being immediately acknowledged, it may tend to prepare the minds of others, and in due time, doubtless, produce a better and more impartial judgment and a consequent triumph of truth.

CHAPTER VIII

COUNT BOLZA CONDUCTS PELLICO TO VENICE

I CONTINUED in the same apartment a month and some days. On the night of February 18, 1821, I was roused from sleep by a loud noise of chains and keys. Several men entered with a lantern; and the first idea that occurred to me was, that they had come to cut my throat. While I was gazing at them in strange perplexity, one of the figures advanced toward me with a polite air: it was Count Bolza, who requested me to dress myself as speedily as possible, in order to depart.

I was surprised at this announcement, and even indulged a hope that they were sent to conduct me to the confines of Piedmont. Was it likely that the storm that hung over me would thus early be dispersed? Should I again enjoy that liberty so dearly prized, be restored to my beloved parents, and see my brothers and sisters?

I was allowed but little time to indulge these flattering hopes. The moment I had hurried on my clothes, I followed my conductors, without having an opportunity of bidding farewell to my royal neighbor. I thought I heard him call my name, and regretted that it was out of my power to stop and reply.

"Where are we going?" I inquired of the Count, as we got into a coach, attended by an officer of the guard.

"I cannot inform you till we shall be a mile beyond the city of Milan."

I was aware that the coach was not going in the direction of the Vercelline Gate; and my hopes suddenly vanished. I was silent; it was a beautiful moonlight night; I beheld the same well-known paths I had traversed for pleasure so many years before. The houses, the churches, and every object, renewed a thousand pleasing recollections. I saw the Avenue of the Eastern Gate; I saw the public gardens, where I had so often rambled with Foscola,[9] Monti,[10] Lodovico di Breme,[11] Pietro Borsieri,[12] Count Porro and his sons, with many other delightful companions, conversing in all the glow of life and hope. How I felt my friendship for these noble men revive with double force, when I thought of having parted from them for the last time, disappearing, as they had done, one by one, so rapidly from my view! When we had gone a little way beyond the gate, I pulled my hat over my eyes, and indulged these sad retrospections unobserved.

When we had gone about a mile, I addressed myself to Count Bolza.

"I presume we are on the road to Verona."

"Yes," was the reply; "we are destined for Venice, where it is my duty to hand you over to a special commission there appointed."

We traveled post, stopped nowhere, and on February 20th arrived at my destination. The September of the year preceding, just one month previous to my arrest, I had been at Venice, and had met a large and delightful party at dinner in the Hotel della Luna. Strangely

enough, I was now conducted by the Count and the officer of the very inn where we had spent that evening in social mirth.

One of the waiters started on seeing me, perceiving that, though my conductors had assumed the dress of domestics, I was a prisoner in their hands. I was gratified at this recognition, being persuaded that the man would mention my arrival there to more than one.

We dined, and I was then conducted to the palace of the Doge, where the tribunals are now held. I passed under the well-known porticos of the *Procuratie*, and by the Florian Hotel, where I had enjoyed so many pleasant evenings the last autumn; but I did not happen to meet a single acquaintance. We went across the Piazzetta; and there it occurred to me that, the September before, I had met a poor mendicant who then addressed me in these singular words:

"I see, sir, you are a stranger; but I cannot make out why you and all other strangers should so much admire this place. To me it is a place of misfortune, and I never pass it when I can avoid doing so."

"What, did you meet with some disaster here?"

"I did, sir; a horrible one, and not to me only. God protect you from it, God protect you!" and he took himself off in haste.

At this moment it was impossible for me to forget the words of the poor beggar. He was present there, too, the next year, when I ascended the scaffold, whence I heard read to me the sentence of death, and that it had been commuted for fifteen years of close confinement. Assuredly, if I had been inclined ever so little to superstí-

tion, I should have thought much of this mendicant, who so emphatically pointed out this as a place of misfortune. As it is, I have merely noted it down for a curious incident. We ascended to the palace: Count Bolza spoke to the judges; then handing me over to the jailer, after embracing me with much emotion, he bade me farewell.

I followed the jailer in silence. After turning through several passages and large rooms, we arrived at a small staircase, which brought us under the *Piombi*—those notorious state prisons that date from the time of the Venetian republic.

There the jailer first registered my name, and then locked me up in the room appointed for me. The chambers called *I Piombi* consist of the upper portion of the Doge's palace, and are covered throughout with lead.

My room had a large window with enormous bars, and commanded a view of the roof (also of lead) and the church of St. Mark. Beyond the church, I could discern the end of the Piazza in the distance, with an immense number of cupolas and belfries on all sides. St. Mark's gigantic campanile was separated from me only by the length of the church; and I could hear persons speaking from the top of it, when they talked loudly. To the left of the church was to be seen a portion of the grand court of the palace, and one of the chief entrances. There is a public well in that part of the court, and people were continually in the habit of going thither to draw water. From the lofty site of my prison, they appeared to me about the size of little children; and I could not at all hear their conversation, except when they called out

very loud. Indeed, I found myself much more solitary than I had been in the Milanese prisons.

For several days the anxiety I suffered from the criminal trial appointed by the special commission made me rather melancholy; and it was increased, doubtless, by that painful feeling of deeper solitude.

Moreover, I was farther removed from my family, of whom I heard no more. The new faces that appeared wore a gloom at once strange and appalling. Report had greatly exaggerated the struggle of the Milanese and the rest of Italy to recover their independence. It was doubted whether I were not one of the most desperate promoters of that mad enterprise. I found that my name, as a writer, was not wholly unknown to my jailer, to his wife, and even to his daughter, besides two sons, and the under-jailers: all of whom, by their manner, seemed to have an idea that a writer of tragedies was little better than a kind of magician. They looked grave and distant, yet, as if eager to learn more of me, had they dared to waive the ceremony of their iron office.

In a few days I grew accustomed to their looks; or rather, I think, they found I was not so great a necromancer as to escape through the lead roofs, and, consequently, assumed a more conciliating demeanor. The wife had most of the character that marks the true jailer: she was shriveled and bony, without a particle of heart, about forty, and incapable of feeling, except it were a savage sort of affection for her offspring. She used to bring me my coffee, morning and afternoon, and my water at dinner. She was usually accompanied by her daughter, a girl of about fifteen, not very pretty, but with

mild, compassionating looks, and her two sons, from ten to thirteen years of age. They always went back with their mother; but there was a gentle look and a smile of love for me upon their young faces as she closed the door—my only company when they were gone. The jailer never came near me, except to conduct me before the special commission, that terrible ordeal for what are termed crimes of state.

The under-jailers seldom came near me, being occupied with the prisons of the police, situated on a lower floor, where there were numbers of robbers. One of these assistants was an old man, more than seventy, but still able to discharge his laborious duties and to run up and down the steps to the different prisons; another was a young man about twenty-five, more bent upon giving an account of his love-affairs than eager to devote himself to his office.

I had now to confront the terrors of a state trial. What was my dread of implicating others by my answers! What difficulty to contend against so many strange accusations, so many suspicions of all kinds! How impossible almost not to become implicated by these incessant examinations, by daily new arrests, and the imprudence of other persons, perhaps not known to you, yet belonging to the same movement!

I have decided not to speak of politics, and I must therefore suppress every detail connected with the state trials. I shall merely observe that, after being subjected for successive hours to the harassing process, I retired. in a frame of mind so excited and so enraged that I should assuredly have taken my own life, had not the

voice of religion and the recollection of my parents restrained my hand. I lost the tranquillity of mind I had acquired at Milan; for many days, I despaired of regaining it; and I cannot even allude to this interval without feelings of horror. It was vain to attempt it; I could not pray; I questioned the justice of God; I cursed mankind and all the world, revolving in my mind all the sophisms and satires I could think of, respecting the hollowness and vanity of virtue. The disappointed and the exasperated are always ingenious in finding accusations against their fellow-creatures, and even against the Creator himself. Anger has a more immoral and injurious tendency than is generally supposed. As we cannot rage and storm from morning till night, and as the most ferocious animal has necessarily its intervals of repose, these intervals in man are greatly influenced by the immoral character of the conduct that may have preceded them. He appears to be at peace, indeed; but it is an irreligious, malignant peace; a savage complacency, destitute of all charity or dignity; a love of confusion, intoxication, and sarcasm.

In this state, I was accustomed to sing—anything but hymns—with a kind of mad, ferocious joy. To all that approached my cell I spoke jeering and bitter things; and I tried to look on the whole creation through the medium of that commonplace wisdom, the wisdom of cynics. This degrading period, on which I dislike to reflect, lasted happily only six or seven days, during which my Bible had become covered with dust. One of the jailer's boys, thinking to please me, as he cast his eye upon it, observed:

"Since you left off reading that great, ugly book, you don't seem half so melancholy, sir."

"Do you think so?" said I.

Taking the Bible in my hands, I wiped off the dust; and, opening it hastily, my eyes fell upon the following words: "Then said He unto the disciples, It is impossible but that offences will come; but woe unto him through whom they come! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

I was affected upon reading this passage, and felt ashamed when I thought that this little boy had perceived, from the dust with which it was covered, that I no longer read my Bible, and had even supposed that I had acquired a better temper by want of attention to my religious duties, and became less wretched by forgetting my God.

"You graceless little fellow!" I exclaimed, though reproaching him in a gentle tone, and grieved at having afforded him a subject of scandal, "this is not a great, ugly book; and, for the few days that I have left off reading it, I find myself much worse. If your mother would let you stay with me a little while, you would see that I know how to get rid of my ill-humor; but you do not know how it overcomes me when I am alone, when you hear me singing and talking like a madman."

CHAPTER IX

PELLICO STUDIES THE BIBLE, AND REFLECTS

THE boy left me; and I felt a degree of pleasure at having taken the Bible again in my hands, and having owned I had been worse for neglecting it. It seemed as if I had made atonement to a generous friend whom I had unjustly offended, but had now become reconciled to. "I had even forgotten my God!" I exclaimed, "and perverted my better nature." Could I have been led to believe that the vile mockery of the cynic was applicable to one in my forlorn and desperate situation?

I felt an indescribable emotion on asking myself this question. I placed the Bible upon a chair; and, falling on my knees, burst into tears of remorse—I who always found it so difficult to shed even a tear. These tears were far more delightful to me than any physical enjoyment I had ever felt. I seemed to be restored to God; I loved Him; I repented of having outraged religion by degrading myself; and I made a vow never, never more to forget Him, or to separate myself from Him.

How truly a sincere return to faith and love and hope consoles and elevates the mind! I read, and continued to weep for more than an hour. I rose with renewed confidence that God had not abandoned me, but had forgiven my every fault and folly. It was then that my misfortunes, the horrors of my continued examinations

and the probable death that awaited me, appeared of little account. I rejoiced in suffering, since I was thus afforded an occasion of performing some duty, and, by submitting resignedly, of obeying my Divine Master. I was enabled, thanks be to Heaven, to read my Bible. I no longer judged it with the wretched subterfuges of a Voltaire, heaping ridicule upon expressions in themselves neither false nor ridiculous, except to gross ignorance or malice, which cannot penetrate their meaning. I became clearly convinced that it was the code of sanctity, and hence of truth; that to take offence at a few imperfections of style was unphilosophical, and not less absurd than the vanity of one who despises everything that does not possess elegance of form; that it was still greater absurdity to imagine that such a collection of books, so long held in religious veneration, should not possess an authentic origin, showing, as they do, such a vast superiority over the Koran and the old theology of the Indies.

Many, doubtless, abused its excellence, and wished to turn it into a code of injustice, and a sanction of all their bad passions. But the triumphant answer to these is, that everything is liable to abuse; and when did the abuse of the most precious and best of things lead us to the conclusion that they were in their own nature bad? Our Saviour himself declared it: the whole Law and the Prophets, the entire body of these sacred books, all inculcate the same precept, "Love God and mankind." And must not such writings embrace the truth—truth adapted to all times and ages? Must they not constitute the ever-living words of the Holy Spirit?

While making these reflections, I renewed my inten-

tion of identifying with religion all my thoughts concerning human affairs, all my opinions on the progress of civilization, my philanthropy, love of my country—in short, all the passions of my mind.

The few days in which I remained subjected to cynicism did me a great deal of harm. I long felt its effects, and had much difficulty in removing them. Whenever man yields in the least to the temptation of degrading his intellect, of regarding the works of God through the infernal medium of scorn, or of abandoning the beneficent exercise of prayer, the injury that he inflicts on his natural reason prepares him to fall again with but little struggle. For a period of several weeks, I was almost daily assailed by strong tendencies to doubt and disbelief; and I exerted all the power of my mind to free myself from their grasp.

When these mental struggles ceased, and I had again become habituated to reverence the Deity in all my thoughts and feelings, I enjoyed, for some time, the most unbroken serenity and peace. The examinations to which I was every two or three days subjected by the special commission, however tormenting, no longer produced lasting anxiety. In this arduous position I succeeded in discharging all that integrity and friendship required of me; and I left the rest to the will of God. I also resumed my utmost efforts to guard against the effects of any sudden surprise, every emotion and passion, and every imaginable misfortune; a kind of preparation for future trials, of the greatest utility.

My solitude, meantime, grew more oppressive. Two sons of the jailer, whom I had been in the habit of see-

ing at brief intervals, were sent to school; and I saw them no more. The mother and the sister, who had been accustomed when with the boys to speak to me, never came near me, except to bring my coffee. About the mother I cared very little; but the daughter, though rather plain, had something so pleasing and gentle in her words and looks, that I greatly felt the loss of them. Whenever she brought the coffee, and said, "It was I who made it," I always thought it excellent; but when she observed, "This is my mother's making," it lost all its relish.

Being almost deprived of human society, I one day made acquaintance with some ants upon my window, and I fed them. They went away; and, ere long, the place was thronged with these little insects, as if they came by invitation. A spider, too, had woven a noble edifice upon my walls; and I often gave him a feast of gnats or flies, which were extremely annoying to me, and which he liked much better than I did. I became accustomed to the sight of him, and he would run over my bed, and come and take the precious morsels out of my hand. Would to Heaven these had been the only insects that visited my abode! It was still summer, and the gnats had begun to multiply to a prodigious and alarming extent. The previous winter had been remarkably mild; and, after the prevalence of the March winds, extreme heat followed. It is impossible to convey an idea of the insufferable oppression of the air in the place I occupied. Opposed directly to a noontide sun, under a leaden roof, and with a window looking on the roof of St. Mark's, which cast a tremendous reflection of

heat, I was nearly suffocated. I never had conceived an idea of a punishment so intolerable. Add to this the clouds of gnats, which, spite of my utmost efforts, covered every article of furniture in the room, till even the walls and ceiling seemed alive with them, and I had some apprehension of being devoured alive. The stings of these creatures were extremely painful; and when I was thus pierced from morning till night, only to undergo the same operation from day to day, and was engaged the whole time in attempts to diminish their numbers, some idea may be formed of the state both of my body and mind.

I felt the full force of such a scourge, yet was unable to obtain a change of quarters, till at last I was tempted to rid myself of life, and had great fears of losing my mind. But, thanks be to God, these thoughts were not of long duration; and religion continued to sustain me. It taught me that man should suffer, and suffer with courage; it taught me to find a sort of pleasure in my troubles; to resist and to vanquish in the battle appointed me by Heaven.

"The more unhappy," I said to myself, "my life may become, the less will I yield to my fate, even though I should be condemned in the morning of my life to the scaffold. Without these preliminary and chastening trials, perhaps I should meet death in an unworthy manner. Do I know, moreover, that I possess those virtues and qualities that deserve prosperity? Where and what are they?"

Then, seriously examining into my conduct, I found too little good on which to pride myself; the chief part was

a tissue of vanity and the exterior of virtue. "Unworthy, therefore, as I am, let me suffer! If it be intended that men and gnats should destroy me, unjustly or otherwise, let me acknowledge in them the instruments of a divine justice, and be silent."

Does man stand in need of compulsion, before he can be brought to humble himself with sincerity—to look upon himself as a sinner? Is it not too true that in general we dissipate our youth in vanity, and, instead of employing all our faculties in the acquisition of what is good, make them the instruments of our degradation? There are, doubtless, exceptions; but, I confess, they cannot apply to a wretched individual like myself. There is no merit in being thus dissatisfied with myself: when we see a lamp that emits more smoke than flame, it requires no great sincerity to say that it does not burn as it should.

Yes, without any degradation, without any scruples of hypocrisy, and viewing myself with perfect tranquillity. I perceived that I had merited the chastisement of my God. An internal monitor told me that such chastisements were amply due for one fault or another; they assisted in winning me back to Him who is perfect, and whom every human being, as far as his limited powers will admit, is bound to imitate. By what right, while constrained to condemn myself for innumerable offences and forgetfulness toward God, could I complain because some men appeared to me despicable and others wicked? What if I were deprived of all worldly advantages and doomed to linger in prison or to die a violent death?

I sought to impress on my mind reflections like these, at once so just and so applicable; and, this being done, I

found it was necessary to be consistent, and that I could be so in no other manner than by sanctifying the judgments of the Almighty, by loving Him, and by eradicating from myself every wish opposed to His will.

The better to persevere in my intention, I determined in future carefully to revolve in mind all my opinions, and commit them to writing. The difficulty was, that the commission, while permitting me to have the use of ink and paper, counted out the sheets with an express prohibition that I should not destroy a single one, and reserved the power of examining in what manner I had employed them. To supply the want of paper, I had recourse to the simple stratagem of smoothing with a piece of glass a rude table that I had; and upon this I daily wrote my long meditations respecting the duties of mankind, and especially those that applied to myself. It is no exaggeration to say that the hours so employed were sometimes delightful to me, notwithstanding the difficulty of breathing, which I experienced from the excessive heat, to say nothing of the bitterly painful wounds, small though they were, of those poisonous gnats. To defend myself from the countless numbers of these tormentors, I was compelled, in spite of the heat, to wrap my head and my legs in thick cloth, and not only to write with gloves on, but to bandage my wrists to prevent the intruders from creeping up my sleeves.

Meditations like mine assumed somewhat of a biographical character. I gave an account of all the good and the evil that had grown up with me from my earliest youth, discussing them within myself, attempting to resolve every doubt, and arranging, to the best of my abil-

ity, the various kinds of knowledge I had acquired, and my ideas upon every subject. When the whole surface of the table was covered with my lucubrations, I perused and reperused them, meditated on what I had already meditated, and at length resolved, however unwillingly, to scrape out with the glass all I had done, in order to have a clean surface on which to repeat my operations.

From that time I continued the narrative of my experience of good and evil, always relieved by digressions of every kind, by some analysis of this or that point, whether in metaphysics, morals, politics, or religion; and, when the whole was complete, I again began to read, and re-read, and, lastly, to scrape out again. Being desirous of avoiding every chance of interruption, or of impediment to my repeating with the greatest possible freedom the facts I had recorded, and my opinions upon them, I took care to transpose and abbreviate the words in such a manner as to run no risk from the most inquisitorial visit. But no search was made; and no one was aware that I was spending my miserable prison-hours to so good a purpose. Whenever I heard the jailer or others open the door, I covered my little table with a cloth, and placed upon it the inkstand, with the lawful quantity of state paper by its side.

CHAPTER X

ANGIOLA, THE JAILER'S DAUGHTER

STILL I did not wholly neglect the paper put into my hands, and I sometimes devoted an entire day or night to writing. But here I treated only of literary matters. I composed at this time the *Ester d'Engaddi*, the *Iginia d'Asti*, and the poems entitled *Tancreda*, *Rosilde*, *Eligi e Valafrido*, and *Adello;* besides several sketches of tragedies, and other productions, in the list of which was a poem on the Lombard League, another on Christopher Columbus.

As it was not always so easy to get a renewal of paper, I was in the habit of making my rough drafts on my table, or on the wrapping-paper in which I received fruit and other articles. At times I would give away my dinner to the under-jailer, telling him that I had no appetite, and then requesting from him the favor of a sheet of paper. But this was only in certain exigencies, when my little table was full of writing, and I had not yet determined on erasing it.

I was often very hungry; but, though the jailer had money of mine in his possession, I did not ask him to bring me anything to eat, partly lest he should suspect I had given away my dinner, and partly that the under-jailer might not find out that I had deceived him when I assured him of my loss of appetitite. In the evening I regaled myself with some strong coffee, and I entreated

that it might be made by *la Siora Zanze*. This was the jailer's daughter, who, if she could escape the lynx-eye of her sour mamma, was good enough to make it exceedingly strong—so strong, indeed, that, taken upon an empty stomach, it produced a kind of intoxication, which kept me awake the whole night.

In this state of gentle inebriation, I felt my intellectual faculties strangely invigorated. I wrote poetry, philosophized, and prayed till morning with feelings of real pleasure. I then became completely exhausted, threw myself on my bed, and, spite of the gnats that were continually sucking my blood, slept an hour or two in profound rest.

I can hardly describe this peculiar and pleasing exaltation of mind, which continued for nights together; and I left no means untried to secure the same means of continuing it. With this view, I still refused to touch a mouthful of dinner, even when I was in no want of paper, in order to obtain my magic beverage for the evening.

How fortunate I thought myself when I succeeded! Very frequently the coffee was not made by the gentle Angiola; and from her mother's hands it was always wretched stuff. When this was so, I was sadly ill-humored; for, instead of the electrical effect on my nerves, it made me languid, weak, and hungry: I threw myself down to sleep, but was unable to close an eye. On these occasions, I complained bitterly to Angiola, the jailer's daughter; and one day, as if she had been in fault, I scolded her so sharply that the poor girl began to weep, sobbing out:

"Indeed, sir, I never deceived anybody, and yet everybody calls me a deceitful little minx."

"Everybody! Oh, then, I see I am not the only one driven to distraction by your wretched slops!"

"I do not mean to say that, sir. Ah! if you only knew —if I dared to tell you all that my poor, wretched heart"—

"Well, do not cry so! What is all this ado? I beg your pardon, you see, if I scold you. Indeed, I believe you would not, you could not, make me such bad coffee as this."

"Dear me! I am not crying about that, sir."

"You are not!" and my self-love was not a little mortified, though I forced a smile. "Are you crying, then, because I scolded you, and yet not about the coffee?"

"Yes, indeed, sir."

"Ah! then who called you a little deceitful one before?"

"*He* did, Sir."

"*He* did! and who is *he*?"

"My lover, sir;" and she hid her face in her little hands.

Afterward, she ingenuously intrusted to my keeping, and I could not well betray her, a little serio-comic kind of pastoral romance, which really interested me.

From that day forth, I knew not why, I became the adviser and confidant of this young girl, who returned and conversed with me for hours. She at first said:

"You are so good, sir, that I feel just the same when I am here as if I were your own daughter."

"That is a very poor compliment," replied I, dropping

her hand: "I am hardly thirty-two years old, and yet you look upon me as if I were your father."

"No, no, not so; I mean as a brother, to be sure:" and she insisted upon taking hold of my hand with an air of the most innocent confidence and affection.

"I am glad," thought I to myself, "that you are no beauty; else, alas! this innocent familiarity might chance to disconcert me." At other times I thought, it is fortunate she is so young, there can be no danger of becoming attached to a girl of her years. At other times, however, I was a little uneasy, from a fear that I had been mistaken in considering her plain; whereas her whole shape and features were by no means wanting in proportion or expression.

"If she were not quite so pale," I said, "and her face free from those freckles, she might really pass for a beauty."

It is impossible, in fact, not to find some charm in the presence, looks, and voice of a young girl full of vivacity and affection. I had not taken the least pains to acquire her good will; yet I was as dear to her as a father or a brother, whichever title I preferred. And why? because she had read *Francesca da Rimini* and *Eufemio;* and my poems, she said, had made her weep so often. Besides, I was a solitary prisoner, without having, as she observed, either robbed or murdered anybody.

In short, when I had become attached to poor Maddalene without once seeing her, how was it likely that I could remain indifferent to the sisterly assiduity, to the thousand pleasing little compliments, and to the most delicious cups of coffee of this young Venetian girl, my

gentle little jailer? I should be an impostor, were I to attribute to my own prudence the fact of my not being in love with Angiola. I was not so, simply because she already had a lover of her own choosing, to whom she was passionately, unalterably attached. Heaven help me! had it been otherwise, it would have been a very critical position, indeed, for an author with so little to engross his attention.

The sentiment I felt for her was not, then, what is called love. I wished to see her happy, and that she might be united to the lover of her choice. I was not jealous, nor had I the remotest idea she could ever select me as the object of her regard. Still, when I heard my prison-door open, my heart began to beat with the hope it was Angiola; and if she appeared not, I experienced a peculiar kind of vexation; but when she really came, my heart throbbed still more violently from a feeling of pure joy. Her parents, who had begun to entertain a good opinion of me, and knew of her passionate regard for another, offered no opposition to the visits she thus made me, permitting her almost invariably to bring my coffee in the morning, and not unfrequently in the evening.

There was a mingled simplicity and affectionateness in every word, look, and gesture, which made her really captivating. She would say:

"I am so much in love with another, and yet I take such delight in being near you! When I am not in *his* company, I like being nowhere so well as here."

"And don't you know why?"

"I do not."

"I will tell you, then. It is because I permit you to talk about your lover."

"That is a good guess; yet still I think it is likewise because I esteem you so very much!"

Poor girl! with this pretty frankness, she had that blessed sin of taking me by the hand, and pressing it fondly, not perceiving that she at once pleased and disturbed me by her affectionate manner. But, thanks be to Heaven, I can always recall to mind this angel without the least tinge of remorse!

The following portion of my narrative would assuredly have been more interesting, if the gentle Angiola had been in love with me, or if at least I had gone half mad for her. Yet that simple good will which united us was more precious to me than love. And if, sometimes, I felt there was the least risk of its changing its nature in my foolish heart, it produced sincere regret.

Once, apprehensive that this would happen, and finding her, to my sorrow, a hundred times more beautiful than I had at first imagined, feeling, too, so very melancholy when she was absent, so joyous when near—I undertook to play the unamiable, with the idea that this would remove all danger by causing her to cease indulging that affectionate and familiar manner. This innocent stratagem was tried in vain, the poor girl was so patient, so full of compassion for me. She would look at me in silence, with her elbow resting upon the window, and say, after a long pause:

"I see, sir, you are tired of my company; yet *I* would stay here the whole day if I could, merely to keep the hours from hanging so heavy upon you. This ill-humor

is the natural effect of your long solitude: if you were able to chat awhile, you would be quite well again. If you don't like to talk, I will talk for you."

"About your lover, eh?"

"No, no; not always about him. I can talk of many things."

She then began to give me extracts from the household annals, dwelling upon the sharp temper of her mother, her good-natured father, and the monkey-tricks of her little brothers; and she told all this with a simple grace and innocent frankness that were not a little alluring. Yet I was pretty near the truth; for, without being aware of it, she uniformly concluded with the one favorite theme—her unfortunate love. Still I continued to act the part of the unamiable, hoping she would be displeased by it. But, whether from inadvertence or design, she would not take the hint; and I was fairly compelled at last to give up, contented to let her have her way, smiling, sympathizing with, and thanking her for her sweet patience with me.

I no longer indulged the ungracious idea of displeasing her; and, by degrees, all my other fears were allayed. Assuredly I had not been in love. I examined minutely into the nature of my scruples, wrote down my reflections upon the subject, and derived no little advantage from the process.

Man often terrifies himself by mere bugbears of the mind. If we would learn not to fear them, we have but to examine them closely and attentively. What harm, then, if I looked forward to her visits with a tender anxiety, if I appreciated their sweetness, if it did me good

to be compassionated by her, and to interchange all our thoughts and feelings, as pure as those of childhood? Even her most affectionate looks and smiles, and pressures of the hand, while they agitated me, produced a feeling of salutary respect, mingled with compassion. One evening, I remember, when she was suffering under a sad misfortune, the poor girl threw her arms around my neck, and wept as if her heart would break. She had not the least thought of impropriety: no daughter could embrace a father with more perfect innocence and unsuspecting affection. Yet I could not reflect upon that embrace without feeling somewhat agitated. It often recurred to my imagination, and then I could think of no other subject.

On another occasion of a similar burst of confidence, I was obliged to disentangle myself from her dear arms, ere I once pressed her to my bosom, or gave her a single kiss, while I stammered out:

"I pray you, now, sweet Angiola, do not ever embrace me again: it is not quite proper.

She fixed her eyes upon me for a moment, and then cast them down, while a blush suffused her ingenuous countenance; and I am sure it was the first time that she read in my mind even the possibility of any weakness in reference to her. Still she did not cease to continue her visits upon the same friendly footing, with a little more reserve and respect, such as I wished it to be; and I was grateful to her for it.

CHAPTER XI

ANGIOLA BECOMES ILL, AND IS TAKEN INTO THE COUNTRY

I AM unable to form an estimate of the evils that afflict others; but as respects myself, I must confess that, after close examination, I found no sufferings had been appointed to me except for some wise end and for my own advantage. It was thus even with the excessive heat that oppressed, and the gnats that tormented me. Often I have reflected that, but for this continual suffering, I might not have successfully resisted the temptation to fall in love, and with one whose extremely affectionate and ardent feelings would have made it difficult to preserve a love sufficiently respectful. If sometimes I had reason to tremble, situated as I was, how should I have been able to regulate my imagination in a more agreeable atmosphere, suited to enjoyment?

Considering the imprudence of Angiola's parents, who reposed such confidence in me, and the imprudence of the poor girl herself, who had no suspicion of causing any culpable folly on my part, and considering also the little steadfastness of my virtue—there can be no doubt that the suffocating heat of my great oven and the cruel warfare of the gnats were effectual safeguards to us both.

Such reflections reconciled me somewhat to these scourges, and then I asked myself, "Would you consent to become free, and take possession of some handsome

apartment, filled with flowers and fresh air, on condition of never more seeing this affectionate being?" Shall I own the truth? I had not courage to answer this simple question.

When you really feel interested toward another, it is indescribable what mere trifles are capable of conferring pleasure. A single word from Angiola, a smile, a tear, a Venetian grace of expression, her eagerness in protecting me from my enemies the gnats, all inspired me with a childish delight that lasted the whole day. What most gratified me was to see that her own sufferings appeared to be relieved by conversing with me; that my compassion consoled her; that my advice influenced her; and that her heart was susceptible of the warmest devotion, when we spoke of virtue and its great Author.

When he had sometimes discussed the subjects of religion, she would observe:

"I find that I can now pray with more willingness and more faith than I did."

At other times, suddenly breaking off from some frivolous topic, she took the Bible, opened it, pressed her lips to it, and then begged of me to translate some passages, and give my comments. She added:

"I could wish that every time you happen to recur to this passage, you would remember that I have kissed and kissed it again."

It was not always, indeed, that her kisses fell appropriately, especially if she happened to open at the Song of Solomon. Then, in order to spare her blushes, I took advantage of her ignorance of Latin, and made use of expressions that, without detracting from the sacredness

of the Bible, also served to respect her innocence. On such occasions, I never permitted myself to smile; at the same time, I was not a little perplexed when, not rightly comprehending my new version, she entreated me to translate the whole, word for word, and would by no means let me escape to another subject.

Nothing is durable here below! Angiola fell ill; and on one of the first days of her indisposition she came to see me, complaining bitterly of pains in her head. She wept, too, and would not explain the cause of her grief. She only murmured something that seemed like reproaches of her lover.

"He is a villain!" she said; "but may God forgive him as I do!"

Though I left no means untried to obtain her confidence, she was reserved toward me for the first time, and I was unable to ascertain what made her so unhappy.

"I will return to-morrow morning," she said, one evening on parting from me: "I will indeed."

But the next morning came, and my coffee was brought by her mother; the next, and the next, by the underjailers; and Angiola continued seriously ill. The underjailers also brought me very unpleasant tidings relating to her love-affair—tidings, in short, which made me deeply sympathize with her sufferings. A seduction? But perhaps it was the tale of calumny. Alas! I but too well believed it, and was affected at it more than I can express, though I still like to flatter myself that it was false. After more than a month's illness, the poor girl was taken into the country, and I saw her no more.

It is astonishing how deeply I felt this deprivation, and

how much more horrible my solitude now became. Still more bitter was the reflection that she who had so tenderly fed and watched and visited me in my sad prison, supplying every want and wish within her power, was herself a prey to sorrow and misfortune; and that I could make her no return. But surely she would believe how truly I sympathized with her; that there was no effort I would not make to procure her comfort and relief; and that I should never cease to offer up my prayers for her, and to bless her for her goodness to a wretched prisoner.

Though her visits had been too brief, they sufficed to break up the horrid monotony of my solitude. By comparing our ideas, I obtained new views and feelings, which excited in me some of the best and sweetest affections, gave a zest to life, and even shed a sort of lustre round my misfortunes.

Suddenly the vision fled, and my cell became to me like a living tomb. A strange sadness for many days oppressed me; I could not even write; it was a dark, quiet, nameless feeling, in no way partaking of the violence and irritation that I had before experienced. Was it that I had become more inured to adversity, more philosophical, more of a Christian? Or was it only that the extremely enervating heat of my dungeon had so prostrated my powers that I could no longer feel the pangs of excessive grief? Ah, no! for I well recollect that I suffered intensely in my inmost soul; and perhaps more intensely from the want of both will and power to give vent to it by groans and cries. Truly, I believe that I had been severely schooled by my sufferings and was resigned to the will of God. I had so often maintained that it was

a mark of cowardice to complain, that at last I succeeded in restraining my passion when it was just ready to break forth, and felt vexed when I had permitted it to obtain ascendency over me.

My mental faculties were strengthened by the habit of writing down my thoughts; and, freed from all vanity, I reduced the chief part of my reasonings to these conclusions: There is a God; therefore there is unerring justice; then whatever happens is ordained for the best; consequently, the sufferings of man on earth are for the good of man.

Thus my acquaintance with Angiola had proved beneficial, by soothing and conciliating my feelings. Her good opinion had urged me to the fulfilment of many duties, especially that of proving oneself superior to the shocks of fortune, and suffering in patience. By exerting myself to persevere for some months, I became perfectly resigned.

Angiola had only twice seen me in a passion: once, as I have said, on account of the bad coffee; and a second time as follows: Every two or three weeks, the jailer had brought me a letter from some of my family. It was previously submitted to the Commission, and most roughly handled, as was too evident by the number of erasures in the blackest ink, which appeared throughout. One day, however, instead of merely striking out a few passages, they drew the black line over the entire letter, with the exceptions of the words, "My Dearest Silvio," at the beginning, and the parting salutation at the close, "All unite in kindest love to you."

This act threw me into such an uncontrollable fit of

passion that, in presence of the gentle Angiola, I broke forth into violent shouts of rage, and cursed I knew not whom. The poor girl pitied me from her heart; but at the same time she reminded me of the strange inconsistency of my principles. I saw that she had reason on her side, and I ceased from my maledictions.

CHAPTER XII

AN UNDER-JAILER'S OPINION OF ANGIOLA

ONE day one of the under-jailers entered my prison with a mysterious look, and said:

"When the Siora Zanze [Angiola] was here, she used to bring you your coffee. She stopped a good while to converse with you and I was afraid the cunning one would find out all your secrets, sir."

"Not one," I replied, in great anger. "If I had any, I should not be such a fool as to suffer them to be drawn from me. Go on."

"Beg pardon, sir; it is not for me to call you by such a name. But I never trusted to that Siora Zanze. And now, sir, as you have no longer any one to keep you company, I trust I"—

"What? explain yourself at once."

"Swear first that you will not betray me."

"Well, I can do that conscientiously; I never betrayed any one."

"Do you earnestly say you will swear?"

"Yes—I swear not to betray you. But what a fool to doubt it! for any one capable of betraying will not scruple to violate an oath."

He took a letter from his coat-lining, and gave it to me with a trembling hand, beseeching me to destroy it the moment I had read it.

"Stop," I cried, opening it. "I will read and destroy it while you are here."

"But sir, you must answer it, and I cannot wait now. Do it at your leisure. Only take heed. When you hear any one coming, you will know whether it is I by my singing the tune, *Sognai mi gera un gatto.* ["I dreamt I was a cat."] Then you need fear nothing, and may keep the letter quietly in your pocket. But should you not hear this song, it will be a sign either that it is not I or that some one is with me. Then, in a moment, out with it; don't trust to any concealment, for fear of a search; out with it, tear it into a thousand bits, and throw it through the window."

"Depend on me. I see you are prudent; I will be so too."

"Yet you have called me a fool."

"You do right to reproach me," I replied, shaking him by the hand; "and I beg your pardon." He went away, and I began to read:

"I am [and here followed the name] one of your admirers; I know the whole of your *Francesca da Rimini* by heart. They arrested me for [and here he gave the reason, with the date]; and I would give I know not how many pounds of my blood to have the pleasure of being with you, or at least be in a cell near yours, so that we might converse together. Since I heard from Tremerello—so we shall call our confidant—that you, sir, were a prisoner, and the cause of your arrest, I have longed to tell you how deeply I lament your misfortune, and that no one can feel greater attachment to you than I. Have you any objection to accepting the offer I make; namely,

that we should try to lighten the burden of our solitude by writing to each other? I pledge you my honor that not a being shall ever hear of our correspondence from me, and am persuaded that I may count upon the same secrecy on your part, if you adopt my plan. Meantime, that you may have some knowledge of me, I will give you an abstract of my life." [It followed.]

The reader, however deficient in imagination, may easily conceive the electric effect of such a letter upon the nerves of a poor prisoner, not of the most unsocial disposition, and possessing an affectionate and social turn of mind. I already felt an affection for the unknown; I pitied his misfortunes, and was grateful for the kind expressions he used.

"Yes," I exclaimed, "your generous purpose shall be effected. I wish my letters may afford you consolation equal to that which I shall derive from yours."

I reperused his letter with almost boyish delight, and blessed the writer. There was not an expression that did not exhibit evidence of a clear and noble mind.

The sun was setting; it was my hour of prayer; I felt the presence of God. How sincere was my gratitude for His providing me with new means of exercising the faculties of my mind! How it revived my recollection of all the invaluable blessings He had bestowed upon me!

I stood before the window, with my arms between the bars, and my hands folded: the church of St. Mark lay below me; an immense flock of pigeons, free as the air, were flying about, cooing and billing, or busied in constructing their nests upon the leaden roof; the heavens in their magnificence, were before me; I surveyed all that

part of Venice which was visible from my prison; a distant murmur of human voices broke sweetly on my ear. From this vast, unhappy prison-house did I hold communion with Him whose eyes alone beheld me. To Him I commended my father, my mother, and, individually, all those most dear to me; and it seemed as if I heard Him reply, "Confide in my goodness," and I exclaimed, "Thy goodness assures me."

I concluded my prayer with much emotion, greatly comforted, and little caring for the bites of the gnats, which had been feasting upon me. The same evening my mind, after such exaltation, began to grow calmer, and I found the torment from the gnats becoming insufferable. While I was wrapping up my hands and face, a vulgar and malignant thought suddenly entered my mind, which horrified me, and which I vainly attempted to banish.

Tremerello had insinuated a vile suspicion respecting Angiola that in short she was a spy upon my secret opinions. She, that noble-hearted creature, who knew nothing of politics, and wished to know nothing of them!

It was impossible for me to suspect her; "but have I," I asked myself, "the same certainty respecting Tremerello? Suppose that rogue should be the bribed instrument of secret informers; suppose the letter had been fabricated by some one unknown, to induce me to make important disclosures to my new friend. Perhaps his pretended prisoner does not exist; or, if so, he may be a traitor, eager to find out secrets in order to make his own terms; perhaps he is a man of honor, and Tremerello

himself the traitor, who aims at our destruction in order to gain an additional salary."

Oh, base thought, yet only too natural to the unhappy prisoner, in fear of enmity and fraud on every side!

Such suspicions tormented and grieved me. As regarded Angiola, I did not entertain them a single moment. Yet, from what Tremerello had said, a doubt clung to me as to the conduct of those who had permitted her to come into my apartment. Had they, either from their own zeal or by superior authority, given her the office of a spy? If so, how ill had she discharged that office!

But what was I to do respecting the letter of the unknown? Should I adopt the severe, repulsive counsels of that fear which we call prudence? "Shall I return the letter to Tremerello, and tell him I do not wish to take any risk? Yet suppose there should be no treason, and the unknown be a truly worthy character, deserving that I should venture something, if only to relieve the horrors of his solitude? Coward as I am, standing on the brink of death, the fatal decree ready to be pronounced at any moment, yet refusing to perform a simple act of love! Reply to him I must and will. But should it be discovered, even though no one can fairly be accused of writing the letter, poor Tremerello would assuredly meet with the severest chastisement. Is not this consideration of itself sufficient to decide me against undertaking any clandestine correspondence? Is it not my absolute duty to decline it?"

I was agitated the whole evening. I did not close my

eyes that night; and, amidst so many conflicting doubts, I knew not on what to resolve.

I sprang from my bed before dawn, mounted upon the window-place, and offered up my prayers. In trying circumstances, it is necessary to appeal with confidence to God, to listen to His inspirations, and follow them.

This I did; and, after long prayer, I came down, shook off the gnats, rubbed my bitten cheeks with my hands, and came to the determination to explain my apprehensions to Tremerello, and warn him of the great danger to which he himself was exposed by bearing letters; to renounce the plan if he wavered, and to accept it if its terrors did not deter him. I walked about till I heard the words of the song, *Sognai mi gera un gatto, E ti me carezzavi.* ["I dreamt I was a cat, and you caressed me."] It was Tremerello bringing my coffee. I acquainted him with my scruples, and spared nothing to excite his fears. I found him staunch in his desire to serve, as he said, two such complete gentlemen. This was strangely at variance with the sheep's face he wore, and the name we had just given him.* Therefore, I was as firm on my part.

"I shall leave you my wine," said I, "and do you find me the paper necessary to carry on this correspondence; and rely on it, if any one comes without the warning song, I will destroy every suspicious writing."

"Here is a sheet of paper ready for you. I will give you more whenever you wish, and am perfectly satisfied of your prudence."

Tremerello ("the little trembler")

I drank my coffee hastily. Tremerello left me, and I sat down to write. Did I do well? Was the motive really approved by God? Was it not rather the triumph of my natural courage, of my preference for that which pleased me to painful sacrifices? Mingled with this was a proud satisfaction in the esteem expressed toward me by the unknown, and a fear of appearing cowardly if I were to adhere to silence and decline a correspondence so fraught with peril. How was I to solve these doubts? I explained them frankly to my fellow-prisoner in replying to him; adding, nevertheless, as my opinion, that if anything were undertaken from good motives, and without the least repugnance of conscience, there could be no fear of blame. I advised him, at the same time, to reflect seriously upon the subject, and to express clearly with what degree of tranquillity or of anxiety he was prepared to engage in it. Moreover, if, on reconsideration, he deemed the plan too dangerous, we ought to have firmness enough to renounce the solace we promised ourselves in such a correspondence, and to rest satisfied with the acquaintance we had formed, the pleasure we had already derived, and the unalterable good-will we felt toward each other, which resulted from it. I filled four pages with my explanations, and with expressions of the warmest friendship; briefly alluded to the subject of my imprisonment; spoke of my family as well as of some of my friends, with enthusiastic love; and aimed to draw a full picture of my mind and character.

In the evening I sent the letter. I had not slept during the preceding night; and, being completely exhausted,

soon fell into a profound sleep, from which I awoke on the ensuing morning refreshed and comparatively happy. I was in hourly expectation of receiving my new friend's answer, and I felt at once anxious and pleased at the idea.

CHAPTER XIII

JULIAN'S SECOND LETTER

THE answer was brought with my coffee. I welcomed Tremerello, and, embracing him, exclaimed, "May God reward you for this goodness!" My suspicions had fled—perhaps because they were hateful to me; or because, making a point of never speaking imprudently of politics, they appeared useless; or because, with all my admiration for the genius of Tacitus, I never had much faith in the propriety of looking, as he does, at every subject on the dark side. Julian, as the writer signed himself, began his letter with the usual compliments, and informed me that he felt not the least anxiety in entering on the correspondence. He rallied me upon my hesitation; occasionally assumed a tone of irony; and then more seriously declared that it had given him no little pain to observe in me "a certain scrupulous wavering, and a subtlety of conscience, which, however Christian-like, was little in accordance with true philosophy." "I shall continue to esteem you," he added, "though we should not agree on that point; for I am bound in all sincerity to inform you that I have no religion, that I abhor all creeds, and that I assume, from a feeling of modesty, the name of Julian, from the circumstance of that good Emperor's having been so decided an enemy of the Christians, though in fact I go much farther than he did. The sceptred Julian believed in God,

and had his own superstitions. I have none. I believe not in a God, but regard all virtue as love of truth, and hatred of such as do not please me." There was no reasoning in what he said. He inveighed bitterly against Christianity; made an idol of worldly honor and virtue; and, in a half-serious, half-jocular vein, took on himself to pronounce the Emperor Julian's eulogium for his apostasy, and for his philanthropic efforts to eradicate all traces of the Gospel from the face of the earth.

Apprehending that he had thus given too severe a shock to my opinions, he asked my pardon, attempting to excuse himself on the ground of perfect sincerity. Reiterating his extreme wish to enter into more friendly relations with me, he then bade me farewell.

In a postscript, he added: "I have no sort of scruples, except a fear of not having made myself sufficiently understood. I ought not to conceal the fact that to me the Christian language you employ appears a mere mask to hide your real opinions. I wish it may be so; and, in that case, throw off your cloak, as I have set you an example."

I cannot describe the effect this letter had upon me. I had opened it full of hope and ardor; but suddenly an icy hand seemed to chill the life-blood of my heart. That sarcasm on my conscientiousness hurt me extremely. I repented of having formed any acquaintance with such a man; for I detested the doctrine of the cynics; considered it wholly unphilosophical, and injurious in its tendency; and despised all kinds of arrogance.

Having read the last word it contained, I took the letter in both hands, and, tearing it directly down the middle,

held up a half in each, like an executioner exposing it to public scorn.

I kept my eye fixed on the pieces, meditating for a moment upon the inconsistency and fallacy of human affairs. I had just before eagerly desired to obtain that which I now tore with disdain. I had hoped to find a companion in misfortune, and how highly I should have valued his friendship! Now I called him insolent, arrogant, an atheist, and self-condemned.

I repeated the same operation, dividing the fragments of the guilty letter again and again; till, happening to cast my eye on a piece remaining in my hand, which expressed some better sentiments, I changed my intention, and, collecting the scattered members, ingeniously pieced them with the view of reading it once more. I sat down, placed them on my great Bible, and examined the whole. I then got up, walked about, read again, and thought: "If I do not answer, he will think he has terrified me at the mere appearance of such a philosophical hero—a very Hercules in his own estimation. Let me show him, with all due courtesy, that I do not fear to confront him and his vicious doctrines, any more than to brave the risk of a correspondence more dangerous to others than to ourselves. I will teach him that true courage does not consist in ridiculing conscience, and that real dignity does not consist in arrogance and pride. He shall be taught the reasonableness of Christianity and the insufficiency of unbelief. After all, if this mock Julian utters opinions so directly opposite to my own, if he spares not the most biting sarcasm, if he attacks me thus uncourteously, is it not at least a proof that he can

be no spy? Yet might not this be a mere stratagem to draw me into a discussion, by wounding my self-love? No: I am unjust; I smart under his bitter, irreligious jests, and conclude at once that he must be the most infamous of men. Base suspicion, which I have so often decried in others! He may be what he appears—a presumptuous infidel, but not a spy. Have I even a right to call by the name of insolence that which he considers sincerity? Is this," I continued, "thy humility, O hypocrite? If any one presumes to maintain his own opinions, and to question your faith, is he forthwith to be met with contempt and abuse? Is not this worse in a Christian than the bold sincerity of the unbeliever? Perhaps he requires only one ray of divine grace, to enable him to employ his noble love of truth in the cause of true religion with far greater success than yourself. Were it not, then, more becoming in me to pray for him than to irritate him? Perhaps, while I was employed in destroying his letter with every mark of ignominy, he was reading mine with expressions of kindness and affection, never dreaming I should fly into such passion at his plain and bold sincerity. Is he not the better of the two, to love and esteem me when declaring he is no Christian; while I exclaim, 'I am a Christian, and I detest you'? It is difficult to know a man's character from a long intercourse, yet I would condemn this man on the evidence of a single letter. He may be unhappy in his atheism, and wish to hear all my arguments, to enable him the better to arrive at the truth. Perhaps, too, I, the humble instrument of a gracious God, may be called to effect so

beneficent a work. Oh, that it may indeed be so! I will not shrink from the task."

I tore into smaller pieces, but without any remains of anger, the parts of the letter. I went to the window, stretched out my hand, and stopped to observe the fate of the different fragments, which became the sport of the wind. Some rested on the roof of the church; others flew around, and slowly fell to the ground.

They were so scattered that I saw there was no danger of any one's collecting them and discovering their secrets.

I sat down to write to Julian, and was cautious not to let one irritating word proceed from my pen. I took in good part his reflection on my scruples of conscience, telling him he perhaps gave me too much credit for it, and ought to suspend his good opinion till he knew me better. I praised his sincerity, assuring him that he would find me equal to him in this respect; and that, as a proof of it, I had determined to defend Christianity; "well persuaded," I added, "that, as I shall readily give fair consideration to your opinions, you will be prepared to give me the same advantage."

I then boldly entered upon my task, arguing my way by degrees, and analyzing with impartiality the essence of Christianity—the worship of God free from superstitions, the brotherhood of mankind, aspirations after virtue, humility without baseness, dignity without pride, as exemplified in our Divine Saviour! What can be more philosophical and more sublime?

My object next was to demonstrate "that this divine wisdom had displayed itself to all those who by the light

of reason had sought after the truth, though it was not generally diffused till the arrival of its great Author upon the earth. He had proved his heavenly mission by effecting the most wonderful and glorious results, through the most humble human means. What the greatest philosophers had in vain attempted—the overthrow of idolatry and the universal preaching of brotherly love—was achieved by a few untutored missionaries. From that era was first dated the emancipation of slaves, from bondage of limbs and of mind, until by degrees a civilization without slavery became apparent—a state of society believed by the ancient philosophers to be utterly impracticable. A review of history, from the appearance of Christ to the present time, would finally demonstrate that the religion he established had always been found adapted to all grades in civilized society. For this reason, the assertion that the Gospel was no longer in accordance with the continued progress of civilization could not for a moment be maintained."

I wrote in a very small hand, and at great length, but my paper failed, and I could not include all that I had prepared on the subject. I reëxamined the whole carefully. There was not one revengeful, injurious, or repulsive word. Benevolence, toleration and forbearance were the only weapons I employed against ridicule and sarcasm of every kind; and, after mature deliberation, my sentiments were all dictated from the heart.

I despatched the letter, and in no little anxiety awaited the arrival of the next morning, in hopes of a speedy reply.

Tremerello came, and observed, "The gentleman, sir,

was not able to write, but entreats you to continue the joke."

"The joke!" I exclaimed. "He could not have said that! you must have mistaken him."

Tremerello shrugged his shoulders: "I suppose I must, if you say so."

"But did it really seem as if he had said a joke?"

"As plainly as I now hear the sound of Saint Mark's clock" (the *Campanone* was just then heard).

I drank my coffee, and was silent.

"But, tell me, did he read the whole letter?"

"I think he did; for he laughed like a madman, and then, squeezing your letter into a ball, began to throw it about; till I reminded him that he must not forget to destroy it, when he did so immediately."

"That is very well."

I then put my coffee cup into Tremerello's hands, observing that it was plain the coffee had been made by the Siora Bettina.

"What! is it so bad?"

"Wretched!"

"Well! I made it myself; and I can assure you I made it strong. There were no dregs."

"Perhaps my mouth is out of taste."

CHAPTER XIV.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN PELLICO AND JULIAN

I WALKED about the whole evening in a rage. "What an abandoned wretch this Julian is! Call my letter a joke! play at ball with it, and not send a single line in reply! But all infidels are alike. They dare not stand the test of argument: they know their weakness, and try to turn it off with a jest. Full of vanity and boasting, they venture not to examine even themselves. They philosophers, indeed! worthy disciples of Democritus, who did nothing but laugh, and was nothing but a buffoon. I am rightly served, however, for beginning a correspondence like this and continuing it."

At dinner Tremerello took up my wine, poured it into a flask, and put it into his pocket, observing, "I see that you are in want of paper;" and he gave me some. He retired; and, as I cast my eye on the paper, I was tempted to sit down and write Julian a sharp lecture on his intolerable turpitude and presumption, and so take leave of him. But again I repented of my own violence and uncharitableness, and finally resolved to write another letter, without any exhibition of ill-temper.

I did so, and despatched it without delay. The next morning I received a few lines, simply expressive of the writer's thanks, but without a single jest or the least invitation to continue the correspondence. Such a billet displeased me. Nevertheless, I determined to persevere,

and wrote him six long letters, for each of which I received a few laconic lines of thanks, with some declamation against his enemies, and jokes on the abuse he had heaped upon them; asserting it to be natural that the strong should oppress the weak, and regretting that he was not among the former. He also related some of his love-affairs, and observed that they exercised no little sway over his disturbed imagination.

In reply to my last letter on the subject of Christianity, he said he had prepared a long answer; for which I looked in vain, though he wrote to me every day on other topics —chiefly a tissue of obscenity and folly.

I reminded him of his promise, and advised him, before he attempted an answer, to weigh carefully the reasonings of which I had made use. He replied to this somewhat angrily, assuming the air of a philosopher, a man of firmness, one who had no lack of brains to distinguish "a fire-fly from a lantern."* He then resumed his jocular vein, to enlarge on his experiences in life, especially some very scandalous love-adventures.

I bore this patiently, to give him no cause for accusing me of bigotry or intolerance; hoping that, after the fever of dissolute buffoonery had subsided, he might have some lucid intervals and listen to common sense. Meantime, I wished him thoroughly to understand that I disapproved of his profane and licentious words, and of his want of respect for women; and I expressed my compassion for those unhappy ones who, he informed me, had been his victims.

**Per capire che le lucciole non erano lanterne* ("To know that glow-worms are not lanterns).")

He pretended to care little about my disapprobation, and repeated, "Spite of your strictures upon immorality, I well know you are amused with the account of my adventures. All men are as fond of pleasure as I am; but they have not the frankness to speak of it without disguise. I will go on till you are quite enchanted and confess yourself compelled in conscience to applaud me." So he continued from week to week; and I bore with him, partly out of curiosity and partly in expectation of finding some better topic. I can fairly say, however, that this species of tolerance did me no little harm. I began to lose my respect for pure and noble truths: my thoughts became confused, and my mind disturbed. Intercourse with men of degraded minds is in itself degrading, unless one possesses virtue superior to mine. "This is a proper punishment," said I, "for presuming to assume the office of a missionary without possessing sacredness of character."

One day I determined to write to him as follows: "I have hitherto attempted to call your attention to other subjects, and you persevere in sending me accounts of yourself that displease me. Let us now correspond a little upon worthier matters; otherwise, give the hand of fellowship and stop where we are."

In the two ensuing days no answer came, and I was glad of it. "Blessed solitude!" I exclaimed, "far holier and better art thou than harsh and undignified association with the living. Away with the empty and impious vanities of such a world! I have studied it enough; let me return to my communion with God, to the dear recollections of my family and my true friends. I will read my

Bible oftener; I will again write down my thoughts, trying to improve them, and taste the pleasure of innocent sorrow—a thousand times preferable to vulgar and wicked imaginations."

Whenever Tremerello entered my room, he was in the habit of saying, "I have brought no answer yet."

"It is all right," was my reply.

About the third day from this he said, with a serious look, "Signor N. N. is somewhat indisposed."

"What is the matter with him?"

"He does not say; but he has taken to his bed, neither eats nor drinks, and is sadly out of humor."

I was touched; he was suffering, and had no one to console him.

"I will write him a few lines," I exclaimed.

"I will take them this evening, then," said Tremerello; and he went out.

I was a little perplexed on sitting down to my table. "Am I right in resuming this correspondence? Was I not just now praising solitude as a treasure newly found? What inconsistency this is! Ah! but he neither eats nor drinks, and I fear he must be very ill. Is this, then, the moment to abandon him? My last letter was severe, and may have caused him pain. Perhaps, notwithstanding our different ways of thinking, he did not wish to end our correspondence. He has thought my letter more unkind that it was, and considered it an absolute and contemptuous dismissal."

I sat down, and wrote as follows:

"I hear that you are not well, and I am extremely sorry for it. I wish I were with you and enabled to

assist you as a friend. I hope your illness is the sole cause why you have not written to me during the last three days. Did you take offence at my strictures the other day? Believe me, they were dictated by no ill-will, but with the simple design of drawing your attention to more serious subjects. Should it be injurious for you to write, send me an exact account, by word, of your health. You shall hear from me every day; and I will try to say something to amuse you, and to show you that I really wish you well."

Imagine my surprise when I received an answer couched in these terms:

"I renounce your friendship. If you are at a loss how to estimate mine, I return the compliment in its full force. I am not a man to put up with injurious treatment; once rejected, I never return. Because you heard I was unwell, you approach me with a hypocritical air, hoping that illness may have weakened my mind, and may induce me to listen to your preaching."

In this way he rambled on, reproaching me in the most revolting terms, and turning every thing I had said into ridicule and burlesque. He assured me that he knew how to live and die with consistency; that is to say, with the utmost hatred and contempt for all philosophical creeds differing from his own. I was dismayed!

"A pretty conversion I have made!" I exclaimed; "yet God is my witness that my motives were pure. I have done nothing to merit an attack like this. But, patience! I am again undeceived and am not called upon to do more."

After a few days I became less angry and thought

that this bitterness might have resulted from some excitement that would pass away. Probably he repents, yet scorns to confess himself wrong. In such a state of mind, it might be generous of me to write to him once more. It was a great sacrifice of self-love; but I made it. To humble oneself for a good purpose is not degrading, with whatever degree of unjust contempt it may be returned.

I received a reply less violent but not less insulting. The implacable patient declared that he admired my evangelical moderation. "Now, therefore," he continued, "let us resume our correspondence; but let us speak out plainly. We do not like each other; but we will write, each for his own amusement, setting down everything that may come into our heads. You may tell me your seraphic visions and revelations, and I will treat you with my profane adventures; you will run into ecstasies upon the dignity of man and woman, and I into an ingenuous narrative of my various abominations—I hoping to make a convert of you, and you of me. Give me an answer, should you approve this proposal."

I replied, "Yours is not a proposal, but a jest. I was full of good-will toward you. My conscience does not require me to do more than to wish you every happiness, both in this life and in another."

Thus ended my secret connection with that strange man. He was perhaps more exasperated by ill fortune, and crazed by despair, than really bad at heart. But who can tell?

CHAPTER XV

ANOTHER CHANGE OF ROOM

ONCE more I learned to value solitude, and my days tracked each other without any mark of distinction or change.

The summer was over, and toward the end of September the heat grew less oppressive. October came, and I congratulated myself on occupying a chamber well adapted for winter. But one morning the jailer made his appearance with an order to change my room.

"And where am I to go?"

"Only a few steps, into a cooler chamber."

"But why not think of it when I was dying of suffocation; when the air was filled with gnats, and my bed with bugs?"

"The order did not come before."

"Patience! let us be gone!"

Notwithstanding I had suffered so greatly in this room, it pained me to leave it; not simply because it would have been best for the winter season, but for many other reasons. There I had the ants to attract my attention, which I had fed and looked upon, I may almost say, with paternal care. Within the last few days, however, my friend the spider, my great ally in my war with the gnats, had, for some reason, chosen to emigrate—at least he did not come as usual: "Perhaps," said I, "he remembers me, and will come back; but he will find my prison empty,

or occupied by some other tenant—no friend perhaps to spiders—and meet with an awkward reception. His beautiful web-house and his gnat-feasts will be ended."

Yet more: my gloomy abode had been cheered by the presence of Angiola, so good, so gentle and compassionate. There she used to sit dropping crumbs of bread for my little visitors, the ants, and trying every means she could devise to amuse me; and there I heard her sobs, and saw the tears fall thick and fast, as she spoke of her cruel lover.

The place I was removed to was under the leaden prisons *(I Piombi)*, open to the north and west, with two windows, one on each side—an abode of perpetual cold and of icy chill during the severest months. The window toward the west was the larger; that toward the north was high and narrow and was above my bed.

I looked out first at the north window, and found that it commanded a view of the Palace of the Patriarch. Other rooms were near mine, in a narrow wing to the right, and in a projection of the building in front. In this projection were two cells, one above the other. The lower one had an enormous window, through which I could see a man, very richly dressed, pacing to and fro. It was the Signor Caporale di Cesena. He perceived me, and made a signal; and we pronounced each the other's name.

I then wished to look out at my other window. I put the little table upon my bed, and a chair upon the table, climbed up, and found myself on a level with part of the palace roof. Beyond this was a fine view of the city and the lake.

I paused to admire it; and though I heard some one open the door, I did not move. It was the jailer, who, perceiving that I had clambered up, thought I was making an attempt to escape, and forgot, in his alarm, that I was not a mouse to creep through those narrow bars. In a moment, he sprang upon the bed, in spite of the violent sciatica that had bent him nearly double; and, catching me by the legs, he began to call out "Thieves" and "Murder."

"But, don't you see, you thoughtless man," I exclaimed, "that I cannot conjure myself through those horrible bars? Surely you know I got up here out of mere curiosity."

"Oh, yes! I see: I apprehend, sir; but quick, sir, jump down. These are all temptations of the Devil to make you think of it! Come down, sir, pray!" and there was nothing for me to do but to get down and laugh.

At the windows of the side-prison I recognized six other prisoners, all confined for political causes. Thus, while preparing my mind for greater solitude, I found myself, comparatively, in a little world of human beings. The change at first was irksome, complete seclusion having rendered me almost unsociable; in addition to which, the disagreeable termination of my correspondence with Julian had made me distrustful. Still, the little conversation I was enabled to carry on, partly by signs, with my new fellow-prisoners, was of advantage, by diverting my attention. I breathed not a word respecting my connection with Julian. It was a point of honor between us, never to divulge the secret; and I should not allude to it in these pages, if I were not fully aware that, in

the immense number of unhappy men with which these prisons were thronged, it would be impossible to ascertain who was the assumed Julian.

To the interest in seeing my fellow-captives was added another of a more delightful kind. I could see from my large window, beyond the projection of prisons before me, a surface of roofs decorated with cupolas, belfries, towers and chimneys, which gradually faded in a distant view of sea and sky. In the house nearest me, a wing of the Patriarchal palace, lived an excellent family, who acquired a claim to my gratitude by expressing in salutations the interest they took in my fate. A sign, a word of kindness to the unhappy, is charity of no trivial kind. From one of the windows I saw a little boy, nine or ten years old, stretching out his hands toward me, and heard him call out, "Mamma, mamma, they have put somebody up there in the *Piombi*. O poor prisoner! who are you?"

"I am Silvio Pellico," was the reply.

Another older boy now ran to the same window, and cried out, "Are you Silvio Pellico?"

"Yes; and tell me your names, dear boys."

"My name is Antonio S——, and my brother's is Joseph."

Then he turned round, and speaking to some one within, said, "What else shall I ask him?"

A lady, whom I conjecture to have been their mother, then half-concealed, suggested to them some pretty words, which they repeated; for which I thanked them with all my heart. This kind of communication was a small matter; yet it was necessary to be cautious how

we indulged in it, lest we should attract the notice of the jailer. Morning, noon, and night, it was a source of the greatest consolation. Before the windows were closed, and the lights brought in, the little boys were in the habit of bidding me "Good night, Silvio!" and often it was repeated by the good lady, in a more subdued voice, "Good night, Silvio! have courage."

When taking their meals, they would say, "How we wish we could give you some of this good coffee and milk! Pray remember to come to see us the first day they let you out. Mamma and we will give you plenty of good things and as many kisses as you like."

CHAPTER XVI

A PAINFUL ANNIVERSARY

THE month of October returned, one of the most disagreeable anniversaries in my life. I was arrested on the 13th of that month in the preceding year. Other recollections of the same period also pained me. That day two years, a valued and excellent man, whom I highly honored, was drowned in the Ticino. Three years before, Odoardo Briche,[13] a young man whom I loved as if he had been my own son, had accidentally killed himself with a musket. Earlier in my youth, another severe affliction had befallen me in the same month.

Though I was not superstitious, the remembrance of so many unhappy occurrences at the same period of the year caused me extreme sorrow. While conversing at the window with the children and with my fellow-prisoners, I assumed an air of mirth, but hardly had I reëntered my den when an irresistible feeling of melancholy took possession of my mind. I attempted in vain to engage in some literary composition; I was impelled to write upon other topics. I thought of my family, and wrote long letters in which I poured forth all my burthened spirit—all I had felt and enjoyed of home in far happier days, when surrounded by brothers, sisters, and friends, who had always loved me. The desire of seeing them, and long compulsory separation, inspired me to reveal a

thousand thoughts of gratitude and tenderness that would not otherwise have occurred to me.

In the same way I reviewed my former life, diverting myself by recalling incidents and dwelling on those happier periods now for ever fled. Often, when the picture I had thus drawn suddenly vanished, and left me conscious only of the fearful present and the more threatening future, the pen fell from my hand, and I was seized with horror; the contrast was more than I could bear. These were awful moments. I had before experienced them, but never with such intense susceptibility. I attributed this to extreme excitement of the passions, occasioned by uttering them in the form of letters addressed to persons to whom I was so tenderly attached.

I determined to change the epistolary form of expressing my ideas, but could not. In whatever way I began, my production always ended in a letter teeming with affection and grief.

"What!" I exclaimed, "am I no more master of my own will? Is this necessity of doing that which I object to, a distortion of my brain? At first, I could have accounted for it; but after being inured to this solitude, and so fortified by religious reflections, how have I become the slave of these blinded impulses, these wanderings of heart and mind? Let me apply my mind to other matters." I then endeavored to pray, or, by hard study of German, to deaden my feelings. Vain effort! I found myself actually engaged in writing another letter!

Such a state of mind was a real disease; perhaps it might be called a kind of somnambulism. Without doubt

it was the effect of extreme lassitude occasioned by continual thought and watchfulness.

It gained upon me. I grew feverish and sleepless. I gave up coffee; but the disease was not removed. It appeared as if I were two persons—one eagerly bent upon writing letters, the other upon doing something else. "At least," said I, "write them in German, if you will write; and we shall learn a little of the language." Methought *he* then set to work, and wrote volumes of bad German; and he certainly brought me rapidly forward in the study of it. Toward morning, my mind being wholly exhausted, I fell into a heavy stupor, during which all those most dear to me haunted my dreams. I thought my father and mother were weeping over me; I heard their lamentations, and I suddenly started out of my sleep, sobbing and affrighted. Sometimes, in those short dreams, I seemed to hear my mother's voice consoling the others with whom she came into my prison, and addressing me in the most affectionate language on the duty of resignation; and, when I rejoiced to see her courage, and that of others, she suddenly appeared to burst into tears, and all wept. I can convey no idea of the agony I suffered at these times.

To escape from this misery, I no longer went to bed. I sat down to read by the light of my lamp, but could comprehend nothing, and soon found that I was unable to think. I next tried to copy something; but while copying I always recurred to my afflictions. If I retired to rest, it was worse; I could lie in no position; I became convulsed, and was compelled to rise. If I slept, the same visions reäppeared, and made me suffer much

more than by keeping awake. My prayers, too, were feeble and ineffectual; and after a while I could simply invoke the name of the Deity, of the Being who had assumed a human form and was acquainted with grief.

I was afraid to sleep; my prayers seemed to bring no relief; my imagination became excited; and even when awake I heard, close to me, strange noises, sometimes sighs and groans, mingled occasionally with sounds of stifled laughter. I was never superstitious; but these apparently real and unaccountable sights and sounds led me to doubt; and I firmly believed then that I was the victim of unknown and malignant beings. Frequently I took my light, and made a search for those mockers and persecutors of my waking and sleeping hours. At last they began to pull me by my clothes, threw my books upon the ground, blew out my lamp, and, as it seemed, conveyed me into another room. I would then start to my feet, look, and examine all round me, and ask myself whether I was really mad. The actual world, and that of my imagination, were no longer distinguishable; I knew not whether what I saw and felt was a delusion or a truth. In this horrible state, I could repeat only one prayer, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

One morning early I threw myself upon the pallet, having first placed my handkerchief, as usual, under my pillow. I fell asleep, but shortly afterward I suddenly woke and found myself in a state of suffocation. It seemed as if my persecutors were strangling me; and, putting my hand to my throat, I found my own handkerchief, all knotted, tied round my neck. I could have sworn I had not made those knots; yet I must have done

this in my delirium; but I could not believe it, and from that time lived in continual expectation of being strangled. The recollection is still horrible. These wanderings of the mind left me at dawn; and, resuming my courage, I no longer felt the least apprehension, imagining it would be impossible that they should return again. But no sooner did the night set in than I was again haunted by them in all their horrors.

The more weak and wretched I felt at night, the greater were my efforts during the day to appear cheerful in conversing with my companions, with the two boys at the palace, and with my jailers. No one that heard my jokes could have imagined it possible that I was suffering from such a disease. I thought to encourage myself by this forced merriment; but the spectral visions, which I laughed at by day, became fearful realities in the hours of darkness.

If I had dared, I would have petitioned the commission to change my apartment; but the fear of ridicule, in case I should be asked my reasons, restrained me. No reasonings, no resolutions or studies, and no prayers, were of the least avail; and the awful idea of being wholly abandoned by God took possession of my mind.

All those wicked sophisms against Providence that had appeared to me so vain and impious, when I possessed reason, now recurred with redoubled power in the form of irresistible arguments. I struggled mightily against this last and greatest evil for several days, and then abandoned myself to it. I refused to acknowledge the truth and beauty of religion; I quoted the assertion of the most violent atheists, which Julian had so recently dwelt

upon: "Religion serves only to enfeeble the mind." I actually presumed that by renouncing my God I should acquire greater fortitude. Insane idea! I denied God, yet knew not how to deny the existence of those invisible malevolent beings that appeared to encompass me, and feast on my sufferings.

What shall I call this martyrdom? Is it enough to say that it was a disease? or was it a divine chastisement for my pride, to teach me that, without a special light, I might become as great an unbeliever as Julian and even more foolish than he? However this may be, it pleased God to deliver me from such evil, when I least expected it. One morning, after taking my coffee, I was seized with violent sickness, attended with colic. I imagined that I had been poisoned. After excessive vomiting, I was in a profuse perspiration, and I retired to bed. About mid-day I fell asleep, and continued in a quiet slumber till evening. I awoke in great surprise at this unexpected repose, and, thinking I should not sleep again, got up. On rising, I said, "I shall now have more fortitude to resist my accustomed terrors." But they returned no more. I was in ecstasies. In the fullness of my heart I threw myself upon my knees and again prayed to God in spirit and in truth, beseeching pardon for having denied, during many days, His holy name. It was almost too much for my newly reviving strength; and while still upon my knees, supporting my head against a chair, I fell into a profound sleep.

Some hours afterward, as I conjectured, I seemed in part to awake; but no sooner had I stretched my weary limbs upon my rude couch than I again fell into a sleep

that lasted till the dawn of day. The same disposition to somnolency continued through the day, and the next night I rested as soundly as before. What crisis had thus taken place in my disorder? I know not; but I was perfectly restored.

CHAPTER XVII

A TERRIFIC SPECTACLE OF FIRE

THE sickness of the stomach, from which I had suffered so long, ceased; the pains of the head also left me, and I had an extraordinary appetite. My digestion was good, and I gained strength. Wonderful Providence! which deprived me of my health to humble me, and which again restored it when the moment was at hand that I should require it all that I might not sink under the weight of my sentence.

On November 24th, one of our companions, Dr. Foresti, was taken from the *Piombi,* and transported no one knew whither. The jailer, his wife, and the assistants were alarmed; and not one of them ventured to throw the least light upon this mysterious affair.

"And why should you persist," said Tremerello, "in wishing to know, when nothing good is to be heard? I have told you too much—too much already."

"Then what is the use of trying to hide it? I know it too well. He is condemned to death."

"Who?—he—Dr. Foresti?"

Tremerello hesitated; but the love of gossip was not the least of his virtues.

"Don't say, then," he resumed, "that I am a babbler: I never wished to say a word about these matters. Remember, it is you who compel me."

"Yes, yes, I do compel you; but courage! tell me every thing you know respecting the poor doctor."

"Ah, sir! they have made him cross the Bridge of Sighs. He lies in the dungeons of the condemned. Sentence of death has been pronounced upon him and two others."

"And will it be executed? When? Oh, unhappy men! and what are the others' names?"

"I know no more. The sentences have not been published. It is reported in Venice that they will be commuted. I trust in God they may, at least as regards the good doctor. Do you know, I am as fond of that noble fellow, pardon the expression, as if he were my own brother?"

He seemed moved and walked away. Imagine the agitation I suffered throughout that day, and indeed long after, as there were no means of ascertaining anything farther respecting the fate of these unfortunate men.

A month elapsed, and at length the sentences connected with the first trial were published. Nine were condemned to death, and, as an act of grace, this was commuted to close confinement, some for twenty years, and others for fifteen, in the fortress of Spielberg, near the city of Brünn in Moravia; while those for ten years or less were to be sent to the fortress of Laybach.

Were we authorized to conclude, from this commutation of sentence in regard to those first condemned, that the persons subject to the second trial would likewise be spared? Was the indulgence to be confined only to the former, on account of their having been arrested before the publication of the edicts against secret societies,

the full rigor of the law being reserved for subsequent offenders?

"Well," I exclaimed, "we shall not be kept long in suspense. I am at least grateful to Heaven for being allowed time to prepare myself in a becoming manner for the final scene."

My only consideration now was to die like a Christian with proper fortitude... I felt, indeed, a strong temptation to avoid the scaffold by committing suicide, but overcame it. What merit is there in refusing to die by the hand of the executioner, and yet to fall by one's own? Is it to preserve honor? And is it not childish to suppose that there can be more honor in cheating the executioner than in not doing so, when it is clear that we must die? Even if I had not been a Christian, suicide, on serious reflection, would have appeared to me both ridiculous and useless, if not in a high degree criminal.

"If the end of my life has arrived," I continued, "am I not fortunate in being permitted to collect my thoughts and to purify my conscience by penitence and prayer becoming a man in affliction? In vulgar estimation, to die on the scaffold is the worst of deaths. In the opinion of the wise, is not this far preferable to the thousand deaths that daily occur by disease attended by general prostration of intellect, without power to raise the soul from low thoughts?

I felt the justice of this reasoning, and lost all feeling of anxiety or terror at the idea of a public execution. I reflected deeply upon the sacraments that were to support me under such an appalling trial; and I seemed disposed to receive them in a right spirit. Should I have

been enabled to preserve the same elevation of mind, the same forgiveness of my enemies, the same readiness to sacrifice my life to the will of God, had I been led to execution? Alas, how inconsistent is man! When most firm and pious, how liable he is to fall suddenly into weakness and crime! Is it likely I should have died worthily? God only knows; I dare not think well enough of myself to assert it.

The probable approach of death so riveted my imagination upon this idea that not only did it seem possible but it was marked by an infallible presentiment. I no longer indulged a hope of avoiding it; and at every sound of footsteps and of keys, or at the opening of my door, I was in the habit of exclaiming, "Courage! perhaps I am going to receive sentence. Let me hear it with calm dignity and bless the Lord."

I considered in what terms I should address, for the last time, my family, each of my brothers, and each of my sisters; and, revolving in my mind these sacred and affecting duties, I was often drowned in tears without losing my fortitude and resignation.

I was again unable to enjoy sound repose; but my sleeplessness was not of the same alarming character as before: I saw no vision of specters or concealed enemies ready to deprive me of life. I usually spent the night in calm and reviving prayer. Toward morning, I was enabled to sleep about two hours, and I rose late to breakfast.

One night I had retired to rest earlier than usual. I had slept hardly a quarter of an hour when I awoke and beheld a bright light on the wall opposite to me. At

first I feared I had been seized with my former illness; but this was no illusion. The light shone through the north window, beneath which I then lay.

I started up, seized my table, placed it on my bed, and put a chair upon the table, by means of which I mounted, and beheld one of the most terrific spectacles of fire that can be imagined, not more than a musket-shot distant from our prison. It proceeded from the establishment of the public ovens, and the edifice was entirely consumed.

The night was exceedingly dark; and vast globes of flames spouted forth on both sides and were borne away by a violent wind. All around it seemed as if the sky rained sparks of fire. The adjacent lake reflected the magnificent sight. Many gondolas went and came. My sympathy was most excited by the danger and terrors of those who resided nearest to the burning edifice. I heard the far-off voices of men and women calling to one another. Among others, I caught the name of Angiola; and, though doubtless there were thousands of them in Venice, yet I could not help fearing it might be the one of whom the recollection was so sweet to me. Can she be there and surrounded by flames? How I longed to fly to her rescue!

Full of excitement, wonder and terror, I stood at the window till the day dawned. Then I got down, oppressed by a feeling of deep sorrow, imagining much greater misfortune than had really occurred. I was informed by Tremerello that only the ovens and the adjoining magazine had suffered, the loss consisting chiefly of grain and sacks of flour.

The effect of this accident on my imagination had not ceased when one night as I was sitting at my little table reading, benumbed with cold, I heard voices not far from me. They were those of the jailer, his wife and their sons, with the assistants, all crying "Fire! fire! Oh, blessed Virgin! we are lost, we are lost!"

I no longer felt cold. I started to my feet in a violent perspiration, and looked out to discover the quarter from which the fire proceeded. I could perceive nothing. I was informed, however, that it arose in the palace itself, from some public chambers contiguous to the prisons. One of the assistants called out:

"But, sir governor, what shall we do with these caged birds here, if the fire increases?"

"I should not like to have them roasted alive," the head-jailer replied; "yet I cannot let them out of their cells without special orders from the commission. You may run as fast as you can, and get an order."

"To be sure, I will; but you know it will be too late for the prisoners."

All this was said in the rude Venetian dialect; but I understood it too well. And now where was all the heroic spirit and resignation, on which I had reckoned to meet sudden death? Why did the idea of being burned alive throw me into such a fever? I felt ashamed of this unworthy fear; and, though just on the point of crying out to the jailer to open the door, I restrained myself, reflecting that there might be as little pleasure in being strangled as in being burned. Still I was afraid.

"Here," said I, "is a specimen of what my courage would be, should I escape the flames and be doomed to

mount the scaffold. I will restrain my fear, and hide it from others as well as I can, though I know I shall tremble. But surely it is courageous to behave as if we were not afraid, even while we tremble. Is it not generosity to give away that which it costs us much to part with? Is it not an act of obedience when we obey with great repugnance?

The tumult in the jailer's house was so loud and continued that I concluded the fire was on the increase. The messenger that was sent to ask permission for our temporary release had not yet returned. At last I thought I heard his voice. No—I listened; no one came. "Perhaps the permission will not be granted: there will be no means of escape, if the jailer should not humanely take the responsibility on himself; and we shall be suffocated in our cells. Well, but this," I exclaimed, "is not philosophy—is not religion! Were it not better to prepare myself to see the flames bursting into my chamber and ready to devour me?"

Meantime the clamor seemed to diminish; by degrees it died away. Was this proof that the fire had ceased? Or perhaps all that could escape had already fled and left the prisoners to their fate.

The silence continued; no flames appeared, and I retired to bed, reproaching myself for my want of fortitude. Indeed, I began to regret that I had not been burned alive, instead of soon being handed over, as a victim, into the power of men.

The next morning I learned from Tremerello the real cause of the fire, and laughed at his account of the fear he had endured, as if my own had not been as great as his —perhaps greater.

CHAPTER XVIII

PELLICO REACHES SAN MICHELE—HIS SENTENCE

ON January 11, 1822, about nine in the morning, Tremerello came into my room in no little agitation, and said:

"Do you know, sir, that in the island of San Michele, a little way from Venice, there is a prison containing more than a hundred Carbonari?"

"You have told me so a hundred times. Well! speak out. What would you have me hear? Are some of them condemned?"

"Yes."

"Who are they?"

"I don't know."

"Is my poor friend, Maroncelli, among them?"

"Ah, sir! too many—I know not who." And he went away in great emotion, casting upon me a look of compassion.

Shortly afterward the jailer came, attended by the assistants and by a man whom I never had seen. The latter opened his subject as follows: "The commission, sir, has given orders that you should go with me."

"Let us go, then," I replied. "May I ask who you are?"

"I am jailer of the San Michele prison, where I am going to take you."

The jailer of the *Piombi* delivered to the new governor the money belonging to me, which he had in his hands.

I obtained permission to make some little present to the under-jailers, put my clothes in order, took my Bible under my arm, and departed. In descending the endless staircases, Tremerello took my hand for a moment and pressed it, as much as to say, "Unhappy man; you are lost!"

We came out at a gate that opened upon the lake, and there stood a gondola with two under-jailers belonging to San Michele.

I entered the boat with feelings of the most contradictory nature—regret at leaving the prison of the *Piombi*, where I had suffered so much, but where I had become attached to some individuals, and they to me; and pleasure in beholding once more the sky, the city, and the clear waters, without the intervention of iron bars. Add to this the recollection of the joyous gondola, which, in time past, had borne me on the bosom of that placid lake; the gondolas of the Lake of Como, those of Lake Maggiore, the little boats of the Po, those of the Rhône, and those of the Saône! Oh, happy, vanished years! who in the world had ever been so happy as I?

The son of excellent and affectionate parents, in a rank of life, perhaps, the happiest for the cultivation of the affections—being equally removed from riches and from poverty—I had spent my infancy in the participation of the sweetest domestic ties, and had been the object of the tenderest domestic love. I had subsequently gone to Lyons, to my maternal uncle, an elderly man, extremely wealthy, and deserving of all he possessed; and at his mansion I partook of all the advantages and delights of elegant and refined society, which gave an indescribable

charm to those youthful days. Thence returning into Italy, under the parental roof I devoted myself with ardor to study and the enjoyment of society, everywhere meeting with excellent friends and the most encouraging praise. Monti and Foscolo, although at variance with each other, were equally kind to me. I became more attached to the latter; and this irritable man, who by his asperities provoked many to quarrel with him, was full of gentleness and cordiality toward me. Other distinguished characters also became attached to me, and I returned all their regard. Neither envy nor calumny had over me the least influence; or, if so, I felt it only from persons that had not the power to injure.

On the fall of the kingdom of Italy, my father removed to Turin, with the rest of his family. I had preferred to remain at Milan, where I spent my time so profitably and so happily. Here I had three friends to whom I was greatly attached—Don Pietro Borsiero, Lodovico di Breme, and the Count Luigi Porro Lambertenghi. Subsequently, I added to them Count Federigo Confalonieri.[14] I became the tutor of two young sons of Count Porro, and was to them as a father; and their father treated me as a brother. His mansion was the resort, not only of the most refined and cultivated society of Italy, but of many distinguished foreigners. There I became acquainted with De Staël, Schlegel, Davy, Byron, Brougham, Hobhouse, and illustrious travelers from all parts of Europe. How delightful, how noble an incentive to all that is great and good, is an intercourse with men of worth! Then I was happy; I would not have exchanged my lot with a prince; and now I had suddenly fallen from the summit

of my hopes and prospects into an abyss of wretchedness —to be hurried from prison to prison, and at last to perish either by a violent death or by lingering in chains.

Absorbed in reflections like these, I reached San Michele and was locked up in a room that embraced a view of the court-yard, the lake, and the beautiful island of Murano. I inquired of the jailer, his wife and the four assistants respecting Maroncelli; but their visits were exceedingly brief; they were reserved; and, in fact, they would tell me nothing.

Among five or six persons, however, it would be rare not to find one that has a compassionate as well as a communicative disposition. I met with such a one, and from him I learned what follows:

Maroncelli, after being long kept alone, had been placed with Count Camillo Laderchi.[15] Within a few days the Count had been declared innocent, and discharged from prison; and Maroncelli again remained alone. Of our companions, there had also been set at liberty Professor Romagnosi,[16] and Count Giovanni Arrivabene.[17] Captain Rezia[18] and Signor Canova were together. Professor Ressi[19] was dying at that time in a cell next to theirs.

"Then it follows," said I, "that the sentences of those not set at liberty must have arrived. When are they to be made known? Perhaps poor Ressi will die, or will not be in a state to hear his sentence. Is it not so?"

"I believe it is."

Every day I inquired respecting this unfortunate man. "He has lost his voice," "He is rather better," "He is delirious," "He is nearly gone," "He spits blood," "He

is dying,"—were the usual replies; till at length came the last of all, "He is dead."

I shed tears to his memory, and consoled myself with thinking that he died ignorant of the sentence that awaited him.

The day following, February 21, 1822, the jailer came for me about ten o'clock, and conducted me into the Hall of the Commission. The president, the inquisitor, and two assisting judges were seated; but they rose. The first, with a look of deep commiseration, informed me that my sentence had arrived; that it was terrible, but that the clemency of the Emperor had mitigated its severity.

The inquisitor, fixing his eye on me, read it: "Silvio Pellico, condemned to death. The imperial decree is, that the sentence be commuted to fifteen years' close confinement in the fortress of Spielberg."

"The will of God be done!" was my reply.

It was my firm intention to bear this terrible blow like a Christian, and neither to exhibit nor to feel resentment against anyone. The president commended my state of mind, warmly recommending me to persevere in it, and telling me that possibly I might in a year or two be deemed worthy of receiving further favors from the imperial clemency. But instead of one or two years, it was many years before the full sentence was remitted.

The other judges also spoke encouragingly to me. But one of them, who had appeared hostile on my trial, accosted me in a courteous but ironical tone, while his look of insulting triumph seemed to belie his words. I would not swear that it was so; but then my blood was

boiling, and I was trying to smother my passion. While they were praising me for my Christian patience, I had not a jot of it left.

"To-morrow," continued the inquisitor, "I am sorry to say, you must appear and receive your sentence in public. It is a formality that cannot be dispensed with."

"Be it so!" I replied.

"From this time, we grant you the company of your friend," he added.

Then, calling the jailer, he consigned me into his hands, ordering that I should be placed in the same cell with Maroncelli.

What a delightful moment, when after a separation of a year and three months, and after suffering so much, I met my friend! For some moments we forgot even the severity of our sentence, conscious only of each other's presence.

But I soon turned from my friend to perform a more serious duty, that of writing to my father. I was desirous that the first tidings of my sad lot should reach my family from myself; in order that the grief, which I knew they would all feel, might at least be mitigated by hearing of my state of mind and the sentiments of peace and religion by which I was supported. The judges had given me a promise to expedite the letter the moment it was written.

After this Maroncelli spoke to me respecting his trial, and I acquainted him with mine; and we described our prison walks and adventures to each other. Then we approached the window, and saluted three of our friends, whom we beheld standing at theirs. Two of these were

Canova and Rezia, together in the same apartment; the first of whom was condemned to six years' close confinement, and the last to three. The third was Dr. Cesare Armari, who had been my neighbor for several months in the prison of the *Piombi*. He was not among the condemned, and he soon obtained his liberty.

The power of communicating, at all hours, with one or another of our fellow-prisoners was a great relief to our feelings. But when buried in silence and darkness, I was unable to compose myself to rest; my head burned and my heart bled, as my thoughts reverted to home. Could my aged parents sustain so heavy a misfortune? Would their other children be able to console them? They were equally attached to all, and I valued myself as least in that family of love; but will a father and a mother ever find, in the children that remain to them, a compensation for the one of whom they are deprived?

Had I dwelt only upon my relatives and a few other dear friends, much as I regretted them, my thoughts would have been less bitter than they were. But I thought of the insulting smile of that judge, of the trial, the cause of the different sentences, political passions and enmities, and the fate of so many of my friends. Then it was I could no longer think with patience or indulgence of any of my persecutors. God had subjected me to a severe trial, and it was my duty to bear it with courage. Alas! I was neither able nor willing. The ugly spirit of hatred pleased me better than the noble spirit of forgiveness; and after receiving sentence I passed a night of horror.

In the morning I could not pray. The universe ap-

peared to me to be the work of some power that was the enemy of good. I had been guilty of calumniating my Creator; but little did I imagine that I should revert to such ingratitude, and in so brief a time. Julian, in his most furious moods, could not express himself more impiously than did I. To gloat over thoughts of hatred or of fierce revenge, when smarting under the scourge of a heavy calamity, instead of flying to religion as a refuge, renders a man criminal, even though his cause be just. If we hate, it is a proof of pride. And who art thou, O wretched mortal, to assert that none have a right to sit in judgment upon thee and thy actions; to pretend that none can injure thee without a bad intention, or a violation of justice? In short, who dares to arraign the decrees of Heaven itself, if it please Providence to make him suffer in a manner he does not himself approve?

I was unhappy because I could not pray; for, when pride reigns supreme, it acknowledges no other god than the self-idol it has created. How I could have wished to recommend to the Supreme Protector the care of my bereaved parents, though at that unhappy moment I felt as if I no more believed in Him!

CHAPTER XIX

PELLICO RECEIVES HIS SENTENCE IN PUBLIC, AND DEPARTS FROM VENICE

AT nine in the morning, Maroncelli and I were conducted into a gondola, which conveyed us to the city. We alighted at the palace of the Doge, and proceeded to the prison. We were placed in the apartment that had been occupied a few days before, by Signor Caporali, with whose fate we were not acquainted. Nine or ten bailiffs were placed over us as a guard; and, walking about, we awaited the moment of being brought into the square. There was considerable delay. The inquisitor did not make his appearance till noon, and then he informed us that it was time to go. The physician also presented himself, and advised us to take a small glass of mint-water; which we accepted, on account of the extreme sympathy that the good old man expressed for us. It was Dr. Dosmo. The head bailiff then advanced, and put the handcuffs on us, and we followed him, accompanied by the other jailers.

We descended the magnificent Giants' Stairs, and called to mind the old Doge, Marino Faliero, who was beheaded there. We entered the great gateway, which opens upon the small square from the court-yard of the palace, and then turned to the left, in the direction of the lake. In the centre of the Piazzetta was raised the scaffold that we were to ascend. From the Giants' Stairs,

extending to the scaffold, were two lines of Austrian soldiers, through which we passed.

After ascending the scaffold, we looked around us, and saw an immense assembly of persons, apparently filled with terror. In other directions were seen bands of armed men, to awe the multitude; and we were told that cannon were loaded in readiness to be discharged at a moment's notice. I was now exactly on the spot where, in September, 1820, just a month previous to my arrest, a mendicant had observed to me, "This is a place of misfortune."

I called to mind the circumstance, and reflected that very possibly in that immense throng of spectators the same person was present, and perhaps recognized me.

The German captain called out to us to turn toward the palace and look up. We did so, and beheld upon the lodge a messenger of the council, with a letter in his hand. This contained the sentence; he read it in a loud voice. There was a solemn silence, until he came to the words, "condemned to death," and then was heard a general murmur of compassion. This was followed by a similar silence, in order to hear the rest of the document. A fresh murmur arose at the words, "condemned to close confinement, Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen."

The captain made a sign for us to descend. We cast one glance around us, and came down. We reëntered the court-yard, mounted the great staircase, and were conducted into the room from which we had been taken. The manacles were removed, and we were carried back to San Michele.

The prisoners that had been condemned before us had already set out for Laybach and Spielberg, and were accompanied by a commissary of police. He was now expected back, in order to conduct us to our destination; but a month elapsed before he came.

My time was spent chiefly in talking, and in listening to the conversation of others, to distract my mind. Maroncelli read me some of his literary productions; and I in turn read him mine. One evening I read from the window my play of *Ester d'Engaddi*, to Canova, Rezia, and Armari; and the following evening *Iginia d'Asti*. In the night, however, I grew irritable and wretched, and was unable to sleep. I both desired and feared to learn in what manner my family had received the tidings of my calamity.

At length a letter came from my father, and I was grieved to find, from the date, that my last letter to him had not been sent immediately, as I had requested of the inquisitor. Thus my unhappy father, while flattering himself that I should be set at liberty, happening to take up the *Milan Gazette*, read the horrid sentence that I had just received upon the scaffold. He himself acquainted me with this fact, and left me to infer what were his feelings. I cannot express the contempt and anger I felt on learning that my letter had been kept back, and how deeply I felt for all my poor, unhappy family. There was doubtless no malice in this delay; but I looked on it as a refinement of barbarity, an infernal desire to have the scourge lacerate, as it were, the very soul of my beloved and innocent relatives. I could have delighted to

shed a sea of blood in order to punish this fancied inhumanity.

Now that I judge calmly, I find my suspicions improbable. The delay, doubtless, was owing to negligence on the part of subordinate agents. Enraged as I was, I heard with still more excited feelings that my companions were to receive the communion at Easter before their departure. As for me, I considered it wholly impossible, inasmuch as I felt not the least disposition toward forgiveness. Not to receive it was an offence; yet would that I had given this offence!

The commissary at last arrived from Germany, and came to acquaint us that within two days we were to set out.

"I have the pleasure," he added, "of being able to give you some consoling tidings. On my return from Spielberg, I saw at Vienna His Majesty the Emperor, who informed me that the penal days appointed you will not extend to twenty-four hours, but only to twelve."

By this expression it was intended to signify that the pain would be divided, or half the punishment remitted. This diminution never was notified to us in an official form; but there is no reason to suppose that the commissary spoke an untruth; the less so, as he made no secret of the information, which was known to the whole commission. Nevertheless, I could not congratulate myself upon it. To my feelings, seven years and a half (to be spent in chains and solitude) were scarcely less horrible than fifteen; for I conceived it to be impossible for me to survive so long. My health had again become wretched. I suffered from severe pains of the chest, at-

tended with cough, and I thought my lungs were affected. I ate but little, and that little I could not digest. Our departure took place on the night of March 25th. We were permitted to take leave of our friend, Cesare Armari. A bailiff chained us in a transverse manner—the right hand and the left foot—so as to render it impossible for us to escape.

We went into a gondola, and the guards rowed toward Fusina. On our arrival, we found two carriages in readiness for us. Rezia and Canova were placed in one, and Maroncelli and I in the other. The commissary was with two of the prisoners, and an under-commissary with the other two. Six or seven policemen, armed with swords and muskets, completed our convoy.

To be compelled by misfortune to leave one's country is always painful; but to be torn from it in chains, doomed to exile in a horrible climate, to linger days and hours and years in solitary confinement, is a fate so appalling that no language can describe it.

As we approached the Alps, I felt that my country was becoming doubly dear to me; the sympathy we awakened on every side, from all ranks, formed an irresistible appeal to my affection and gratitude. In every city, in every village, in every group of meanest houses, the news of our condemnation had been known for some weeks, and we were expected. In several places, the commissaries and the guards had difficulty in dispersing the crowd that surrounded us. It was astonishing to witness the benevolent and humane feeling generally manifested in our behalf.

In Udine we met with a singular and touching incident.

On arriving at the inn, the commissary caused the door of the court-yard to be closed, in order to keep back the people. A room was assigned to us; and he ordered the waiters to bring supper and provide such accommodation as we required for repose. In a few moments, three men entered with mattresses upon their shoulders.

What was our surprise to see that only one of them was a servant of the inn. The others were two of our acquaintances. We pretended to assist them in placing the beds, and had time to recognize each other, and give the hand of fellowship and sympathy. It was too much; the tears started to our eyes. Ah! how trying it was to us all, not to be allowed the sad satisfaction of shedding them in each other's arms.

The commissaries were not aware of the circumstance; but I had reason to think that one of the guards saw into the affair, just as the good Dario grasped me by the hand. He was a Venetian. He fixed his eyes upon us both, turned pale, and seemed in the act of making an alarm, but turned away his eyes, as if pretending not to see us. If he did not think they were our friends, he must have believed them to be servants with whom we were acquainted.

The next morning we left Udine by dawn of day. The affectionate Dario was already in the street, wrapped in his mantle. He beckoned to us, and followed us a long way. A coach also continued at some little distance from us for several miles. Some one waved a handkerchief from it, till it turned back. Who could it have been? We had our own conjectures. May Heaven protect all those generous souls who thus express their love for the

unfortunate! I had the more reason to prize them from the fact of having met with cowards, who, not content with denying me, thought to benefit themselves by calumniating their once fortunate friend. These cases, however, were rare; while those of the former, to the honor of humanity be it said, were numerous.

I had supposed that the warm sympathy expressed for us in Italy would cease when we entered on a foreign soil. But I was deceived: the good man is ever the fellow-countryman of the unhappy. When we were traversing Illyrian and German ground, it was the same as in our own country. There was the same general lamentation at our fate. *Arme Herren!* ("Poor gentlemen!") was on the lips of all.

Sometimes, on entering another district, our escort was compelled to stop, in order to decide where to take up our quarters. Then the people would gather round us, and utter exclamations of compassion, which evidently came from the heart. These proofs of popular feeling were still more gratifying to me than such as I had met with from my own countrymen. Oh, how grateful I was to them all! What a solace is the compassion of our fellow-men! How pleasant it is to love them!

The consolation thus afforded me helped to soothe my bitter indignation against those whom I called my enemies. Yet possibly, I reflected, if we were brought more nearly together, could see each other's real motives, and explain each other's feelings, I might be constrained to admit that they are not impelled by the malignant spirit I suppose; while they would find there was as little of

evil in me. Nay, we might perhaps be induced to feel mutual pity and love.

It is true, indeed, that men too often hate, merely because they are strangers to each other's real views and feelings; and the simple interchange of a few words would make them acknowledge their error and give the hand of brotherhood to each other.

We remained a day at Laybach; and there Canova and Rezia were separated from us, being forthwith conducted to the castle. It is easy to imagine our feelings on this painful occasion.

The evening of our arrival at Laybach, and the day following, a gentleman visited us, who, if I rightly understood, announced himself as the municipal secretary. His manners were gentle and humane, and he spoke of religion in a tone at once elevated and impressive. I conjectured he must be a priest, the priests in Germany being accustomed to dress exactly in the same style as laymen. His countenance was calculated to inspire esteem. I regretted my being unable further to cultivate his acquaintance, and I blame myself for carelessness in forgetting his name.

It grieves me, too, that I cannot at this time recall the name of another gentle being, a young girl of Styria, who followed us through the crowd, and, when our coach stopped for a few minutes, saluted us with both hands, and then turned away weeping, supported by a young man, whose light hair proclaimed him of German extraction, but who, perhaps, had been in Italy, where he had fallen in love with our fair countrywoman and had become attached to our country. What pleasure would

it have given me to record the names of those venerable fathers and mothers of families who, in different districts, accosted us on our road, inquiring whether we had parents and friends; and who, on hearing that we had, would turn pale and exclaim, "Alas! may it please God soon to restore you to those bereaved ones whom you have left behind!"

CHAPTER XX

PELLICO IS CONFINED IN THE FORTRESS OF SPIELBERG

ON April 10th we arrived at our destination.

The city of Brünn is the capital of Moravia, where the governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia usually resides. Situated in a pleasant valley, it presents a rich and noble aspect. At one time, it was a great manufacturer of cloth, but its prosperous days were now past, and its population did not exceed thirty thousand.

Contiguous to the walls on the western side rises a mount, on which stands the dreaded fortress of Spielberg, once the royal seat of the lords of Moravia, now the severest prison of the Austrian monarchy. It was a well-guarded citadel, but was bombarded and taken by the French after the battle of Austerlitz, a village at a little distance from it. It was not repaired for the purpose of a fortress; but a portion of the outworks, which had been demolished, was rebuilt. Within it are imprisoned about three hundred wretches, for the most part robbers and assassins: some condemned to close confinement *(carcere duro)*; others to that called *durissimo*, the severest of all. The "severe imprisonment" comprehends compulsory daily labor, wearing chains on the legs, sleeping on bare boards, and eating the worst imaginable food. The "very severe imprisonment" signifies being chained in a more

horrible manner; one end of the chain being fixed in the wall, the other united to a hoop round the body of the prisoner, so as to prevent his moving farther than the board that serves for his couch. We, as state prisoners, were condemned to severe imprisonment. The food, however, is the same; though in the words of the law it is prescribed to be bread and water.

While mounting the acclivity, we turned our eyes as if to take a last look of the world we were leaving, and doubted if ever the portals of the living grave that was about to receive us would be again unclosed to us. I was calm in appearance; but rage and indignation burned within. In vain I had recourse to philosophy; it had no arguments to quiet or to support me.

I was in poor health on leaving Venice, and the journey had fatigued me exceedingly. I had a fever, and felt severe pains both in my head and in my limbs. Illness increased my irritation, and probably this aggravated the disease.

We were consigned to the superintendent of Spielberg, and our names were registered in the same list as that of the robbers. On taking leave, the imperial commissary shook our hands, and was evidently affected.

"Farewell," he said, "and let me recommend to you calmness and submission; for I assure you that the least infraction of discipline will be punished by the governor in the severest manner."

The consignment being made, my friend and I were conducted into a subterranean gallery, where two dismal-looking dungeons were unlocked, at a distance from each

other. In one of these I was entombed alive, and poor Maroncelli in the other.

When you have said adieu to so many beloved objects, and only a single friend remains between yourself and utter solitude—the solitude of chains and a living death—how bitter it is to be separated even from that one! Maroncelli, on leaving me ill and dejected, shed tears over me as one whom, it was most probable, he would never more behold. In him, too, I lamented a noble-minded man, cut off in the splendor of his intellect and the vigor of his days, snatched from society, its duties and its pleasures, and even from the "common air, the earth, the sky." He survived the unheard-of afflictions heaped upon him, but in what a state did he leave his living tomb!

When I found myself alone in that horrid cavern, heard the closing of the iron doors and the rattling of chains, and by the gloomy light of a high window saw the wooden bench destined for my couch, with an enormous chain fixed in the wall, I sat down in sullen rage on my hard resting-place, and, taking up the chain, measured its length in the belief that it was destined for me.

Half an hour later I caught the sound of locks and keys; the door opened, and the head jailer handed me a jug of water.

"Here is something to drink," he said in a rough tone; "and you will have your loaf to-morrow."

"Thank you, my good man."

. ."I am not good," was the reply.

"The worse for you," I answered rather sharply. "And this great chain," I added, "is it for me?"

"It is, sir, if you do not keep quiet—if you get into a rage, or say impertinent things. But if you are reasonable we shall chain you only by the feet. The blacksmith is getting all ready."

He then walked sullenly up and down, shaking that ring of enormous keys, while with angry eye I measured his gigantic, lean and aged figure. His features, though not decidedly vulgar, bore the most repulsive expression of brutal severity that I ever beheld.

How unjust mankind are when they presume to judge by appearances and according to their arrogant prejudices! The man whom I upbraided in my heart for shaking, as it were in triumph, those horrible keys, to make me more keenly sensible of his power, whom I set down as an insignificant tyrant inured to practices of cruelty, was then revolving thoughts of compassion, and had spoken in that harsh tone only to conceal his real feelings. Perhaps he was afraid to trust himself, or thought I would prove unworthy of gentler treatment; perhaps, though willing to afford me relief, he felt doubtful whether I might not be more criminal than unhappy.

Annoyed by his presence, and by the lordly air he assumed, I determined to try to humble him, and called out, as if speaking to a servant:

"Give me something to drink!"

"He looked at me with an expression that seemed to say, "Arrogant man! this is no place for you to show the airs of a master." Still, he was silent, bent his long back, took up the jug, and gave it to me. On taking it from him, I perceived that he trembled; and, believing

it to proceed from age, I felt a mingled emotion of reverence and compassion.

"How old are you?" I inquired in a kinder tone.

"Seventy-four, sir. I have lived to see great calamities, as regards both others and myself."

The tremulous motion I had observed increased as he said this and again took the jug from my hand. I now thought it might be owing to some nobler feeling than the effect of age; and the aversion I had conceived instantaneously left me.

"And what is your name?" I inquired.

"It pleased fortune, sir, to make a fool of me, by giving me the name of a great man. My name is Schiller."

He then told me, in a few words, some particulars as to his native place, his family, the campaigns in which he had served, and the wounds he had received.

He was a Swiss, the son of peasants, and had been in the wars against the Turks under Marshal Laudon, in the reign of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. He had subsequently served in the Austrian campaigns against France, up to the period of Napoleon's exile.

In beginning to form a better opinion of one against whom we have conceived a strong prejudice, we seem to discover in every feature, in his voice, and in his manners, fresh marks of a good disposition to which we were strangers before. Is this real, or is it not rather founded upon illusion? Shortly before, we interpreted the same expressions in another way. Our judgment of moral qualities has undergone a change, and soon the conclusions drawn from our knowledge of physiognomy are also changed. How many portraits of cele-

brated men inspire us with respect or admiration because we know their characters—portraits that we should have pronounced worthless and unattractive, had they represented the ordinary race of mortals! And thus it is, if we reason *vice versa*. I once laughed at a lady who, on beholding a likeness of Catiline, mistook it for that of Collatinus, and thought she discovered in the features an expression of profound grief for the loss of his Lucretia. This kind of illusion is not uncommon. I would not maintain that the features of good men do not bear the impression of their character, or the features of villains that of their depravity; but I say there are many that at least have a doubtful cast.

In short, I won a little upon old Schiller. I looked at him more attentively, and he no longer appeared forbidding. To say the truth, there was something in his language that, spite of its rough tone, showed the genuine traits of a noble mind. And, spite of our first looks of mutual distrust and defiance, we seemed to feel a certain respect for each other; he spoke boldly what he thought, and so did I.

"Captain though I am," he observed, "I have fallen into this wretched post of jailer as an easier duty; but God knows it is far more disagreeable for me to maintain it than it was to risk my life in battle."

I was now sorry I had asked him so haughtily to give me drink.

"My dear Schiller," I said, grasping his hand, "it is in vain for you to deny it, I know you are a good fellow; and, since I have fallen into this calamity, I thank Heaven that it has given me you for a keeper!"

He listened to me, shook his head, and then rubbed his forehead, like a man in some perplexity or trouble.

"No, sir, I am bad, rank bad. They made me take an oath, which I must and will keep. I am bound to treat all the prisoners, without distinction, with equal severity; no indulgence, no permission to relent, or to soften the sternest orders, particularly as regards prisoners of state."

"You are a noble fellow, and I respect you for making your duty a point of conscience. You may err, humanly speaking; but your motives are pure in the eyes of God."

"Poor gentleman, have patience, and pity me. I shall be hard as steel in my duty; but my heart bleeds at being unable to relieve the unfortunate. This is all I wished to say."

We were both affected.

He then entreated that I would preserve my calmness, and not, as is too often the case with solitary prisoners, give way to passion, which calls for restraint and even for severer punishment.

He afterward resumed his gruff, affected tone, as if to conceal the compassion he felt for me, observing that it was high time for him to go.

He came back, however, and inquired how long I had been afflicted with that horrible cough, reflecting sharply upon the physician for not coming to see me that very evening.

"You are ill of a fever," he added; "I see it clearly. You will need a straw bed; but we cannot give you one till the doctor has ordered it."

He retired, and locked the door; and I threw myself upon the hard boards with considerable fever and pain in my chest, but less irritable, less at enmity with mankind, and less alienated from God.

CHAPTER XXI

PRISON LIFE IN SPIELBERG

IN the evening the superintendent came, attended by Schiller, another captain, and two soldiers, to make the usual search. Three of these inquisitions were ordered each day—at morning, noon, and midnight. Every corner of the prison and every article of the most trivial kind was examined. The inferior officers then left, and the superintendent remained a little time to converse with me.

The first time I saw this troop of jailers approach, a strange thought came into my head. Being unacquainted with their habits of search, and half-delirious from fever, I fancied that they were come to take my life; and, seizing my great chain, I resolved to sell it dearly by knocking on the head the first that offered to molest me.

"What mean you?" exclaimed the superintendent: "we are not going to hurt you. It is merely a formal visit to ascertain that all is in proper order in the prison."

I hesitated; but when I saw Schiller advance, and stretch forth his hand with a kind, paternal look, I dropped the chain, and took the proffered hand between mine.

"Lord! how it burns!" he said, turning toward the superintendent. "He ought at least to have a straw bed;" and he said this in a tone so truly compassionate as to win

my heart. The superintendent felt my pulse, and spoke some consolatory words. He had gentlemanly manners, but dared not take any responsibility.

"It is all a reign of terror here," said he, "even as regards myself. Should I not execute my orders to the letter, you would no longer see me here."

Schiller made a long face, and I could have wagered he said within himself, "But if I were at the head, like you, I would not carry my apprehensions so very far; for to give an opinion on a matter of such evident necessity, and so harmless to the Government, would never be esteemed a great offence."

When I was left alone my heart, so long incapable of any deep sense of religion, stirred within me, and I knelt to pray. I besought a blessing upon the head of Schiller; and, appealing to God, asked that he would so move the hearts of those around me as to permit me to become attached to them, and no longer suffer me to hate my fellow-beings, humbly accepting all that was to be inflicted upon me as from His hand.

About midnight I heard persons passing along the gallery. Keys were rattling, and soon the door opened; it was the captain and his guards on search.

"Where is my old Schiller?" I inquired. He had stopped outside in the gallery.

"I am here, I am here!" was the answer. He came toward the boards on which I was lying, and, feeling my pulse, hung over me, as a father would hang over his child, with anxious and inquiring look.

"Now I remember," said he, "to-morrow is Thursday—yes, too surely!"

"And what of that?" I asked.

"Why! it is one of the very days when the doctor does not attend; he comes only on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. .Plague on him!"

"Give yourself no uneasiness about that."

"No uneasiness, no uneasiness!" he muttered; "but I do. You are ill, I see. Nothing is talked of in the whole town but the arrival of yourself and your friends. The doctor must have heard of it; and why the devil could he not make the extraordinary exertion of coming once oftener than usual?"

"Who knows?" said I, "perhaps he may be here to-morrow, Thursday though it will be!"

The old man said no more, but gave me a squeeze of the hand, enough to break every bone in my fingers, as a mark of his approbation of my courage and resignation. But, though I was hurt, I took pleasure in it, much as a young lover does, if the girl of his heart happen in dancing to press her foot upon his; he laughs, and esteems himself highly favored, instead of crying out with the pain.

Thursday morning, after a horrible night, I awoke weak, aching in all my bones from lying on the hard boards, and in a profuse perspiration. The visit-hour came, but the superintendent was absent; he arrived at a more convenient time. I said to Schiller:

"Just see how terribly I perspire; but the perspiration is now growing cold on my skin. What a treat it would be to change my shirt!"

"You cannot do it," he said, in a brutal tone. At the same time he winked, and moved his hand as a sign. The captain and guards withdrew; and Schiller made me

another sign, as he closed the door. He soon opened it again, and brought one of his own shirts, long enough to cover me from head to foot, even if doubled.

"It is a little too long for you, but I have no others here now."

"I thank you, friend; but, as I brought with me a trunk full of linen, I do hope that I may be permitted the use of it. Have the kindness to ask the superintendent to let me have one of my shirts."

"You will not be permitted, sir, to use any of your linen here. Each week you will have a prison shirt given to you, like the other prisoners."

"You see, good man, in what a condition I am. I shall never go out alive. I shall never be able to reward you."

"For shame, sir, for shame!" said the old man. "Talk of reward to one who can do you no good—to one who dare hardly give a dry shirt to a sick fellow-creature in a sweat!" And he helped me on with his long shirt, grumbling all the while, and slammed the door with violence on going out, as if he had been in a great rage.

About two hours later, he brought me a piece of black bread.

"This," he said, "is your two-days' fare!"

Then he began to walk about in a sulky mood.

"What is the matter?" I inquired: "are you vexed at me? You know I took the shirt."

"I am enraged at that doctor. Though it is Thursday, he might show his ugly face here."

"Patience!" said I; but, though I said it, I knew not

for the life of me how to get the least rest upon those hard boards, without a pillow. Every bone in my body ached. At eleven I was treated to the prison dinner—a little iron pot of soup, and another of beans, cooked in such a way that the mere smell was disgusting. I tried to swallow a few spoonfuls, but did not succeed. Schiller encouraged me.

"Never despair!" said he; "try again: you will get used to it in time. If you don't, you will be, like many others before you, unable to eat anything but bread, and you will die of exhaustion."

At last Friday morning came, and with it came Dr. Bayer. He found me very feverish, ordered me a straw bed, and insisted that I should be removed from the dungeon into one of the abodes above. It could not be done; there was no vacant room. An appeal was made to the governor of Moravia and Silesia, resident at Brünn, who, considering the urgency of the case, commanded that the medical advice should be followed.

There was some light in the room to which I was removed. I crawled toward the bars of the narrow window, and had the delight of seeing the valley below, part of the city of Brünn, a suburb with gardens, the churchyard, the little lake of Certosa, and the wooded hills that lay between us and the famous plains of Austerlitz. I was enchanted; and "Oh, what double pleasure," thought I, "would be mine, if I were able to share it with my poor friend Maroncelli!"

Meanwhile, our prison dresses were being made for us; and five days afterward mine was brought to me. It consisted of a pair of trousers made of rough cloth, of

which the right side was gray, the left of orange color. The waistcoat was likewise of two colors placed on the contrary sides. The stockings were of the coarsest wool; the shirt of linen tow, full of sharp points—a real sack-cloth garment; and round the neck was a piece of the same kind. Our legs were enveloped in leather buskins, untanned; and we wore a coarse white hat.

This costume was not complete without the addition of chains to the feet; that is, a chain from one leg to the other, the joints being fastened with nails, which were riveted upon an anvil. The blacksmith employed in this operation upon my legs, thinking that I knew nothing of German, observed in that language to one of the guards:

"As ill as he is, one would think they might spare him this sort of fun. Ere two months be over, the angel of death will loosen these rivets of mine."

Möchte es seyn! ("May it be so!") was my reply, as I touched him upon the shoulder. The poor fellow started, and seemed quite confused. Then he said:

"I hope I may be a false prophet; and I wish you may be set free by quite another kind of angel."

"Still, do you not think that, rather than live thus, I should welcome even the angel of death?"

He nodded his head, and went away, with a look of deep compassion for me.

In truth, I should have been willing to die; but I felt no disposition to commit suicide. I confidently expected that the disease of my lungs would be enough, ere long, to give me freedom. Such was not the will of God. The fatigue of my journey had made me much worse, but rest seemed to restore my powers.

A few minutes after the blacksmith left me, I heard the hammer sounding upon the anvil in one of the dungeons below. Schiller was then in my room.

"Do you hear those blows?" I said: "they are certainly fixing the irons on poor Maroncelli."

The idea for the moment was so overwhelming that, if the old man had not caught me, I should have fallen. For more than half an hour I continued in a kind of swoon, and yet I was sensible. I could not speak; my pulse scarcely beat at all; a cold sweat bathed me from head to foot. Still I could hear all that Schiller said, and had a keen perception both of what had passed and was passing.

By command of the superintendent and the activity of the guards, the whole of the adjacent prisons had been kept in a state of profound silence. Three or four times I had caught snatches of some Italian song; but they were quickly stifled by the calls of the sentinels on duty. Several of these were stationed on the ground-floor, under our windows, and one in the gallery close by, who was continually engaged in listening at the doors and looking through the bars, to forbid every kind of noise.

Once, toward evening (I feel the same sort of emotion whenever I recur to it), it happened that the sentinels were less on the alert; and I heard some one singing in a low but clear voice, in a cell adjoining my own. What joy, what agitation, I felt at the sound! I rose from my bed of straw and eagerly listened; and, when it ceased, I burst into tears.

"Who art thou, unhappy one?" I cried; "who art thou? Tell thy name! I am Silvio Pellico."

"O Silvio!" cried my neighbor, "I know you not by person, but I have long loved you. Get up to your window, and let us speak to each other, in spite of the jailers."

I crawled up as well as I could. He told me his name, and we exchanged a few words of kindness. It was the Count Antonio Oroboni, a native of Fratta, near Rovigo; and he was only twenty-nine years of age. Alas! we were soon interrupted by the ferocious cries of the sentinels. The one in the gallery knocked as loud as he could with the butt-end of his musket, both at the Count's door and at mine. We would not and we could not obey; but the noise, the oaths, and the threats of the guards were such as to drown our voices; and, after arranging to resume our communication upon a change of guards, we ceased to converse.

CHAPTER XXII

CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN PELLICO AND OROBONI

WE were in hopes (and so, in fact, it happened) that, by speaking in a lower tone, and perhaps occasionally having guards whose humanity would prompt them to pay no attention to us, we might renew our conversation. By dint of practice, we learned to speak in so low a key that the sounds were almost sure to escape the notice of the sentinels. If we forgot ourselves, but this rarely happened, and talked aloud, there came down upon us a torrent of cries, and knocks at our doors, accompanied with threats and curses of every kind, to say nothing of the vexation of poor Schiller and the superintendent.

By degrees we brought our system to perfection; spoke only at the precise minutes, quarters, and half-hours when it was safe, or when such and such guards were on duty. At last, with moderate caution, we were enabled every day to converse almost as much as we pleased, without drawing on us the attention or anger of any of the superior officers.

Thus we contracted an intimate friendship. The Count told me his adventures; and, in turn, I related mine. We sympathized in every thing we heard, and in all each other's joys or griefs. It was of infinite advantage to us, as well as pleasure; for, often after passing a sleepless

night, one or the other would hasten to the window and salute his friend. How these welcomes and conversations helped to encourage us, and to soothe the horrors of our continued solitude! We felt that we were useful to each other; and the sense of this roused a gentle emulation in our thoughts, and gave us that satisfaction which one receives, even in misery, when he can serve a fellow-creature. Each conversation gave rise to a new one; it was necessary to continue them, and to explain as we went on. It was an unceasing stimulus to our intellect, our memory, our imagination, and our hearts.

At first, indeed, calling to mind Julian, I was doubtful as to the fidelity of this new friend. I reflected that hitherto we had not been at variance; but, some day, I feared, something unpleasant might occur—he would give me up, and then I should be sent back to my solitude. But this suspicion was soon removed. Our opinions harmonized on all essential points, with this exception, that to a noble mind, full of ardor and generous sentiment, undaunted by misfortune, he united the most clear and perfect faith in Christianity; while in me this faith had become vacillaing and at times apparently extinct.

He combated my doubts with just and admirable reflections; and with equal affection, feeling that he had reason on his side, I yielded to him. Yet still my doubts returned. It is thus, I believe, with all that have not the Gospel at heart, but indulge in hatred or resentments. The mind catches glimpses, as it were, of the truth; but, these being disagreeable, it disbelieves the moment after, and the attention is directed elsewhere.

Oroboni was indefatigable in turning my attention to the motives that man has for showing kindness to his enemies. When I spoke of any one I abhorred, he began in a most dexterous manner to defend him, and not less by his words than by his example. Many men had injured him. This grieved him, yet he forgave all and had the magnanimity to relate something praiseworthy of each, and appeared to do it with pleasure.

The irritation that had obtained such a mastery over me, and made me so irreligious after my condemnation, continued several weeks and then wholly ceased. The noble virtue of Oroboni delighted me. Struggling as well as I could to attain it, I began to tread in his footsteps, and was able to pray with sincerity; to forgive, to hate no one, and to dissipate every remaining doubt and gloom. *Ubi charitas et amor, Deus ibi est*—"Where charity and love are, God is present."

To say the truth, if our punishment was excessively severe, and calculated to irritate the mind, we had still the rare fortune of meeting only with persons of real worth. They could not, indeed, alleviate our situation, except by kindness and respect; but so much was freely granted. If there was something rude and uncouth in old Schiller, it was amply compensated for by his noble spirit. Even the wretched Kunda[20] (the convict that brought us our food and water three times a day) was anxious to show his compassion for us. He swept our rooms regularly twice a week. One morning, while thus engaged, as Schiller turned a few steps from the door, poor Kunda offered me a piece of white bread. I refused it, but squeezed him cordially by the hand. He

was moved, and said to me, in bad German (he was a Pole):

"Good sir, they give you so little to eat here that I am sure you must be hungry."

I assured him I was not; but he was very hard of belief.

The physician, perceiving that none of us was able to swallow the kind of food prepared for us on our first arrival, put us all upon what was called the hospital diet. This consisted of three very small plates of soup, the least slice of roast lamb, hardly a mouthful, and about three ounces of white bread daily.

As my health continued to improve, my appetite grew better, and that "quarter portion," as they termed it, was really too little; and I began to feel the justice of poor Kunda's remarks. I tried a return to the sound diet; but, do what I would to conquer my aversion, it was labor lost. I was compelled to live upon the fourth part of ordinary meals; and for a whole year I knew the tortures of hunger. It was still more severely felt by many of my fellow-prisoners, who, being far stouter, had been accustomed to a full and generous diet. I learned that many of them were glad to accept pieces of bread from Schiller and some of the guards, and even from the poor, hungry Kunda.

"It is reported in the city," the barber, a young man who attended as a surgeon, one day said to me, "that they do not give you gentlemen here enough to eat."

"And it is very true," I replied, with perfect sincerity.

The next Sunday (he always came on that day) he brought me an immense white loaf; and Schiller pre-

tended not to see him give it to me. Had I listened to my stomach, I should have accepted it; but I would not, lest he should repeat the gift, and bring himself into trouble. For the same reason, I refused Schiller's offers. He would often bring me boiled meat, entreating me to partake of it, and protesting that it cost him nothing; besides, he said, he knew not what to do with it, and must give it away to somebody. I could have devoured it; but would he not then be tempted to offer me something every day, and what would it end in? Twice only I partook of some cherries and some pears:[21] they were quite irresistible. I was punished as I expected; for, from that time, the old man never ceased bringing me fruit of some kind.

It was arranged on our arrival that each of us should be permitted to walk an hour twice a week. This relief was afterward granted us every other day, and at a later period every day except holidays.

We went each separately, between two guards with loaded muskets on their shoulders. In passing from my cell at the head of the gallery, I went by all the Italian prisoners, with the exception of Maroncelli, who was the only one condemned to linger in the dungeons. "A pleasant walk!" they all whispered, as they saw me pass; but I was not allowed to exchange a single word.

I was led down a staircase that opened into a spacious court, where we walked upon a terrace, with a south aspect and a view of the city of Brünn and the surrounding country. In this court-yard we saw numbers of the common criminals coming from or going to their labor, or passing along in groups conversing. Among them

were several Italian robbers, who saluted me with great respect and said among themselves, "He is no rogue like us, yet his punishment is more severe;" and it was true that they had a larger share of freedom than I.

On hearing expressions like these, I turned and saluted them with a good-natured look. One of them observed:

"It does me good to see you, sir, when you notice me. Possibly you may see something in my look not so very wicked. An unhappy passion instigated me to commit a crime; but believe me, sir, I am no villain."

Saying this, he burst into tears. I gave him my hand, but he was unable to return the pressure. At that moment, my guard, according to their instructions, drove him away, declaring that they must permit no one to approach me. The observations subsequently addressed to me they pretended to speak among themselves; and, if my two attendants became aware of it, they quickly imposed silence.

Prisoners of various ranks, and visitors of the superintendent, the chaplain, the sergeant, or some of the captains were likewise to be seen there.

"That is an Italian; that is an Italian!" they often whispered each other.

They stopped to look at me; and they would say in German, supposing I should not understand them:

.."That poor gentleman will never grow old: he has death in his countenance."

In fact, after recovering some degree of strength, I fell ill for want of nourishment, and fever again attacked me. I was scarcely able to drag myself along the walk as far as my chain would permit, and, throwing myself

upon the turf, I commonly rested there until the expiration of my hour. The guards would then sit down near me and converse with each other. One of them, a Bohemian named Kral, though very poor, had received some sort of education, which he had improved by reflection. He was fond of reading, and had studied Klopstock, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and many other distinguished German writers. He had a good memory, and repeated many passages with feeling and correctness. The other guard was a Pole, named Kubitzki, wholly untaught, but kind and respectful. Their society was a great relief to me.[22]

CHAPTER XXIII

DIFFICULTIES OF COMMUNICATION

AT one end of this terrace were the apartments of the superintendent; at the other, was the residence of a captain, with his wife and son. Whenever I saw any one appear from these buildings, I approached him, and was invariably received with marks of courtesy and compassion.

The wife of the captain[23] had long been ill, and appeared to be in a decline. She was sometimes carried into the open air, and it was astonishing to see the sympathy she expressed for our sufferings. She had the sweetest look I ever saw; and, though evidently timid, would at times, when appealed to by name, fix her eye upon me with an inquiring, confiding glance. One day I observed to her, with a smile:

"Do you know, Signora, I see a resemblance between you and one who was very dear to me?"

She blushed, and replied with charming simplicity:

"Do not then forget me when I shall be no more: pray for my unhappy soul, and for the little ones I leave behind me."

I never saw her after that day. She was unable to rise from her bed, and in a few months I heard of her death.

She left three sons; all beautiful as cherubs, and one still an infant at the breast. I had often seen the poor

mother embrace them when I was by, and say, with tears in her eyes:

"Who will be their mother when I am gone? Ah! whoever she may be, may it please the Father of all to inspire her with love, even for children not her own!"

Often, when she was no more, did I embrace those fair children, shed tears over them, and invoke their mother's blessing on them in the same words. Thoughts of my own mother, and of the prayers that, doubtless, she so often offered up for *her* lost son, would then come over me; and I added, with broken words and sighs:

"O happier mother than mine! you indeed left these innocent ones, so young and fair; but my dear mother devoted long years of care and tenderness to me, and saw the object of them snatched from her at a blow."

These children were intrusted to the care of two elderly and excellent women, one of them the mother, and the other the aunt, of the superintendent. They wished to hear my whole history, and I related it to them as briefly as I could.

"How much we regret," they said with warm sympathy, "that we are unable to help you in any way. Be assured, however, we offer up constant prayers for you; and, if ever the day comes that is to bring you liberty, it will be celebrated by all our family as one of the happiest festivals."

The first-mentioned of these ladies had a remarkably sweet and soothing voice, and an eloquence rarely to be heard from the lips of woman. I listened to her religious exhortations with a feeling of gratitude, and they sank deep into my heart. Her observations, though not new

to me, were always of great value, and were applicable to my situation, as will appear from what follows.

"Misfortune cannot degrade a man, unless he be intrinsically mean; it rather elevates him." "If we could penetrate the judgments of God, we should find that frequently the objects most to be pitied were the conquerors, not the conquered; the joyous rather than the sorrowful; the wealthy rather than those that are despoiled of all." "The particular kindness shown by the Saviour of mankind to the unfortunate is the expression of a great truth." "A man ought to feel honored in bearing the cross, when he considers that it was borne up the mount of our redemption by a Divine Being."

Such were among the excellent sentiments she inculcated; but it was my lot, as usual, to lose these delightful friends when I had become most attached to them. They removed from the castle, and the sweet children no longer made their appearance upon the terrace. I felt this double deprivation more than I can express.

The inconvenience I experienced from the chain upon my legs, which prevented me from sleeping, injured my health. Schiller wished me to petition, and declared that it was the duty of the physician to order the chain to be taken off. For some time I refused to listen to him; then I yielded, and informed the doctor that, in order to obtain a little sleep, I should be thankful to have the chain removed, if only for a few days. He answered that my fever did not yet require the removal; and that it was necessary I should become accustomed to the chain. I was indignant at this reply, and at myself for having asked the favor.

"See what I have gained by following your advice," said I to Schiller; and I said it in a very sharp tone, not a little offensive to the old man.

"You are vexed," he exclaimed, "because you met with a denial; and I am as much so with your arrogance! Could I help it?" Then he began a long sermon. "The proud value themselves mightily in never exposing themselves to a refusal, in never accepting an offer, and in being ashamed of a thousand little matters. *Alle escleyen!* It is all nonsense! Vain pride, want of true dignity, which consists in being ashamed only of bad actions!"

He went off, and made the door ring with a tremendous noise.

I was dismayed; yet his rough sincerity hardly displeased me. Had he not spoken the truth? To how many weaknesses had I not given the name of dignity, while they were nothing but pride!

At the dinner-hour Schiller left my fare to the convict Kunda, who brought me some water, while Schiller stood outside. I called him.

"I have no time," he replied very dryly.

I rose, and going to him, said:

"If you wish my dinner to agree with me, pray don't look so sour; it is worse than vinegar."

"And how ought I to look?" he asked, rather more appeased.

"Cheerful, and like a friend," was my reply.

"Let us be merry, then. *Viva l'allegria!*" cried the old man. "And, if it will make your dinner agree with you, I will dance you a hornpipe into the bargain."

And, assuming a broad grin, he began to kick with his long, lean, spindle shanks, which he worked about like two huge stilts, till I thought I should have died with laughing. I laughed and almost cried at the same time.

One evening, Count Oroboni and I were standing at our windows, complaining of our mean diet. Animated by the subject, we talked a little too loud, and the sentinels began to upbraid us. The superintendent also called in a loud voice to Schiller, as he happened to be passing, and inquired in a threatening voice why he did not keep a better watch, and teach us to be silent. Schiller came to me in a great rage to complain, and ordered me never more to think of speaking from the window. He wished me to promise that I would not.

"No," I replied: "I shall do no such thing."

"Oh, *der Teufel! der Teufel!*" exclaimed the old man; "do you say that to me? Have I not had a horrible strapping on your account?"

"I am sorry, dear Schiller, if you have suffered on my account. But I cannot promise what I do not mean to perform."

"And why not perform it?"

"Because I cannot; because this continual solitude is such a torment to me. No—I will speak as long as I have breath, and invite my neighbor to talk to me. If he refuse, I will talk to my window-bars, I will talk to the hills before me, I will talk to the birds as they fly about. I will talk."

"*Der Teufel!* you will! You had better promise."

"No, no, no! never!" I exclaimed.

He threw down his huge bunch of keys, and ran about,

crying, "*Der Teufel! der Teufel!*" Then, all at once, he threw his long bony arms about my neck, exclaiming with an oath, "You shall talk! Am I to cease to be a man because of this vile bunch of keys? You are a gentleman, and I like your spirit. I know you will refuse to promise. I would do the same in your place."

I picked up his keys, and presented them to him.

"These keys," said I, "are not so bad after all; they cannot turn an honest soldier, like you, into a villainous cut-throat."

"Why, if I thought they could, I would hand them back to my superiors, and say, 'If you will give me no bread but the wages of a hangman, I will go and beg alms from door to door.'"

He took out his handkerchief, dried his eyes, and then, raising them, appeared to pray inwardly for some time. I, too, offered up my secret prayers for this good old man. He saw it, and took my hand with a look of grateful respect. Upon leaving me, he said in a low voice:

"When you speak with Count Oroboni, speak as I do now. You will do me a double kindness. I shall hear no more threats from my lord superintendent; and, by not making it necessary for any remarks of yours to be repeated in his ear, you will avoid giving fresh irritation to one who knows how to punish."

I assured him that not a word that could possibly give cause of offence should come from either of our lips. In fact, we required no further instructions to be cautious. Two prisoners, desirous of communication, are skilful enough to invent a language of their own, without the least danger of its being interpreted by any listener.

CHAPTER XXIV

PELLICO MEETS WITH OROBONI

I HAD just been taking my morning's walk; it was the 7th of August; Oroboni's cell door was standing open; Schiller was within, and he was not sensible of my approach. My guards pressed forward in order to close my friend's door; but I was too quick for them. I darted into the room, and the next moment found myself in the arms of Count Oroboni.

Schiller was in dismay, and cried out, "*Der Teufel! der Teufel!*" most vigorously; at the same time, raising his finger in a threatening attitude. It was in vain; for his eyes filled with tears, and he cried out, sobbing:

"O my God! have pity on these poor young men and on me; and on all the unhappy like them, Thou who didst suffer so much upon earth!"

The guards also wept; the sentinel on duty in the gallery ran to the spot, and even he caught the infection.

"Silvio, Silvio!" exclaimed the Count, "this is the most delightful day of my life."

I know not how I answered him: I was nearly distracted with joy and emotion. When Schiller at length besought us to separate, and it was necessary we should obey, Oroboni burst into a flood of tears.

"Are we never to see each other again upon earth?" he exclaimed, in a wild, prophetic tone.

Alas! I never saw him more. A very few months after

this parting, his cell was empty, and Oroboni lay at rest in the cemetery, on which I looked from my window.

From the time of this brief interview, it seemed as if the tie that bound us were drawn closer round our hearts, and we were become still more necessary to each other.

He was a fine-looking young man, with a noble countenance, but pale and in poor health. Still, his eyes retained all their lustre. My affection for him was increased by a knowledge of his extreme weakness and sufferings. He felt for me in the same manner. We saw by how frail a tenure hung the lives of both, and that one must speedily be the survivor.

In a few days, he became worse. I could only grieve and pray for him. After several feverish attacks he recovered a little and was able even to resume conversation. What ineffable pleasure I experienced on hearing once more the sound of his voice!

"You seem glad," he said; "but do not deceive yourself: it is for a short time. Have the courage to prepare for my departure, and your virtuous resolution will inspire me also with courage."

At this period the walls of our cells were about to be whitewashed; and, meantime, we were to take up our abode in the dungeons below. Unfortunately, they placed us in dungeons apart from each other. But Schiller told me the Count was well. I had my doubts, and dreaded lest his health should receive a last blow from the effects of his subterranean abode. "If it had only been my good fortune," thought I, "to be near my friend Maroncelli!" I could distinguish his voice, however, as he sang. We spoke to each other, spite of the shouts and conversation

of the guard. At the same period, the head physician of Brünn paid us a visit. He was sent in consequence of the report made by the superintendent in regard to the failing health of the prisoners, caused by the scanty allowance of food. A scorbutic epidemic was also fast emptying the prison. Not being aware of the cause of his visit, I imagined that he came to see Oroboni, and my anxiety was inexpressible. I was bowed down with sorrow; and I, too, wished to die. The thought of suicide again tormented me. I struggled against it; but I was like the weary traveler who, though compelled to press forward, feels an almost irresistible desire to throw himself upon the ground and rest.

I had just been informed that, in one of those subterranean dens, an aged Bohemian gentleman had recently destroyed himself by beating his head against the walls. I wished I had not heard it, for I could not drive from my thoughts the temptation to imitate him. It was a sort of delirium, and would probably have ended in suicide, if a violent gush of blood from my chest had not made me think my death was close at hand. I was thankful to God that it should happen in this manner and spare me an act of desperation that my reason so strongly condemned. But Providence ordered it otherwise; I found myself considerably better after the discharge of blood from my lungs. Meantime, I was removed to the prison above; and the additional light, and my being once more in the vicinity of my friend Oroboni, reconciled me to life.

I informed the Count of the dreadful melancholy I had endured when separated from him; and he declared that

he had been haunted with a similar temptation to suicide.

"Let us take advantage," he said, "of the little time that remains for us, by consoling each other. We will speak of God; emulate each other in loving him; and inculcate the lesson that He only is Justice, Wisdom, Goodness, Beauty—is all that is most worthy to be revered and adored. I tell you, friend, of a truth, that death is not far from me. I shall be eternally grateful, Silvio, if you will help me, in these my last moments, to become as religious as I ought to have been during my whole life."

We now, therefore, confined our conversation wholly to religious subjects, especially to drawing parallels between the Christian philosophy and that of the mere worldly founders of the Epicurean schools. We were both delighted to perceive the conformity between Christianity and reason; and, on comparing the different evangelical systems, we fully agreed that Catholicism was the only religion that could successfully endure the test of criticism; that it combined the soundest doctrines with the purest morality.

"And if, by any unexpected accident," observed Oroboni, "we should be restored to society, should we be so weak-minded as to shrink from confessing our faith in the Gospel? Should we stand firm, if accused of having changed our sentiments in consequence of prison discipline?"

"Your question, my dear Oroboni," I replied, "acquaints me with the nature of your reply; and it is also mine. The vilest servility is that of being subjected to the opinions of others, when at the same time we feel a per-

suasion that they are false. I cannot believe that either you or I could be guilty of so much meanness."

During these confidential communications I committed one fault. I had pledged my honor to Julian never to reveal, by mention of his real name, the correspondence that had passed between us. I informed poor Oroboni of it all, observing that it should never escape my lips in any other place.

"But here we are immured as in a tomb; and, even should you be liberated, I know I can confide in you as in myself."

My excellent friend returned no answer.

"Why are you silent?" I inquired.

He then seriously upbraided me for having broken my word and betrayed my friend's secret. His reproach was just; no friendship, however intimate, however fortified by virtue, can authorize such a violation of confidence, guaranteed by a sacred vow.

But since it was done, Oroboni was desirous of turning my fault to good account. He was acquainted with Julian, and mentioned several traits of his character, highly honorable to him.

"Indeed," he added, "he has so often acted like a true Christian, that he will never carry with him to the grave his enmity to such a religion. Let us hope so; let us not cease to hope. And you, Silvio, try to pardon his ill-humor from your heart; and pray for him."

His words were held sacred by me.

The conversation of which I speak, sometimes with Oroboni, and sometimes with Schiller, occupied but a small portion of the twenty-four hours of my long day.

Moreover, it was not always that I could converse with Oroboni.

How was I to pass the solitary hours?

I was accustomed to rise at dawn, when, mounting upon my table, I grasped the bars of my window and there said my prayers. The Count was already at his window, or speedily followed my example. We saluted each other, and continued for a time in secret prayer. Horrible as our quarters were, they made us more truly sensible of the beauty of the world without and the landscape that spread around us. The sky, the plains, the distant noise and motion of animals in the valley, the voices of the village maidens, the laugh, the song, had for us a charm that it is difficult to express, and made us more dearly sensible of the presence of Him who is so munificent in his goodness, and of whom we so much stood in need.

Then came the morning visit of the guards, devoted to an examination of my cell to see that all was in order. They felt at my chain, link by link, to be sure that no conspiracy was at work, or rather in obedience to the discipline that bound them. If it was the day for the doctor's visit, Schiller was accustomed to ask us whether we wished to see him, and to make a note to that effect.

The search being over, Schiller again made his appearance, accompanied by Kunda, whose care it was to clean our rooms. Shortly afterward, he brought our breakfast —a little pot half full of broth, and three small slices of coarse bread. The bread I was able to eat, but I could not contrive to drink the swill.

It was next my business to apply to study. Maron-

celli had brought many books from Italy, and our fellow-prisoners had each brought several; altogether they formed a good library. This, too, we hoped to enlarge by some purchases, but we awaited an answer from the Emperor, as to whether we might be permitted to read our own books and buy others. Meantime, the governor gave us permission, provisionally, to have each two books at a time, and to exchange them when we pleased. About nine o'clock the superintendent came; and the doctor, if he had been summoned, accompanied him.

I was allowed another interval for study between this and the dinner-hour at eleven.

We had no further visits till sunset, and I returned to my studies. Schiller and Kunda then appeared with a change of water; and, a moment afterward, the superintendent with the guards, to make their evening inspection, never forgetting my chain. Either before or after dinner, as best pleased the guards, we were in turn permitted to take an hour's walk. The evening search being over, Oroboni and I began our conversation, always more extended than at any other hour. The other periods were, as related, in the morning, or directly after dinner; but our words were then generally very brief. At times the sentinels were so kind as to say:

"In a little lower key, gentlemen, or the punishment will fall upon us."

Not unfrequently they would pretend not to see us; and, if the sergeant appeared, they begged us to stop till he had passed, when they told us we might talk again; "but as low as you possibly can, gentlemen, if you please!"

Occasionally it happened that they would quietly accost us themselves, answer our questions, and give us some information respecting Italy.

When they touched on some topics, we entreated them to be silent, refusing to give an answer. We were naturally doubtful whether these voluntary conversations on their part were really sincere, or the result of an artful attempt to pry into our secret opinions. I am inclined to think they meant all in good part, and spoke to us in perfect kindness and frankness of heart.

CHAPTER XXV

PELICO IS ILL—HE WRITES A TRAGEDY

ONE evening the sentinels were more than usually kind and forbearing; and poor Oroboni and I conversed without in the least suppressing our voices. Maroncelli, in his subterranean cell, caught the sound, and, climbing up to the window, listened, and distinguished my voice. He could not restrain his joy, but sang out my name with a hearty welcome. He asked me how I was, and expressed his regret that we had not yet been permitted to share the same room. This favor I had already petitioned for; but neither the superintendent nor the governor had the power of granting it. Our united wishes had been represented to the Emperor; but no answer had yet been received by the governor of Brünn.

Besides the instance in which we saluted each other in song, when in our subterranean abodes, I had since, in my dungeon above, heard the song of the heroic Maroncelli, without understanding the words. He now raised his voice: he was no longer interrupted, and I caught all he said. I replied, and we continued the dialogue about a quarter of an hour. Finally, they changed the sentinels on the terrace; and the successors were not so good-natured. Often did we resume our singing, and as often were we interrupted by furious cries and threats, which we were compelled to obey.

Alas. my fancy often pictured to me the form of my friend, languishing in that dismal abode so much worse than my own. I thought of the bitter grief that must oppress him, and the effect upon his health; and I bemoaned his fate in silence. Tears brought me no relief; the pains in my head returned, with acute fever. I could no longer stand, and I took to my straw bed. Convulsions came on; the spasms in my breast were terrible. I really believed that I should die that night.

The following day the fever ceased and my chest was relieved; but the inflammation seemed to have seized my brain, and I could not move my head without the most excruciating pain. I informed Oroboni of my condition; and he, too, was worse than usual.

"My dear friend," said he, "the day is near when one or other of us will no longer be able to reach the window. Each time we welcome each other may be the last. Let us each hold ourselves in readiness, then, to die—yes, to die, or to survive his friend."

His voice trembled with emotion: I could not speak a word in reply. There was a pause; and he then resumed:

"How fortunate you are in knowing the German language! You can at least have the advantage of a priest; I cannot obtain one acquainted with Italian. But God is conscious of my wishes. I made confession at Venice, and in truth it does not seem that I have since experienced anything that burdens my conscience."

"On the contrary, I confessed at Venice," said I, "with my heart full of rancor, which was much worse than if I had wholly refused the sacrament. But if I could find a

priest, I would now confess myself with all my heart, and pardon everybody, I can assure you."

"God bless you, Silvio!" he exclaimed: "you give me the greatest consolation I can receive. Yes, yes, dear friend! let us both do all in our power to merit a joyful meeting where we shall be no more separated, but be united in happiness as we now are in these last trying hours of our calamity."

The next day I expected him at the window, as usual. But he came not, and I learned from Schiller that he was grievously ill. In eight or ten days he recovered and reappeared at his accustomed station. I complained to him bitterly; but he consoled me. A few months passed in this strange alternation of suffering, during which sometimes one or the other was unable even to reach the window.

I was able to keep up until January 11, 1823. That morning, I rose with a slight pain in my head and a tendency to faintness. My legs trembled, and I could scarcely draw my breath.

Poor Oroboni, also, had been unable to rise from his straw for several days. They brought me some soup; I took a spoonful, and then fell back in a swoon. Some time after this, the sentinel in the gallery, happening to look through the glass in my door, saw me lying senseless on the ground, with the pot of soup overturned at my side. Believing me to be dead, he called Schiller, who, as well as the superintendent, hastened to the spot.

The doctor was soon in attendance, and they put me on my bed. I was restored with great difficulty. Perceiving I was in danger, the physician ordered my irons to be

taken off. He then gave me some kind of cordial; but it would not stay on my stomach, and the pain in my head increased terribly. A report was forthwith sent to the governor, who despatched a courier to Vienna, to ascertain in what manner I was to be treated. The answer was, that I should not be placed in the infirmary, but was to receive the same attendance in my cell that was customary in the former place. The superintendent was further authorized to supply me with soup from his own kitchen, so long as my illness should continue severe.

The last provision of the order received was wholly useless, as neither food nor beverage would stay on my stomach. I grew worse during a whole week, and was delirious without intermission, both day and night.

Kral and Kubitzki were appointed to take care of me; and both were exceedingly attentive. Whenever I showed the least return of reason, Kral was accustomed to say, "There! have faith in God: God alone is good."

"Pray for me," I stammered out, when a lucid interval first appeared; "pray for me, not that God will grant me my life, but that He will accept my misfortunes and my death as an expiation for my sins."

He suggested that I should ask for the sacraments.

"If I have not asked for them," I replied, "attribute it to my poor head. It would be a great consolation to me to receive them."

Kral reported my words to the superintendent, and the chaplain of the prison came to me. I made my confession, received the communion, and took the holy oil. The priest's name was Sturm, and I was satisfied with him. The reflections he made upon the justice of God,

upon the injustice of man, upon the duty of forgiveness, and upon the vanity of all earthly things, were well timed. They bore, moreover, the stamp of a dignified and well-cultivated mind, as well as an ardent feeling of true love toward God and our neighbor.

The exertion I made to receive the sacrament exhausted my remaining strength; but it was of use, as I fell into a deep sleep, which continued several hours.

On awakening, I felt somewhat refreshed; and, observing Schiller and Kral near me, I took each by the hand and thanked them for their care. Schiller fixed his eyes on me.

"I am accustomed," he said, "to see persons at the last; and I would lay a wager that you will not die."

"Are you not giving me a bad prognostic?" said I.

"No," he replied. "The miseries of life are great, it is true; but he who supports them with dignity and with humility must always gain something by living." Then he added, "If you live, I hope you will some day meet with a consolation you had not expected. You were petitioning to see your friend, Signor Maroncelli."

"So many times, that I no longer hope for it."

"Hope, hope, sir; and repeat your request."

I did so that very day. The superintendent also gave me hopes, and added that probably I should not only be permitted to see him, but that he would attend on me and become my constant companion.

As all the state prisoners had fallen ill, the governor had requested permission from Vienna to have them placed two and two, in order that one might assist the other in case of extreme need.

I had also solicited the favor of writing to my family for the last time.

Toward the end of the second week, my illness reached its crisis, and the danger was over. I had begun to sit up, when one morning my door opened and the superintendent, Schiller, and the doctor, all apparently rejoicing, came into my apartment. The first ran toward me, exclaiming:

"We have received permission for Maroncelli to bear you company; and you may write to your parents."

Joy deprived me of breath; and the superintendent, who, in his kindness, had not been quite prudent, believed that he had killed me. On recovering my senses and recollecting the good news, I entreated not to have it delayed. The physician consented, and my friend Maroncelli was conducted to my bedside. Oh, what a moment was that!

"Are you alive?" each of us exclaimed. "Oh, my friend, my brother, what a happy day have we lived to see! God's name be ever blessed for it."

But our joy was mingled with deep compassion. Maroncelli was less surprised by my appearance than I was by his; for he knew that I had been very ill; but, though aware how he must have suffered, I could not have imagined he would be so greatly changed. He could hardly be recognized; his once noble and handsome features were almost completely changed by grief, by continual hunger, and by the bad air of his dark, subterranean dungeon.

But to see, to hear, and to be near each other was a great comfort. How much we had to communicate, to

recollect, and to talk over! What delight in our mutual compassion, what sympathy in all our ideas! What pleasure in finding that we were equally agreed upon subjects of religion!—both of us, indeed, hating ignorance and inhumanity, but feeling no hatred toward any man; commiserating the ignorant and the barbarous, and praying for their improvement.

I was now presented with ink and a sheet of paper, that I might write to my parents.

As that permission was given only to a dying man, desirous of bidding a last adieu to his family, I was apprehensive that my letter, being now of a different tenor, would not be sent. I confined myself to the simple duty of beseeching my parents, brothers, and sisters to resign themselves without a murmur to the lot appointed me, even as I myself was resigned to the will of God.

This letter, however, was forwarded, as I subsequently learned. It was, in fact, the only one that during my long captivity was received by my family; the rest were all detained at Vienna. My companions in misfortune were equally deprived of communication with their friends and families.

We repeatedly solicited that we might be allowed the use of pen and paper for purposes of study, and that we might purchase books with our own money. Neither of these petitions was granted.

Meanwhile, the governor permitted us to read our own books. We were indebted also to his goodness for an improvement in our diet; but it did not continue. He had consented that we should be supplied from the kitchen of the superintendent, instead of the contractors';

and funds had been laid aside for that purpose. The order, however, was not confirmed; but during the brief interval it was in force my health greatly improved. It was the same with Maroncelli; but for the unhappy Oroboni it came too late. He had received for his companion the advocate Solera, and afterward the priest, Dr. Fortini.

We were no sooner distributed through the cells, two in each, than the prohibition to appear or to converse at our windows was renewed, with threats that, if detected, the offenders would be consigned to utter solitude. We often violated this prison-law, and saluted each other from our windows, but no longer engaged in long conversations.

..In our dispositions, Maroncelli and I were admirably suited to each other. The courage of the one sustained the other: if one became violent, the other soothed him; if one was buried in grief or gloom, the other sought to rouse him; and one friendly smile was often enough to mitigate the severity of our sufferings and reconcile us to life.

So long as we had books, we found a delightful relief, not only by reading them, but by committing them to memory. We also examined, compared, criticised, and collated. We read or reflected a great part of the day in silence, and reserved the feast of conversation for the hours of dinner, for our walks, and for the evenings.

While in this subterranean abode, Maroncelli had composed a variety of poems of great merit. He recited them to me, and composed others. I also composed verses, and recited them to him. Many of these I committed to memory. It is astonishing with what facility I was en-

abled, by this exercise, to repeat very extensive compositions, to give them additional polish, and bring them to the highest possible perfection of which they were susceptible even had I written them down with the utmost care. Maroncelli thus composed by degrees, retaining them in his memory, many thousand lyric verses, and epics of different kinds. It was thus, too, I composed the tragedy of *Leoniero da Dertona*, and other works.

CHAPTER XXVI

DEATH OF OROBONI

COUNT Oroboni, after lingering through a wretched winter and the ensuing spring, found himself much worse in the summer. He had hemorrhages, and a dropsy ensued. Imagine our affliction on learning that he was dying so near us, without a possibility of our rendering him the last sad offices, and separated only by a dungeon-wall.

Schiller brought us tidings of him. The unfortunate young Count, he said, was in the greatest agonies, but retained his admirable firmness of mind. He received the spiritual consolations of the chaplain, who was fortunately acquainted with the French language. He died on June 13th, 1823. A few hours before he expired, he spoke of his father, eighty years old; was much affected, and shed tears. Then, resuming his serenity, he said:

"But why do I weep for the most fortunate of all those so dear to me, since he is on the eve of rejoining me in the realms of eternal peace?"

The last words he uttered were:

"I forgive all my enemies; I do it from my heart!"

His eyes were closed by his friend, Dr. Fortini, a most religious and amiable man, who had been intimate with him from his childhood. Poor Oroboni! how bitterly we left his death, when the first sad tidings reached us! Ah!

we heard the voices and the steps of those who came to remove his body. We watched from our window the hearse that slowly and solemnly bore him to the cemetery within our view. It was drawn by two of the common convicts, and followed by four of the guards. We kept our eyes fixed upon the sorrowful spectacle, without speaking a word, till it entered the churchyard. It passed through, and stopped at last in a corner near a new-made grave. The ceremony was brief, and almost immediately the hearse, the convicts, and the guards returned. One of the last was Kubitzki. He said to me:

"I have marked the exact spot where he is buried, in order that his relatives or friends may some day be enabled to remove his poor bones, and lay them in his own country."

It was a noble thought, and surprised me in a man so wholly uneducated; but I could not speak. How often had the unhappy Count gazed from his window upon that dreary-looking cemetery, as he observed:

"I must try to get accustomed to the idea of being carried thither; yet I confess that such a thought makes me shudder. It is strange, but I cannot help thinking that I shall not rest so well in these foreign parts, as in our own beloved land." Then he would laugh, and exclaim, "What childishness is this! When a garment is worn out and done with, does it signify where we throw it aside?"

At other times, he would say:

"I am continually preparing for death; but I should resign myself to it more willingly on one condition—just to enter my father's house once more, embrace his knees,

hear his voice blessing me, and die." He sighed, and added, "But if this cup cannot pass from me, my God, may Thy will be done."

On the morning of his death he also said, as he pressed to his lips a crucifix that Kral brought him:

"Thou, Lord, who, though divine, hadst also a horror of death, and didst say, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me,' O pardon, if I too say it; but I will repeat also with thee, 'Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou willest it!' "[24]

After the death of Oroboni, I was again taken ill. I expected very soon to rejoin him, and I ardently desired it. Still, I could not have parted from Maroncelli without regret. Often, while seated on his straw bed he read or recited poetry to withdraw my mind, as well as his own, from reflecting upon our misfortunes, I watched him with pain, and thought, "When I am gone; when you see them bearing me hence; when, gazing at the cemetery, you say, 'Silvio, too, is there,'—you will look more sorrowful than now." I would then offer a secret prayer that he might have another companion as capable of appreciating all his worth.

I shall not mention how many attacks I suffered, and with what difficulty I recovered from them. The assistance I received from my friend Maroncelli was like that of a devoted brother. When it became too great an effort for me to speak, he was silent; he saw the exact moment his conversation would soothe or enliven me; and then he dwelt on subjects most congenial to my feelings, and continued or varied them, as he judged most agreeable to me. Never did I meet with a nobler spirit; he

had few equals; none whom I knew were superior to him. Strictly just, tolerant, truly religious, and with a remarkable confidence in human virtue, he combined with these qualities an admirable taste for the beautiful, whether in art or in nature, and a fertile imagination teeming with poetry; in short, all those engaging dispositions of mind and heart that were best calculated to endear him to me.

Still, I could not help grieving over the fate of Oroboni; while, at the same time, I indulged the soothing reflection that he was freed from all his sufferings, and was rewarded with a better world; and that, in the midst of the enjoyments he had won, he must have that of beholding me with a friend no less attached to me than he had been. I felt a secret assurance that he was no longer in a place of expiation, though I ceased not to pray for him. I often saw him in my dreams, and he seemed to pray for me. I tried to think they were not mere dreams, but were the manifestations of his blessed spirit, permitted by God for my consolation. I should not be believed, were I to describe the excessive vividness of these dreams, if such they were, and the delicious serenity they left in my mind, continuing many days after.

These, and the religious sentiments entertained by Maroncelli, with his tried friendship, greatly alleviated my afflictions. The sole idea that tormented me was the possibility that this excellent friend, whose health was ruined, might also be snatched from me before my own sufferings drew to a close. Every time he was taken ill, I trembled; and, when he felt better, it was a day of rejoicing for me. Strange that there should be a fearful sort of pleasure, anxious yet intense, in these alterna-

tions of hope and dread, regarding the existence of the only object left us on earth. Our lot was one of the most painful; yet to esteem, to love each other as we did, was to us a little paradise—the one green spot in the desert of our lives. It was all that remained to us; and we bowed our heads in thankfulness to the Giver of all good, while awaiting the hour of his summons.

It was now my favorite wish that the chaplain that had attended me in my first illness might be allowed to visit us as our confessor. But, instead of complying with our request, the governor sent us an Augustine friar, called Father Battista, who was to confess us until an order came from Vienna either to confirm the choice or to nominate another in his place.

I was afraid we might suffer by the change, but I was mistaken. Father Battista was an excellent man, highly educated, of polished manners, and capable of reasoning profoundly on the duties of man. We entreated him to visit us frequently. He came once a month, and oftener when it was in his power to do so. He always brought us, with the governor's permission, some books, and informed us from the abbot that the entire library of the convent was at our service. This was a great event for us; and we availed ourselves of the offer during several months.

He was accustomed to converse with us after confession; and his remarks gave evidence of an upright and noble mind, capable of estimating the greatness and holiness of man. We had the advantage of his enlightened views, of his affection, and his friendship for us for a year. At first, I confess, I distrusted him, and imagined that

we should soon discover him putting out his feelers to induce us to make imprudent disclosures. In a prisoner of state, this sort of suspicion is but too natural; but how great the satisfaction he experiences when it disappears, and when he discovers in the interpreter of God's will a zeal that is inspired only by the cause of God and of humanity.

He had a most efficacious method of administering consolation. For instance, I accused myself of flying into a rage at the rigors imposed upon me by the prison discipline. He discoursed on the virtue of suffering with resignation, and of pardoning our enemies, and depicted in lively colors the miseries of life in ranks and conditions the opposite of my own. He had seen much of life, both in cities and the country, had known men of all grades, and had deeply reflected upon human oppression and injustice. He painted the operation of the passions, and the habits of the various social classes. He showed me everywhere the strong and the weak, the oppressors and the oppressed, and the necessity we were under either of hating our fellow-man or of loving him from a principle of generous compassion.

The examples he gave to show me the prevailing character of misfortune in the mass of human beings, and the good that was to be derived from it, had nothing singular in them; in fact, they were obvious. But he recounted them in language so just and forcible that I could not but admit the deductions he wished to draw from them.

The oftener he repeated his friendly reproaches and his noble exhortations, the more I was incited to the love of virtue. I no longer felt capable of resentment; I could

have laid down my life, with the permission of God, for the least of my fellow-creatures; and I blessed His holy name for having created me a man.

Wretched is he who remains ignorant of the sublime influences of confession. Still more wretched he who feels called upon to regard it with scorn, that he may not appear one of the vulgar. Is it not a truth, that, even when we know what is required of us to be good, self-knowledge is insufficient to impel us to it, and that reading and reflection will not accomplish it? It is only the living speech of a man gifted with power that can here be of avail. The mind is more strongly moved; the impressions it receives are more profound and lasting. In the words of the brother that speaks to you, there is a living and breathing spirit, which you will vainly seek for either in books or in your own thoughts.

CHAPTER XXVII

A FRUITERESS FALLS IN LOVE WITH MARONCELLI.

IN the beginning of 1824 the superintendent removed his office from the end of our gallery, and the rooms, along with others, were converted into additional cells. By this we were given to understand that other prisoners of state were expected from Italy.

They arrived very soon, and they were all in the circle of my friends or acquaintances. What was my grief when I was told their names! Borsieri was one of my oldest friends. To Confalonieri I had been attached a shorter time, but not the less ardently. Had it been in my power, by taking upon myself the *carcere durissimo*, or any other imaginable torment, how willingly would I have purchased their liberation! I do not say merely that I would have laid down my life for them—for what is it to give one's life?—to suffer is much more.

It was then I wished to obtain the consolations of Father Battista; but they would not permit him to come near me.

New orders to maintain the severest discipline were received from Vienna. The terrace on which we walked was first hedged in by stockades, and in such a way that no one could perceive our movements, even from a distance with the aid of a telescope. And thus we lost the beautiful prospect of the surrounding hills and part of the city of Brünn, which lay below. Yet this was not

enough. To reach the terrace, we were obliged to traverse the court-yard, and there numbers of persons could perceive us. That we might be concealed from every human eye, we were prohibited from crossing it, and were confined in our walk to a small passage close to our gallery, with a north aspect similar to that of our cells.

To us, such a change was a real misfortune; and it grieved us. To our worn and wasted spirits there were many little advantages in the walk, of which we were deprived—the sight of the superintendent's children; their smiles and caresses; the scene where I had taken leave of their mother; the occasional chit-chat with the old smith, whose forge was there; the joyous songs of one of the captains, accompanied by his guitar; and last, not least, an innocent attachment, not on my part, or on the part of my companion, but on that of a young girl, the daughter of a Hungarian corporal—a fruiteress. She was in love with Maroncelli.

Before he became my companion, they had formed a slight friendship, from seeing each other almost daily; but he was so sincere, so dignified, and so simple in his intentions, as to be insensible to the impression he had produced. I informed him of it, and he would not believe I was serious, but he declared that he would treat her with greater coldness. Unluckily, the more he was reserved, the greater did her love for him seem to increase.

It so happened that the window of her room was hardly a yard higher than the level of the terrace; and she used to spring to our side, with the apparent intention of putting out some linen to dry, or performing some other

household office, but in fact to gaze at my friend, and, if possible, enter into conversation with him.

Our poor guards, half-wearied to death for want of sleep, eagerly caught at an opportunity of throwing themselves on the grass to doze, just in this corner, where they were no longer under the eye of their superiors. Maroncelli was then not a little perplexed what to do, such was the resolute affection borne him by the fair Hungarian. I was no less puzzled; for an affair of the kind, which elsewhere might have supplied matter for some merriment, was here quite serious and might lead to some very unpleasant result. The unhappy cause of all this had one of those countenances that clearly announce the high quality of virtue and the right to command esteem. She was not really beautiful, but had such an expression of refinement that her features, though slightly irregular, seemed to acquire beauty with every smile and every change of the muscles.

Were it my purpose to dwell upon love-affairs, I should still have much to relate respecting this virtuous but unfortunate young woman, now no more. Enough that I have alluded to one of the few adventures that marked our prison hours.

The increased rigor of our prison discipline rendered our lives daily more monotonous. The whole of 1824, of 1825, of 1826, of 1827, presented the same dull, dark aspect; and how we lived through years like these is wonderful. We were forbidden the use of books. The prison became like a tomb, but without the peace and unconsciousness of death. The director of police, assisted by a lieutenant and guards, came every month,

but not on regular days, to institute the most strict and minute search. They made us strip to the skin, examined the seams of our garments, and ripped up the straw bundles that were called our beds, in pursuit of—nothing. It was a secret affair, intended to take us by surprise, and had something about it that always irritated me exceedingly and left me in a violent fever.

Unhappy as the preceding years had seemed to me, I now remembered them with regret as a season of precious enjoyments. The hours were fled when I could study the Bible, or my Homer, by reading whom, in the original, I had added to the little knowledge of Greek that I possessed; for I was passionately fond of the language. How much I regretted that I could not continue the study of it. .Dante, Petrarch, Shakespeare, Byron, Walter Scott, Schiller, Goethe—how many friends, the source of innocent and true delights—were taken from me! Among them I remembered works on Christian wisdom; such as Bourdaloue, Pascal, *The Imitation of Christ*, *The Filotea* by St. Francis de Sales—books that, if read with narrow, illiberal views, by those that exult in every little defect of taste and at every commonplace thought, may be thrown aside and never resumed. But when they are perused without prejudice, and without offence at their weak parts, they discover deep philosophy, and afford vigorous nutriment for both the heart and the intellect. A few of certain religious books were afterward sent us, as a present, by the Emperor, but with an absolute prohibition as to receiving works of any other kind, adapted for literary studies.

This imperial gift of devotional books arrived in 1825,

by a Dalmatian confessor, Father Stefano Paulowich, afterward Bishop of Cattaro, who was expressly sent from Vienna. We were indebted to him for performing mass, which before had been refused us, on the plea that they could not convey us into the church and keep us separated in pairs as the imperial law prescribed. To avoid such infraction, we now went to mass in three groups, one being placed in the organ gallery, another under the gallery, so as not to be visible, and the third in a small oratory, from which was a view into the church through a grating. On this occasion Maroncelli and I had for companions six convicts, who had received sentence before we came; but no two were allowed to speak to any other two in the group. Two of them, I found, had been my neighbors in the *Piombi* prison at Venice.

We were conducted by the guards to the post assigned us, and after mass were brought back in the same manner, each couple into their former quarters. A Capuchin friar, who came to celebrate mass, ended every rite with "Let us pray," for "liberation from chains," and "to set the prisoner free," in a voice that trembled with emotion.

On leaving the altar, he cast a pitying look on each of the three groups and bowed his head sorrowfully in secret prayer.

In 1825 Schiller, on account of his infirmity and old age, was pronounced past service; though he was put in guard over some other prisoners, who were thought to require less vigilance. It was a trying thing to part from him, and he felt this as well as we did. Kral, a man not inferior to him in good disposition, was his successor. But he, too, was removed; and we had a jailer of a very

harsh and distant manner, wholly devoid of feeling, though not bad at heart.

These changes afflicted me deeply. Schiller, Kral and Kubitzki, but in particular the two former, had attended us in our extreme sufferings, each with the affection of a father or a brother. Though incapable of violating their trust, they knew how to do their duty without hardness of heart. If there was something harsh in their manner, it was involuntary; and the kindness they manifested fully compensated for it. I was sometimes angry with them, but they cordially forgave me. They wished us to feel that they had become attached to us; and they were rejoiced to perceive that we were persuaded of it and approved of anything they did.

From the time Schiller left us, he was frequently ill; and we inquired after him with a sort of filial anxiety. When he sufficiently recovered, he was in the habit of coming to walk under our windows. We hailed him, and he would look up with a melancholy smile, at the same time addressing the sentinel in a voice that we could overhear: *Da sind meine Söhne* ("There are my sons").

Poor old man! how sorry I was to see him almost staggering along under the weight of increasing infirmities, so near us, and without being able to offer him even my arm.

Sometimes he would sit down on the grass, and read the same books he had often lent me. To please me, he would repeat the titles to the sentinel, or recite some extract from them, and then look up at me, and nod. After several attacks of apoplexy, he was conveyed to the

military hospital, where he soon died. He had some hundreds of florins, the fruit of long saving. These, indeed, he had already lent to such of his old military comrades as most required them; and, when he found his end approaching, he called them all to his bedside, and said:

"I have no relatives left, and I wish you to keep, for my sake, what I lent you. I only ask that you will pray for me."

One of these friends had a daughter about eighteen years old, who was Schiller's god-daughter. A few hours before his death the good old man sent for her. He could not speak distinctly; but he took a silver ring from his finger, the last of his wealth, and placed it upon hers. He then kissed her, and shed tears over her. The poor girl sobbed as if her heart would break, for she was tenderly attached to him. He took a handkerchief, and, as if trying to soothe her, he dried her eyes. Lastly, he took hold of her hands, placed them upon his eyes, and those eyes were closed forever.[25]

CHAPTER XXVIII

PELLICO'S DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

ALL human consolations were fast deserting us one by one, and our sufferings still increased. I resigned myself to the will of God, but my spirit groaned. It seemed as if my mind, instead of becoming inured to trouble, grew more keenly susceptible of pain.

One day a page of the *Augsburg Gazette* was secretly brought to me, and I found in it a very strange statement concerning myself, in connection with an account of one of my sisters retiring into a nunnery. It ran as follows: "The Signora Maria Angiola Pellico took the veil [on such a day] in the monastery of La Visitazione at Turin. This lady is sister to the author of *Francesca da Rimini*, Silvio Pellico, who was recently liberated from the fortress of Spielberg, being pardoned by His Majesty the Emperor—a trait of clemency worthy of so magnanimous a sovereign, which rejoices all Italy, inasmuch as," &c. Here followed some eulogiums, which I omit.

I could not conceive for what reason the hoax relating to the gracious pardon had been invented. It seemed hardly probable that it was the mere freak of a journalist. Was it, then, intended as an artifice of German policy? Who knows? However this may be, the name Maria Angiola was that of my younger sister, and doubtless it must have been copied from the *Turin Gazette* into other

papers. Had that excellent girl, then, really become a nun? Had she taken this step in consequence of the loss of her parents? Poor Maria! she would not permit me to suffer alone the deprivations of a prison; she, too, would seclude herself from the world. May God grant her patience and self-denial, far beyond what I have evinced! How often, in her solitary cell, will that angel turn her thoughts and prayers toward me! Alas! she will perhaps impose on herself some rigid penance, in the hope that God may alleviate the sufferings of her brother.

These reflections greatly agitated me, and my heart bled. Probably my misfortunes had helped to shorten the days of both my father and my mother; for, were they living, it seemed hardly possible that my Marietta would have deserted our parental roof. At last the idea oppressed me with the weight of absolute certainty, and I fell into an agonized state of mind.

Maroncelli was not less affected than I. The next day he composed a beautiful elegy on "The Sister of the Prisoner," and when it was completed, he read it to me. How grateful was I for such a proof of his affection! Among the infinite number of poems that had been written on similar subjects, not one, probably, had been composed in prison, for the brother of the nun, and by his companion in captivity and chains. What a field for pathetic and religious ideas was here!—and Maroncelli's poem drew delicious tears from my eyes.

Thus friendship sweetened all my woes. Seldom from that day did I forget to turn my thoughts to some sacred asylum of virgin hearts, and dwell long and fondly on

one beloved form that rose before my fancy, dressed in all that human piety and love can picture in a brother's heart. Often did I beseech Heaven to throw a charm around her religious solitude, and not suffer her imagination to paint in too horrible colors the miseries of the sick and weary captive.

The reader must not suppose, from the circumstance of my seeing the *Gazette*, that I was in the habit of hearing news, or could obtain any. No—though all the agents employed around me were kind, the system was such as to inspire the utmost terror. If anything was done clandestinely, it was only when the danger was not felt, when not the least risk appeared. The extreme rareness of any such occurrences may be gathered from what has been said respecting the ordinary and extraordinary searches that took place, morning, noon, and night, through every corner of our dungeons.

I never had an opportunity of receiving any information, however slight, regarding my family, even by secret means, beyond the *Gazette* allusion to my sister. The fears I entertained that my dear parents no longer survived were greatly augmented soon afterward, by the manner in which the director of police informed me that my relatives were well.

"His Majesty the Emperor," he said, "commands me to communicate to you good tidings of your relatives at Turin."

I could not express my pleasure and my surprise at this unexpected information, now given to me for the first time. I asked him questions as to their health.

"I left," said I, "my parents, brothers, and sisters, at

Turin—are they alive? If you have any letter from them, pray let me have it."

"I can show you nothing. You must be satisfied with what I have told you. It is a mark of the Emperor's clemency to let you know even so much. This favor is not shown to every one."

"I grant it is a proof of the Emperor's kindness; but you will allow it to be impossible for me to derive the least consolation from information like this. Which of my relatives are well? Have I lost no one?"

"I am sorry, sir, that I cannot tell you more than I have been instructed to do." And he retired.

It must assuredly have been intended to console me by this indefinite allusion to my family. But I felt persuaded that the Emperor, though he had yielded to the earnest petition of some of my relatives to permit me to hear tidings of them, had also forbidden to have any letter shown to me, as I might learn from it which of my dear family were now no more. I was the more confirmed in this supposition by the fact of receiving a similar communication a few months subsequently, but unaccompanied by any letter.

It was soon perceived that, so far from having satisfied me, such meagre tidings had thrown me into still deeper affliction; and I heard no more of my beloved family. The continual suspense; the distracting idea that my parents were dead; that my brothers also might be no more; that my sister Giuseppina was gone; and that Marietta, the sole survivor, in the agony of her sorrow, had thrown herself into a convent, there to close her

unhappy days—still haunted my imagination and completely alienated me from life.

Not unfrequently I had fresh attacks of the terrible disorders under which I had before suffered, with those of a still more painful kind; such as violent spasms of the stomach, exactly like cholera morbus, from the effects of which I hourly expected to die. Yes—and I fervently hoped and prayed that all might soon be over.

At the same time, whenever I cast a pitying glance at my no less weak and unfortunate companion, my heart bled at the idea of leaving him alone, a solitary prisoner, in such an abode; and again I wished to live. Such are the strange contradictions of human nature.

Thrice, during my incarceration at Spielberg, persons of high rank came to inspect the prison, and ascertain that there was no abuse of discipline. The first visitor was the Baron Von Münch, who, filled with compassion on seeing us so deprived of light and air, declared that he would petition to have a lantern placed outside of the small opening in our cell-doors, through which the sentinels could at any moment perceive us. His visit took place in 1825, and a year afterward his humane suggestion was carried out. By this sepulchral light we could just catch a view of the wall, and avoid knocking our heads against it, trying to walk. The second visit was that of the Baron Von Vogel. He found me in a lamentable state of health; and learning that, though the physician had declared coffee would be very good for me, I could not obtain it because it was a luxury, he interested himself for me, and my old delightful beverage was ordered to be brought me. The third visit was from a lord of the

court, with whose name I am not acquainted, between fifty and sixty years of age, who, by his manners as well as his words, testified the sincerest compassion for us, at the same time lamenting that he could do nothing for us. Still, the expression of his sympathy—for he was really affected—was something, and we were grateful for it.

How strange, how irresistible, is the desire of the solitary prisoner to behold some one of his own species! It amounts to a kind of instinct, as if to avoid insanity and the tendency to self-destruction. The Christian religion, so abounding in views of humanity, has not forgotten to enumerate, among its works of mercy, the visiting of prisoners. The mere aspect of a man, his look of commiseration, and his willingness, as it were, to bear a part of your heavy burden, even when you know he cannot relieve you, has something in it that sweetens your bitter cup.

Perfect solitude is doubtless of advantage to some minds; but in general I believe it would be far more beneficial if not carried to an extreme, but were relieved by some little intercourse with society. Such at least is what my nature requires. If I do not behold my fellow-men, my affections are concentrated on too small a number, and I begin to dislike all others. If I can commune with an ordinary number, I learn to regard all mankind with affection.

Innumerable times, I am sorry to confess, I have been so exclusively occupied with a few, and so averse to the many, as to be almost terrified at the feelings I experienced. I would then approach the window, sighing to

see some new face, and thought myself happy when the sentinel passed not too closely to the wall, so that I got a single glance of him, or if he lifted up his head upon hearing me cough—more especially if he had a good-natured countenance. When he showed the least feeling of pity I felt a singular emotion of pleasure, as if that unknown soldier had been one of my intimate friends. When he walked away I waited for his return with eager solicitude; and if, on returning, he looked at me, I rejoiced as if he had done me a great kindness.

If, the next time, he passed by in a manner that prevented my seeing him, or took no notice of me, I felt as much mortified as some poor lover when he finds that the beloved object wholly neglects him.

CHAPTER XXIX

LIBERATION OF SOLERA AND FORTINI

IN the next cell, once occupied by Oroboni, Don Marco Fortini and Antonio Villa were confined. The latter, once strong as Hercules, was nearly famished with hunger the first year; and when a better allowance of food was granted, he had wholly lost the power of digestion. He lingered a long time, and, when reduced almost to the last extremity, he was removed into a more airy cell. The pestilential atmosphere of these narrow receptacles, so much resembling tombs, was doubtless very injurious to him, as it was to all of us. But the remedy sought for came too late, or was insufficient to remove the cause of his sufferings. He had hardly been a month in that larger room when, in consequence of bursting several blood-vessels and his previously broken health, he died.

He was attended by his fellow-prisoner, Don Fortini, and by the Abbé Paulowich, who hastened from Vienna when it was known that he was dying. Although I had not been on the same intimate terms with him as with Count Oroboni, his death affected me greatly. He had parents and a wife, all most tenderly attached to him. He, indeed, was more to be envied than regretted; but alas for the unhappy survivors, to whom he was everything! He had, moreover, been my neighbor in the *Piombi*. Tremerello had brought me several of his poet-

ical pieces, and had conveyed to him some lines from me in return. There was sometimes in his poems a depth of sentiment and pathos that interested me. I seemed to become still more attached to him after he was gone, learning, as I did from the guards, how dreadfully he had suffered. It was with difficulty, that, though truly religious, he could resign himself to die. He experienced to the utmost the horror of that final scene, though always blessing the Lord, and calling upon his name with the tears streaming from his eyes.

"Alas!" he said, "I cannot conform my will unto Thine; yet how willingly would I do so! Do Thou work this happy change in me."

He did not possess the same courage as Oroboni, but he followed his example in forgiving all his enemies.

About the close of that year (1826) we heard one evening a suppressed noise in the gallery, as if some one were stealing along. Our hearing had become amazingly acute in distinguishing different kinds of noises. A door was opened; and we knew it to be that of the advocate Solera. Another door! it was that of Fortini! Then followed a whispering; but we could distinguish the voice of the director of police suppressed as it was. What could it be? A search at so late an hour!—and for what reason?

Very soon we heard steps again in the gallery, and, ah! we recognized the voice of our excellent Fortini:

"How unfortunate! excuse me, I have forgotten a volume—my breviary."

And then we heard him run back to get the book, and rejoin the police. The door of the staircase opened, and

we heard them go down. In the midst of our alarm we learned that our two good friends had just received a pardon; and, though sorry not to follow them, we rejoiced in their unexpected good fortune.

The liberation of our two companions brought no alteration in the discipline observed toward us.

"Why," we asked ourselves, "were they set at liberty, condemned as they had been, like us, the one to twenty, the other to fifteen years' imprisonment, while no favor was shown to the rest?"

Were the suspicions against those who were still consigned to captivity stronger?—or was there a disposition to pardon the whole, but at brief intervals, two at a time? We remained in suspense for a long period. More than three months elapsed, and we heard of no fresh instance of pardon. Toward the close of 1827 we thought that December might be fixed on as the anniversary of some new liberations; but the month expired, and nothing of the kind occurred.

We indulged these expectations until the summer of 1828, when I had gone through seven years and a half of my punishment—equivalent, according to the Emperor's declaration, to the fifteen years, if the period were to be dated from the time of my arrest. If, on the other hand, it were to be calculated, not from the time of my trial, as was most probable, but from that of the publication of my sentence, the seven years and a half would not be completed till 1829.

But all these periods passed, and there was no indication of a remittance of punishment. Meantime, even before the liberation of Solera and Fortini, Maroncelli was

ill with a bad tumor on his knee. At first the pain was not great, and he only limped as he walked. Then he suffered from dragging his chains, and rarely went out to walk. One autumnal morning he was desirous of breathing the fresh air; there was a fall of snow; and in an unfortunate moment, when I was not supporting him, his leg failed him and he fell to the ground. This accident was immediately followed by a very acute pain in his knee.

We carried him to his bed, for he was no longer able to stand, and when the physician came he ordered the irons to be taken off. The swelling increased to an enormous size, and became more painful every day. Such, at last, were the sufferings of my unhappy friend that he could obtain no rest either in bed or out of it. When he was compelled to move about, to rise, or to lie down, it was necessary to take hold of the diseased leg and move it with the utmost care. The most trifling motion produced the most severe pangs. Leeches, baths, caustics, and fomentations of different kinds were all found ineffectual, and seemed only to aggravate his torments. After the use of caustics, suppuration took place, and the whole tumor became one sore; but even this failed to bring relief to the suffering patient.

Maroncelli was thus far more unfortunate than I. Although my sympathy for him caused me real pain and suffering, I was glad to be near him, to attend to his wants, and to perform all the duties of a brother and a friend. It soon became evident that his leg never would heal: he himself considered that death was near at hand, though he lost nothing of his admirable calmness or

courage. At last the sight of his sufferings was almost more than I could bear.

In this deplorable condition, he continued to compose verses, to sing, and to converse; and this he did to encourage me, by disguising a part of what he suffered. He lost his powers of digestion; he could not sleep; his flesh wasted away frightfully; and he very frequently fainted. Yet the moment he was restored he rallied his spirits, and, smiling, bade me not to be afraid. What he suffered for many months is indescribable. At last permission for a consultation was given; the head physician was called in, approved of all his colleague had done, and, without expressing a decisive opinion, took his leave. A few minutes later, the superintendent entered and said to Maroncelli:

"The head physician did not venture to express his real opinion in your presence; he feared you would not have fortitude to bear so terrible an announcement. I have assured him, however, that you are a man of courage."

"I hope," replied Maroncelli, "that I have given some proof of it in bearing without complaint this dreadful torture. Is there any thing he would propose?"

"Yes, sir, the amputation of the limb; but, perceiving how much your constitution is broken, he hesitates to advise it. Weak as you are, could you endure the operation? Will you expose yourself to the danger —— ?"

"Of dying? and shall I not equally die in a little while, if an end is not put to this diabolical torture?"

"Then we will immediately send a statement of your

case to Vienna, soliciting permission; and, the moment it comes, you shall have your leg cut off."

"What! does it require a permit for this?"

"Assuredly, sir," was the reply.

In about a week, a courier arrived from Vienna with the expected permission.

My sick friend was carried from his cell into a larger room, and he begged me to follow him.

"I may die under the operation," he said; "and I should wish, in that case, to expire in your arms."

I was permitted to accompany him. The sacraments were first administered to the unhappy prisoner, and we then quietly awaited the arrival of the surgeons. Maroncelli filled up the interval by singing some extemporary verses. At last they came. One was an able surgeon from Vienna, to superintend the operation; the other was the ordinary prison surgeon, that is to say, our barber, who, whenever an operation was to be performed, had the privilege of doing it; and on this occasion he would not yield to the man of science sent by the governor, who was desirous of performing it.

The patient was placed on the side of a couch, with his leg down, while I supported him in my arms. It was to be cut off above the knee. An incision was first made, the depth of an inch; then the skin was drawn up, and the bared muscles cut though. The blood flowed in torrents from the arteries, which were next taken up with ligatures one by one. Lastly, the bone was sawed. This required some time, but Maroncelli never uttered a cry. When he saw them carrying his leg away, he cast

on it one melancholy look; then, turning toward the surgeon, he said:

"You have freed me from an enemy, and I have no money to give you."

He saw a rose in a glass upon the window.

"May I beg of you to bring me that flower?" he said to me.

I brought it to him, and he offered it to the surgeon with an indescribable air of good-nature, saying, "I have nothing else to give you in token of my gratitude."

The surgeon took it as it was meant, and wept.

CHAPTER XXX

MARONCELLI'S SUFFERINGS—ATTENTIONS OF THE CLERGY

THE surgeons had supposed that the hospital of Spielberg would provide everything requisite, except the instruments, which they brought with them. But after the amputation it was found that several things were wanted, such as linen, ice, bandages. My poor friend was thus compelled to wait two hours till these articles were brought from the city. At last he was laid upon his bed, and the ice was applied to the bleeding thigh. The next day, it was dressed; but the patient was permitted to take no nourishment except a little broth, with an egg. When the danger of fever was over, he was permitted the use of restoratives; and an order from the Emperor directed that he should be supplied from the table of the superintendent till he was better.

The cure was completed in about forty days, after which we were conducted back to our cell. This had been enlarged for us; that is, an opening was made in the wall so as to unite our old den to that once occupied by Oroboni, and subsequently by Villa. I placed my bed exactly in the spot where Oroboni had died, and derived a mournful pleasure from this near approach to my friend, as it seemed to me. It appeared as if his

spirit hovered around, and consoled me with manifestations of more than earthly love.

The horrible sight of Maroncelli's sufferings, both before and subsequently to the amputation of his leg, had done much to strengthen my mind. During the whole period my health had enabled me to attend upon him, and I was grateful to God for this; but from the moment my friend assumed his crutches, and could supply his own wants, I began daily to decline. I suffered extremely from glandular swellings; and those were followed by pains of the chest, more oppressive than I had before experienced, attended with dizziness and spasmodic dysentery.

"It is my turn now," thought I. "Shall I be less patient than my companion?"

Every condition of life has its duties; and those of the sick consist of patience, courage, and continual efforts not to appear unamiable to the persons that surround them. Maroncelli, on his crutches, no longer possessed the same activity, and was fearful of not doing everything for me of which I stood in need. This was, in fact, the case; but I endeavored to prevent his being made sensible of it. Even when he had recovered his strength, he labored under many inconveniences. He complained, like most others after a similar operation, of acute pains in the nerves, and imagined that the part removed was still with him. Sometimes it was the toe, sometimes the leg, and at other times the knee of the amputated limb, which caused him to cry out. The bone, moreover, had been sawed badly, and it pushed through the newly formed flesh, producing frequent sores. It required

more than a year to bring the stump to a sound state, when it hardened, and broke out no more.

New evils, however, assailed my unhappy friend. He suffered from pains in the joints of his hands—pains that extended through all his limbs, and then turned into scorbutic sores. His whole person became covered with livid spots, presenting a frightful spectacle. I tried to reconcile myself to it by considering that, since it appeared we were to die here, it was better that one of us should be seized with the scurvy; as it is a contagious disease, and must carry us off either together or at a short interval from each other. We prepared ourselves for death, and were perfectly tranquil. Nine years' imprisonment, and the grievous sufferings we had undergone, had at length familiarized us to the idea of the dissolution of two bodies so totally worn out and in need of rest. It was time the scene should close; and we confided in the goodness of God, looking forward to the time when we should be reunited in a place where the passions of men cease, and where we prayed that we might meet in peace, even with those who had not loved us.

This malignant distemper had destroyed many prisoners in preceding years. The governor, on learning that Maroncelli had been attacked by it, agreed with the physician that the sole hope of remedy was in fresh air. They were afraid of its spreading; and Maroncelli was ordered to be kept as little as possible within his cell. Being his companion, and also suffering from disease, I was permitted the same privilege. We were allowed to be in the open air during the whole time the other pris-

oners were absent from the walk; that is to say, for two hours early in the morning, during dinner-time if we preferred it, and for three hours in the evening. On holidays we were out from morning till night, except at dinner-time.

There was one other unhappy patient, about seventy years of age, and in failing health, who was permitted to bear us company. His name was Constantino Munari; he was of an amiable disposition, greatly attached to literature and philosophy, and agreeable in conversation.

Calculating my imprisonment, not from my arrest, but from the period of receiving my sentence, I had been seven years and a half in different prisons on July 1, 1829, which was about nine years from the day of my arrest. But both these periods passed by, and there was no sign of remitting my punishment

Until this time, my friend Maroncelli, Munari, and I had indulged the hope of seeing once more our native land and our relatives; and we frequently conversed with the warmest feelings upon the subject. August, September—the whole of that year, elapsed, and then we began to despair. We accustomed ourselves to hope for nothing but the continuance of our friendship, and the assistance of God, to enable us to close our prison hours with becoming dignity and resignation. It was then we experienced the blessings of friendship and religion, which threw a charm over the darkness of our lot. Human hopes and promises had failed us; but God never forsakes the unhappy who love and fear him.

After the death of Villa, the Abbé Wrba was appointed

our confessor, the Abbé Paulowich having been made a bishop. Wrba was a Moravian, professor of the New Testament at Brünn, and an able pupil of the Sublime Institute of Vienna. This Institute was founded by the celebrated Frint, when he was chaplain to the court. The members are all priests, who, though already masters of theology, prosecute their studies here under the severest discipline. The designs of the founder were admirable, being directed to the constant dissemination of true and profound science among the Catholic clergy of Germany. His plans were for the most part successful, and are still in extensive operation.

Being a resident at Brünn, Wrba could devote more of his time to our society than Paulowich. He was a second Father Battista, except that he was not permitted to lend us any books. We held long discussions, from which I reaped great advantage and real consolation. He was taken ill in 1829; and, being subsequently called to other duties, he was unable to visit us more. We regretted this; but we obtained as his successor the Abbé Ziak, another learned and worthy clergyman. Indeed, of all the German priests that visited us, not one showed the least disposition to pry into our political sentiments. There was not one that was unworthy of the holy task he had undertaken, or that did not possess great learning, a firm Catholic faith, and enlarged wisdom. How truly honorable are such ministers of the Church!

The Abbé Ziak also, by both precept and example, taught me to support my sufferings with calmness and resignation. He was afflicted with a disease of the teeth,

throat, and ears, which tormented him continually; but he was always calm and cheerful.

Maroncelli derived great benefit from exercise and the open air; by degrees, the eruptions disappeared · and both Munari and I experienced equal advantage.

CHAPTER XXXI

PARDON OF PELLICO, MARONCELLI, AND TONELLI.

IT was August 1, 1830. Ten years had elapsed since I was deprived of my liberty; and for eight years and a half I had been subjected to close confinement. It was Sunday; and we went, as on other holidays, to our accustomed station, whence we had a view of the valley and the cemetery below, where Oroboni and Villa now reposed. We conversed on the subject and on the probability of our soon sharing their untroubled sleep. We had seated ourselves upon our accustomed bench, and were watching the unhappy woman prisoners as they came forth and passed by to hear mass, which was celebrated for them before our own. They were conducted into the same little chapel to which we resorted at the second mass.

It is customary with the Germans to sing hymns aloud in their own language during the celebration of mass. As the Austrian empire is composed partly of Germans and partly of Sclavonians, and the greater part of the prisoners at Spielberg come from one or the other of these peoples, the hymns are sung alternately in the German and the Sclavonian language. So, on every festival day, two sermons are delivered, and the same division is observed. It was truly delightful to us to hear the singing of the hymns, with the accompanying music of the organ. The voices of some of these women touched us to the

heart...Unhappy ones! some of them were very young, whom love, or jealousy, or bad example, had betrayed into crime. I still seem to hear their fervidly devotional hymn of the Sanctus, *Heilig, heilig, heilig!* ("Holy, holy, holy!") It affected me to tears. At ten o'clock the women withdrew, and we entered to hear mass. There I again saw those of my companions in misfortune who heard mass in the organ gallery, and from whom we were separated only by a single grate. Their pale features and emaciated bodies, scarcely capable of dragging their irons, bore witness to their woes.

After mass, we were conveyed back to our cells. About a quarter of an hour afterward we partook of dinner. We were preparing our table, and had taken up our wooden spoons, when Signor Wagrath, the subintendant, entered.

"I am sorry to disturb you at dinner," said he; "but have the goodness to follow me; the director of police is waiting for us."

As he was accustomed to come near us only for examination and search, we accompanied the subintendant to the audience-room in no very good humor. There we found the director of police and the superintendent, the first of whom bowed to us with rather more politeness than usual. He took up a letter, and said, in a hesitating, slow tone of voice, as if afraid of surprising us too greatly:

"Gentlemen—I have—the pleasure—the honor, I mean —of—of acquainting you, that His Majesty the Emperor has granted you a further favor."

Still he hesitated to inform us what this favor was; and we conjectured it must be some slight alleviation of pun-

ishment, such as exemption from irksome labor, or a permission to have more books, or perhaps less disagreeable diet.

"Don't you understand?" he inquired.

"No, sir," was our reply; "have the goodness, if permitted, to explain yourself more fully."

"Then hear it! It is liberty for both of you, and for a third who will shortly bear you company."

It may seem as if such an announcement would have thrown us into ecstasies of joy. But our thoughts instantly turned to our relatives, of whom, for so long a period, we had received no intelligence; and the fear that they were no longer in existence distressed us so much that we could not hail the joys of liberty as we should have done.

"Are you struck dumb?" asked the director. "I hoped to see you exulting at the news."

"May I beg you," I replied, "to make known to the Emperor our feelings of gratitude. But, if we are not favored with news from our families, it is impossible for us not to fear that we may have lost some whom we love. It is this consciousness that destroys the zest of all our joy."

He then gave to Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which greatly consoled him. But he told me there was no account of my family; and this made me fear still more that some calamity had befallen them.

"Now retire to your apartments, and I will send you a third companion who has also received pardon."

We went, and anxiously awaited his arrival; wishing that all our companions could join us, instead of a single

one. "Was it poor old Munari? was it such or such a one?" Thus we went on guessing the names of all we knew; when at last the door opened, and Signor Andrea Tonelli, of Brescia, made his appearance. We embraced him; and we could eat no dinner that day. We conversed almost till evening, chiefly regretting the lot of the unhappy friends whom we were to leave behind us.

After sunset, the director of police returned to escort us from our wretched prison-house. But our hearts bled as we were passing by the cells of so many of our countrymen whom we loved, and yet, alas! whom we could not take with us to share our liberty. Heaven knows how long they would be left to linger here, to become the prey, perhaps, of a lingering death.

Each of us was enveloped in a military great-coat, with a cap; and then, dressed as we were in our convict's costume, but freed from our chains, we descended the ill-fated mount, and were conducted into the city to the prison of the police.

It was a beautiful moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the people whom we met—every object appeared so strange, and yet so delightful, after the many years during which I had been debarred from beholding any similar spectacle.

We remained at the prison of the police, waiting the arrival of the imperial commissioner from Vienna, who was to accompany us to the confines of Italy. In the meantime, we were engaged in providing ourselves with linen and clothes, our own having been sold; and we put off the prison livery.

Five days afterward the commissary was announced,

and the director consigned us to him, delivering him, at the same time, the money we had brought with us to Spielberg, and the amount derived from the sale of our trunks and books; which money was restored to us when we reached our destination.

The expense of our journey was defrayed by the Emperor, and in a liberal manner. The commissary was Herr Von Noe, a gentleman employed in the office of the minister of police. The charge could not have been intrusted to a person more competent by education or habit; and he treated us with the greatest respect.

I left Brünn, laboring under a painful difficulty of breathing; and the motion of the carriage increased it to such a degree that during the evening it was hardly expected I should survive. I was in a high fever the whole night; and the commissary was doubtful whether I should be able to continue the journey as far as Vienna. I begged to go on, and we did so; but my sufferings were excessive. I could not eat, drink, or sleep.

I reached Vienna more dead than alive, and there we were well accommodated at the general directory of police. I was placed in bed, a physician was called in, and, after being bled, I found myself sensibly relieved. By means of strict diet and the use of digitalis, I recovered in about eight days. My physician's name was Singer, and he devoted the most friendly attentions to me.

I had become extremely anxious to continue our journey; the more so, because an account of the three days at Paris had reached us. The Emperor had fixed the day of our liberation exactly on that when the revolution burst forth; and surely he would not now revoke

it. Yet it was not improbable. A critical period appeared to be at hand; popular commotions were apprehended in Italy; and, though we had no fears that we should be remanded to Spielberg, should we be permitted to return to our native country?

I affected to be stronger than I really was, and entreated that we might be allowed to resume our journey. It was my wish, meantime, to be presented to his Excellency the Count Pralormo, envoy from Turin to the Austrian court, to whom I was aware how much I had been indebted. He had left no means untried to procure my liberation; but the rule that we were to hold no communication with anyone admitted of no exception. When I was sufficiently convalescent, a carriage was politely ordered for me, in which I might take an airing about Vienna, but accompanied by the commissary, who was to allow no one to speak to us. We went to see the beautiful Church of St. Stephen, the delightful walks in the environs, the neighboring villa of Lichtenstein, and, lastly, the imperial residence of Schönbrunn.

While we were strolling through the magnificent walks in the gardens, the Emperor approached; and the commissary made us hastily retire, lest the sight of our emaciated persons should give him pain.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY

WE at last took our departure from Vienna, and I was able to reach Bruck. Here my asthma returned with redoubled violence. A physician was called—Herr Jüdmann, a man of pleasing manners. He bled me, and ordered me to keep my bed and to continue the digitalis. At the end of two days I renewed my solicitations to continue our journey.

We traversed Austria and Styria, and entered Carinthia without any accident; but on our arrival at the village of Feldkirchen, a little way from Klagenfurt, we were overtaken by a counter order from Vienna. We were to stop till we received further instructions. I had, moreover, the pain of reflecting that it would be owing to my illness if my two friends should now be prevented from reaching their native land. We remained five days at Feldkirchen, where the commissary did all in his power to keep up our spirits. He took us to the theater to see a comedy, and one day entertained us with a hunt. Our host and several young men of the country along with the proprietor of a fine forest, were the hunters; and we were in a situation that commanded a view of the sports.

At last a courier arrived from Vienna, with an order for the commissary to resume his journey with us to the place first appointed. We congratulated one another; but my anxiety was still great, as I approached the hour

when my hopes or fears respecting my family would be verified. How many of my relatives and friends might have disappeared in my ten years' absence!

The entrance into Italy on that side is not pleasing to the eye. You descend from the noble mountains of Germany into the Italian plains, through a long and sterile district, and travelers that have formed a magnificent idea of our country begin to laugh, and imagine they have been purposely deluded with praises of *la Bella Italia.*

The dismal view of that sterile district served to make me more sorrowful. To see my native sky, to meet human features no more belonging to the north, to hear my native tongue from every mouth, affected me. But I felt more inclined to tears than to exultation. I threw myself back in the carriage, pretending to sleep, but covered my face and wept. At night I hardly closed my eyes; my fever was high; my whole soul seemed absorbed in offering up vows for my beloved Italy, and prayers to Heaven for having restored me to it. Then I thought of my speedy separation from a companion with whom I had so long suffered, and who had given me so many proofs of his fraternal affection; and I tortured my imagination with the idea of a thousand disasters that might have befallen my family. Not even the many years of my captivity had deadened the susceptibility of my feelings; but how much more susceptible were they of sorrow than of joy!

I felt, too, on my return, a strange desire to visit Udine and the lodging-house where our two generous friends had assumed the character of waiters and had secretly

stretched out to us the hand of friendship. But we passed that city to our left, and continued on our way.

Pordenone, Conegliano, Ospedaletto, Vicenza, Verona, and Mantua all interested my feelings. Pordenone was the native city of one of my friends, an excellent young man, who had perished in the campaign of Russia; Conegliano was the district whither, I was told by the under-jailers, poor Angiola had been taken; and in Ospedaletto had married and resided a young lady who had more of the angel than the woman, and whom, though now no more, I had every reason to remember with the highest respect. In short, all these places revived sacred recollections; and Mantua more than any other city. It appeared as only yesterday that I was there with Lodovico in 1815, and with Count Porro in 1820. The same streets, the same squares, the same palaces; but what a change in all social relations! How many of my old connections snatched away for ever!—how many exiled! A generation had sprung up of young people whom I had seen in infancy. Yet how painful not to be allowed to call at a single house, or to accost a single person we met!

To complete my misery, Mantua was the place of separation between Maroncelli and me. We passed the night there, filled with forebodings and regret. I felt agitated like a man on the eve of receiving his sentence.

In the morning I rose, and washed my face, in order to conceal from my friend how much I had given way to grief during the preceding night. I looked at myself in the glass, and tried to assume a quiet and cheerful air. I bent down in prayer, though ill able to command my thoughts; and hearing Maroncelli moving upon his

crutches, and speaking to the servant, I hastened to embrace him. We had both prepared ourselves for this closing interview; and we spoke to each other affectionately, but with unfaltering voices. The officer appointed to conduct him to the borders of Romagna now appeared; it was time to set out. We hardly knew what to say to each other; we grasped each other's hands, and embraced again and again; he mounted his vehicle, and disappeared; and I remained as if annihilated. I returned to my chamber, threw myself upon my knees, prayed for my poor mutilated friend, thus separated from me, and burst into tears.

I have known many excellent men, but not one more affectionately social than Maroncelli; not one better educated in all respects, more free from sudden passion or ill-humor, more deeply sensible that virtue consists in a continued exercise of forbearance, generosity, and good sense. "Heaven bless you, my dear companion in so many years of affliction, and send you new friends, who may equal me in my affection for you, and surpass me in goodness!"

I set out the same morning for Brescia. There I took leave of my other fellow-prisoner, Andrea Tonelli. The unhappy man had just heard that he had lost his mother, and the bitterness of his grief wrung my heart. But, agonized as my feelings were from so many different causes, I could not help laughing at one incident.

Upon the table of our lodging house, I found the following theatrical announcement: "Francesca da Rimini: Opera da Musica," &c.

"Whose opera is this?" I inquired of the waiter.

"I cannot tell," he replied, "who versified it and composed the music; but it is the *Francesca da Rimini* that everybody knows."

"Everybody! you must be wrong there. I who came from Germany—what do I know of your Francescas?"

The waiter was a young man, with a rather satirical cast of face, quite Brescian; and he looked at me with contemptuous pity.

"What should you know, indeed, of our Francesca? Why, we speak only of one *Francesca da Rimini*, to be sure, sir; I mean the tragedy of Signor Silvio Pellico. They have made an opera of it—spoiling it a little, no doubt; but still it is always Pellico."

"Ah, Silvio Pellico!—I think I have heard his name. Is he not that same evil-minded conspirator that was condemned to death, whose sentence was changed to close confinement, eight or ten years ago?"

I never should have hazarded such a jest. He looked round him, fixed his eyes on me, and showed a fine set of teeth, with no amiable intention; and I believe he would have knocked me down, if he had not heard a noise close by us. He went away muttering:

"Ill-minded conspirator, indeed!"

But before I left he discovered who I was. He was half beside himself; he could neither ask questions nor answer them, nor wait on anybody. He fixed his eyes continually upon me, rubbed his hands, and, addressing himself to every one near him, would say, without any meaning, *Sior, si, Sior, si,* ("Yes, sir; yes, sir") which sounded like one sneezing.

Two days afterward, on September 9th, I arrived with

the commissary at Milan. On approaching the city; on seeing once more the spires of the cathedral; on repassing through the avenue of Loreto, my accustomed and favorite walk; on recognizing the Corso, the buildings, churches, and public places of every kind—what were my mingled feelings of pleasure and regret! I felt an intense desire to remain, and to embrace my beloved friends once more. I reflected with bitter grief on those whom, instead of meeting here, I had left in the horrible abode of Spielberg; on those that were wandering in strange lands; on those that were no more. I thought, too, with gratitude, of the affection shown me by the people; and with some feelings of indignation toward those who calumniated me, though they had uniformly been the objects of my goodwill and esteem.

We took up our quarters at the *Bella Venezia*. Here I had often been present at social meetings; here I had visited many distinguished foreigners; here a respectable, elderly Signora urged me in vain to follow her into Tuscany, foreseeing, she said, the misfortunes that would befall me if I remained at Milan. What affecting recollections! Dear departed days, how rapid in your flight, how fraught with joy and grief!

The servants at the hotel soon discovered who I was. The report spread; and toward evening several persons stopped in the square and looked up at the windows. One, whose name I did not know, appeared to recognize me, and, raising both his arms, made a sign of embracing me as a welcome back to Italy.

And where were the sons of Porro—I may say, my sons? Why did I not see them there?

The commissary conducted me to the police, in order to present me to the director. What were my sensations on recognizing that building, my first prison! How many sorrows it brought back to my recollection! I thought with pain of Melchiorre Gioja; of the rapid steps with which I had seen him pacing his narrow cell, or sitting at his little table, recording his noble thoughts; of his making signals to me with his handkerchief; and his look of sorrow when forbidden longer to communicate with me. I pictured to myself his solitary grave, unknown to all who had so ardently loved him; and, while invoking peace to his gentle spirit, I wept.

Here, too, I called to mind the little dumb boy, the pathetic voice of Maddalene, my strange emotions of compassion for her, my neighbors the robbers, the pretended Louis the Seventeenth, and the poor prisoner that had carried the fatal letter, whose cries, under the infliction of the bastinado, I thought I had heard.

These and other recollections appeared with all the vividness of a distressing dream; but, most of all, the remembrance of those two visits that my father had made me here, ten years before, when I last saw him. How the good old man had deceived himself in the expectation that I should soon rejoin him at Turin! Could he then have borne the idea of a son's ten years' captivity, and in such a prison? But when these flattering hopes vanished did he, and did my mother, bear up under the weight of so unexpected a calamity? Was I ever to see them again in this world? Had either of them died during the cruel interval that ensued?

Such was the suspense I was in, the distracting doubt

that clung to me. I was about to knock at the very door of my home without knowing whether my parents were in existence, or what other members of my beloved family were left me.

The director of police received me in a friendly manner. He allowed me to stay at the *Bella Venezia* with the imperial commissary, though I was not permitted to communicate with anyone; and for this reason I determined to resume my journey the following morning. I obtained an interview, however, with the Piedmontese consul, to learn, if possible, some account of my relatives. I should have called on him; but being attacked with fever, and compelled to keep my bed, I sent to ask the favor of his visiting me. He had the kindness to come immediately, and I felt truly grateful to him.

He gave me good news of my father and of my eldest brother. Respecting my mother, my other brother, and my two sisters, I could learn nothing.

Thus in part comforted, I could have wished to prolong the conversation with the consul; and he would willingly have gratified me, had not his duties called him away. After he left me, I was extremely affected; but, as had so often happened, no tears came to give me relief. The habit of long, internal grief seemed still to prey upon my heart. To weep would have alleviated the fever that consumed me, and relieved my distracted head of pain.

I called to Stundberger for something to drink. This good man was a sergeant of police at Vienna, and was now filling the office of valet to the commissary. He was not old, yet I perceived that his hand trembled in giving me the drink; and this circumstance reminded me of

Schiller, my beloved Schiller, when, on the day of my arrival at Spielberg, I ordered him, in an imperious tone, to hand me the jug of water, and he obeyed me.

How strange it was! The recollection of this, added to all the rest, pierced the rock of my heart, and tears began to flow.

CHAPTER XXXIII

PELLICO REACHES HOME

ON the morning of September 10th I took leave of the excellent commissary, and set out. We had been acquainted with each other only about a month; and yet he was as friendly as if he had known me for years. His mind, fraught with feeling for the beautiful and honorable, was above all artifice, not from want of intelligence, but from that love of dignified simplicity which animates all honest men.

On our journey I was accosted by some one, when unobserved, at a place where we stopped, who said:

"Beware of that guardian angel of yours. If he did not belong to the wicked, they would not have put him over you."

"There you are deceived," said I. "I have the best reason to believe that you are deceived."

"The most cunning," was the reply, "can always contrive to appear the most simple."

"If it were so, we ought never to believe in the goodness of anyone."

"Yes—there are certain social stations," he replied, "in which men's manners may appear to great advantage by means of education; but, as to virtue, they have none."

I could only answer, "You exaggerate, sir; you exaggerate."

"I only draw inferences," he persisted. We were here

interrupted, and I called to mind the "Beware of inferences" of Leibnitz.

Too many are inclined to reason according to this false and terrible logic: "I follow the standard A, which is that of justice; he follows the standard B, which is that of injustice: consequently he is a villain."

Mad logicians!—whatever standard you adopt, do not reason so inhumanly. Consider, that by starting from some weak point of character, and proceeding with fierce rigor from one inference to another, it is easy for anyone to come to the conclusion, that, "Beyond us four, all the rest of the world deserve to be burned alive." And if a more critical scrutiny be made, each of the four will cry out, "Every mortal deserves to be burned alive, except me."

This vulgar severity is in the highest measure unphilosophical. A moderate degree of suspicion may be wise; but when urged to the extreme, it is the opposite.

After the hint thus thrown out to me respecting my guardian angel, I turned to study him with greater attention than before; and each day more and more served to convince me of his friendly and generous nature.

When a state of society has been established, any public office that is not pronounced by general consent to be infamous—any office established to promote the public good by honorable means, which, it were foolish to deny, has been filled by men acknowledged to be of upright mind—may be filled by an honest man.

I have read of a Quaker that had a great horror of soldiers. He one day saw a soldier throw himself into

the Thames, and save the life of a fellow-being that was drowning.

"I don't care," he exclaimed, "I shall always be a Quaker; but there are some good fellows even among soldiers."

Stundberger accompanied me to my carriage, which I entered with a brigadier of *gendarmerie*, to whose care I was intrusted. It was raining, and the cold was excessive.

"Wrap yourself up well in your cloak," said Stundberger: "cover your head better, and contrive to reach home without being ill. Remember that a very little thing will give you a cold just now. I wish it had been in my power to go on, and attend you as far as Turin." He said this in a tone of voice so cordial and affectionate that I could not doubt its sincerity.

"From this time, you may never have a German near you," he added. "Perhaps you will no longer hear our language, which the Italians think so harsh; and little, I dare say, will you care for that. Besides, you have suffered so greatly among the Germans that probably you will not be very desirous of remembering us: yet, sir, though you will soon forget my name, I shall always pray for you."

"I shall do the same for you," I replied, as I shook his hand for the last time.

Guten Morgen! gute Reise! leben sie wohl! ("Good morning! a pleasant journey! farewell!") he continued to repeat; and the sounds were as sweet to me as if they had been pronounced in my native tongue.

I am passionately attached to my own country; but I

have no hatred toward any other. Civilization, wealth, power, glory, there is a diversity as regards these among different nations; but in all countries there are souls obedient to the great vocation of man—to love, to pity, and to do good.

The brigadier by whom I was attended informed me that he was one of those that arrested Confalonieri. He told me how the unhappy man had tried to make his escape; how he had been baffled; and how he had been torn from the arms of his wife, while at the same time they both submitted to the calamity with dignity and resignation.

I burned with fever as I listened to this sad narrative; a hand of iron seemed to press upon my heart. The good man, who talked with an air of confiding sociability, was not aware of the horror he excited in me when I cast my eyes on those hands that had seized the person of my unfortunate friend.

He ordered luncheon at Buffalora; but I was unable to taste anything. Many years before, when spending my time at Arluno with the sons of Count Porro, I was accustomed to walk to Buffalora, along the banks of the Ticino. I was rejoiced to see that the noble bridge was completed, the materials for which I had then beheld scattered along the Lombard shore, with the belief that the work would be abandoned. I rejoiced to cross that river and set my foot once more on Piedmontese soil. With all my attachment to other nations, how much I prefer Italy! yet Heaven knows how much dearer to me than the name of any other Italian country is the name of Piedmont, the land of my fathers!

Opposite to Buffalora lies San Martino. Here the Lombard brigadier spoke to some Piedmontese carbineers, saluted me, and repassed the bridge.

"Take the road to Novara," I said to the vetturino.

"Have the goodness to stay a moment," said a carbineer. I found I was not yet free; and was much vexed, being apprehensive it would retard my arrival at the long-desired home. After I had waited about a quarter of an hour, a gentleman came forward and requested to be allowed to accompany us as far as Novara. He had missed one opportunity; there was no other conveyance than mine; and he declared himself exceedingly grateful that I permitted him to avail himself of it.

This carbineer in disguise was very good-humored, and kept me company as far as Novara. When we reached that city, under pretence of going to an inn he stopped at the barracks of the carbineers; and here I was told there was a bed for me in the chamber of a brigadier, and that I must wait the arrival of further orders. Presuming that I was to proceed the next day, I went to bed; and, after chatting some time with my host the brigadier, I fell fast asleep; and it was long since I had slept so profoundly.

I awoke toward morning, rose as quickly as possible, and found the hours hanging heavy on me. I took breakfast, chatted, walked about the apartment and on the terrace, cast my eye over the host's books, and finally—a visitor was announced.

An officer had come to give me tidings respecting my father, and to inform me that there was a letter from him to me at Novara, which would shortly be brought me.

I was exceedingly grateful to him for this act of humane courtesy.

Several hours passed, which seemed to me ages, when, at last, my father's letter arrived. Oh, what joy it was to behold that handwriting once more! what joy to learn that the best of mothers was spared to me! that my two brothers were alive, and also my eldest sister! Alas! my young and gentle Marietta, who had immured herself in the convent of *La Visitazione*, and of whom I had received so strange an account while a prisoner, had been dead more than nine months. It was a consolation for me to believe that I owed my liberty to all those who had never ceased to love and to pray for me, and more especially to a beloved sister who had died leaving evidences of great piety. May the Almighty console her for all the anguish her heart suffered on my account!

Days passed on; yet the permission for me to quit Novara did not arrive. On the morning of September 16th the desired order at last arrived, and all superintendence over me by the carbineers ceased. How strange it seemed! so many years had now elapsed since I had been permitted to walk unaccompanied by guards. I obtained some money, received the congratulations of some of my father's friends, and set out about three in the afternoon. The companions of my journey were a lady, a merchant, an engraver, and two young painters, one of whom was deaf and dumb. These painters came from Rome; and I was much pleased to hear from them that they were acquainted with my friend Maroncelli. How pleasant it is to speak of those we love, with some one who is not wholly indifferent to them!

We passed the night at Vercelli, and the happy day, September 17th, dawned at last. We pursued our journey; but how slowly we appeared to travel! It was evening when we arrived at Turin.

Who can describe my feelings of delight when I found myself in the embraces of my father, my mother, and my two brothers? My dear sister Giuseppina was not there, for her duties detained her at Chieri; but, on hearing of my felicity, she hastened to pass a few days with us to make it complete. Restored to these five beloved objects of my affection, I was, and I still am, one of the most enviable of mortals.

And now, for all my past misfortunes, and for my present happiness, as well as for all the good or evil that may be reserved for me, blessed be God, who renders all men and all things, however opposite the intentions of the actors, wonderful instruments for the accomplishment of His divine purposes!

NOTES

NOTE 1.

Piero Maroncelli da Forli, a poet and a most amiable man, who had also been imprisoned from political motives.

NOTE 2.

Melchiorre Gioja, a native of Placentia, was one of the most profound writers of our times, principally upon economic subjects. Being suspected of carrying on a secret correspondence, he was arrested in 1820 and imprisoned nine months. He died in January, 1829.

NOTE 3.

Maddalene.—"The unknown singer of the Litany once approached my window, and said in a low voice, 'Good evening.' I was reading; I raised my eyes, and saw a young creature, who to me appeared beautiful. Her head was inclined over one shoulder, her cheek was somewhat pale, and her eyes were expressive and melancholy. She seemed awaiting an answer to her kind salutation. I replied with mingled sadness and pleasure, 'Oh, good evening!' and the tone of my voice was meant to express, and I am sure it did express, 'And how, kind creature, were you inspired to grant me a sight of you—the sight of a woman, a beautiful. compassionate woman?' "—*Piero Maroncelli.*

NOTE 4.

Count Luigi Porro was one of the most distinguished citizens of Milan, remarkable for the zeal and liberality with which he promoted literature and the arts. Having early remarked the excellent disposition of the youthful Pellico, the Count invited him to reside in his mansion and take upon himself the education of his sons; considering him, at the same time, more in the light of a friend than of a dependant. Count Porro himself subsequently fell under the suspicions of the Austrian Government,

and, having betaken himself to flight, was twice condemned to death, as contumacious,—the first time under the charge of Carbonarism, and the second time for a pretended conspiracy.

NOTE 5.

This tragedy, suggested by the celebrated episode in the fifth canto of Dante's "Inferno," was received by all Italy with applause, and at once raised the young author to high rank among Italian poets.

NOTE 6.

The Cavalier Giovanni Bodoni was a distinguished printer. Becoming admirably skilled in his art, and in Oriental languages, acquired in the College of the Propaganda at Rome, he went to the Royal Printing Establishment at Parma, of which he took the direction in 1813, and in which he continued until the period of his death. Among his numerous works are *Pater Noster Poliglotto*, the *Iliad* in Greek, the *Epithalamia Exotica*, and the *Manuale Tipografico.*

NOTE 7.

"I knew a young girl at Bologna, who attended Louis the Seventeenth, as he called himself, during his illness, and to whom he confided the secret of his rank. I recollect that Signor Angiolino used to say to me, after his conversations with Louis, 'I hope that, when he is king, he will at least make he his chief porter; indeed, I have already had the frankness to ask it, and he the goodness to promise it to me.'"—*Piero Maroncelli.*

NOTE 8.

Count Bolza, of the Lake of Como, who was in the service of the Austrian Government in the capacity of a commissary of police.

NOTE 9.

The learning of Ugo Foscolo, and the reputation he acquired by his *Hymn upon the Tombs*, his *Last Letters of Jacopo Ortis* and his treatises upon Dante, Petrach and Boccaccio are well known

in England where he spent a considerable portion of his life, and where he died in 1827.

NOTE 10.

The Cavalier Vincenzo Monti, one of the most celebrated of the modern poets of Italy. His stanzas on the *Death of Ugo Basville* obtained for him the title of *Dante Redivivo*. His works, in verse and prose, are numerous, and are generally acknowledged to be noble models in their several styles. His tragedy of *Aristodemo* is one of the most admirable specimens of the Italian drama. He died in Milan in 1829.

NOTE 11.

Monsignor Lodovico di Breme, son of the Marquis of the same name, a Piedmontese, an intimate friend of Madame de Staël, and of M. Sismondi.

NOTE 12.

Don Pietro Borsieri, son of a judge of the Court of Appeal at Milan, of which, before receiving sentence of death, he was one of the state secretaries. He is the author of several literary works.

NOTE 13.

Odoarda Briche, a young man of animated genius and most amiable disposition. He was the son of M. Briche, member of the Constituent Assembly in France, who for thirty years had lived in Milan.

NOTE 14.

Pietro Borsieri, Lodovico di Breme, and Count Porro have been already mentioned. Count Federigo Confalonieri, of an illustrious family of Milan, a man of great intellect and the firmest courage, was also the most zealous promotor of popular institutions in Lombardy. The Austrian Government, becoming aware of the aversion entertained by the Count for the foreign yoke that pressed so heavily on his countrymen, had him seized and handed over to the special commissions that sat in 1822 and 1823. By these he was condemned to severe imprisonment for

life in the fortress of Spielberg, where, during six months of each weary year, he was compelled, by the excess of his sufferings, to lie stretched upon a wretched pallet, more dead than alive.

NOTE 15.

Count Camillo Laderchi, a member of one of the most distinguished families of Faenza, formerly prefect in the ex-kingdom of Italy.

NOTE 16.

Gian Domenico Romagnosi, a native of Placentia, was for some years Professor of Criminal Law in the University of Pavia. He is the author of several philosophical works, one of which, *Genesi del Diritto Penale*, spread his reputation beyond Italy.

NOTE 17.

Count Giovanni Arrivabene, of Mantua, who, being in possession of a considerable fortune, made an excellent use of it, both as regarded private acts of benevolence and the maintenance of a school for mutual instruction. Having fallen under the displeasure of the Government, he abondoned Italy, and during his exile employed himself in writing *Delle Società di Publica Beneficenza in Londra.*

NOTE 18.

Captain Rezia, one of the best artillery officers in the Italian army, son of Professor Rezia, the celebrated anatomist, whose preparations and specimens are to be seen in the Anatomical Museum in Pavia.

NOTE 19.

Professor Ressi, who for several years occupied the chair of Political Economy in the University at Pavia. He is the author of *Economia della Specie Umana.* Having unfortunately attracted the suspicions of the Austrian police, he was seized, and committed to a dungeon, in which he died, about a year after his arrest and while the special examinations of the alleged conspirators were being held.

NOTE 20.

"We were, in truth, much indebted to this good convict. There was no service in his power that he did not willingly render to us all. One day he brought, without its being seen—or perhaps, though seen, it was suffered to pass—a huge loaf of black bread to our fellow-captive, Antonio Villa. It looked as large as a wheel. Kunda whispered, 'Hide it under the coverlet; it will last you for a week, and then you shall have another.' I recall the fact even now with dismay; in two hours, the immense black loaf had disappeared."—*Piero Maroncelli.*

NOTE 21.

"Those cherries were given to me by poor Kral, who almost forced me to accept them. But I could not resolve to taste the delicious fruit till I had set apart half of it for you, my dear Silvio, and persuaded Schiller to consent to take it to you. He promised, and I trusted to Schiller's promises. 'But,' he added, 'I cannot say who sent them; I will give them to him as if they were mine: that I can do.'"—*Piero Maroncelli.*

NOTE 22.

"Two worthy men, whom we shall never forget. They did not betray their duty; and yet with how much gentleness was it discharged! Even when it bore hardest upon us, it lost its asperity; for Kral had always a word, a gesture, or a glance of the eye, that said, 'It grieves me to do so, but I must.' And Kubitski, who had a great respect for Kral, followed his example."—*Piero Maroncelli.*

NOTE 23.

"I, too, saw this lady (the wife of the superintendent) pale, exhausted, stretched upon a mattress, and surrounded by her beloved children Odoardo, Filippo, and Maria. She was sensible of her approaching dissolution; and yet, when she looked upon those little angels, she lost her assurance of death, and it seemed to her as if a single breath of life might preserve her for ever here below. I should be ungrateful, were I not to speak

of the mother and aunt of the superintendent. Their affection for me was a great consolation in my misfortunes."—*Piero Maroncelli.*

NOTE 24.

"Anxious that Oroboni's dear remains should be interred with all possible decency, we recommended them to Kral. He assured us that he had himself closed the eyes of the deceased, that he had directed and assisted in the last sad offices, that he had placed a bunch of flowers on his bosom, and wrapped him in one of his own sheets; a favor not granted to other convicts. Kral's kind heart was certainly not induced to render these attentions by any hope of recompense from Oroboni's parents. He will be rewarded by the Father of all."—*Piero Maroncelli.*

NOTE 25.

"We used to see Schiller's god-daughter in the first year of our captivity, as we were walking on the large terrace. She was not more than thirteen years old, and used to play round the immensely tall old man with a grace and *naïveté* not easy to describe, when one remembers that a German girl of thirteen, notwithstanding her physical development, is much younger in mind than a French or Italian of the same age. Before we left Spielberg, we learned that the god-daughter of our good Schiller was married."—*Piero Maroncelli.*

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI

Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
Di Lancilotto come amor lo strinse;
Soli eravamo e senza alcun sospetto.

Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
Quella lettura e scolorocci il viso,
Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.

Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
Esser baciato da cotanto amante
Questi che mai da me non fia diviso

La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante.

—Dante, L'Inferno, Canto V.

Together once we read
The tale of Lancelot, how love seized him!
Alone we were, without suspecting aught:

Oft in perusal changed our cheeks their hue,
And oft our eyes each others' glances caught;
But one sole passage 'twas that both o'erthrew.

At reading of the longed-for smile to be
By such a lover's kissing so much blest,
This dearest (never shalt thou part from me!)

His lips to mine, to mine, all trembling, pressed.

—Thomas W. Parsons's translation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LANCIOTTO, Lord of Rimini.

PAOLO, his brother.

GUIDO, Lord of Ravenna.

FRANCESCA, his daughter, wife of Lanciotto.

A PAGE.

GUARDS.

The scene is in Rimini, in the royal palace

ACT I

Scene First

LANCIOTTO enters from his apartments; hastens to meet GUIDO, who has just arrived. They embrace affectionately.

GUIDO

To see me she entreated? On the word
I left Ravenna. Far less dear to me
The loftiest throne on earth than my fair child.

LANCIOTTO

Oh, Guido, changed indeed this royal house
Since that most joyful day when I was wed.
No more the paths of Rimini are gay
With song and dance, while watchful courtiers say,
"Ours is the happiest king in this whole world!"
Then Italy's proud princes envied me;
Now pity moves their hearts at my despair;
Then with her beauty and the shadowy veil
Of sadness, which but made her more divine,
Francesca swayed all hearts in purest love;
Her gentle sorrow had its source, 'twas thought,
In leaving thee and the paternal home;
And in that sacred sense of maidenhood
Which shrinks from marriage, power, and public praise.
Time's unremitting course seemed, in its flow,
To turn the lessening current of her grief.

Not downcast, as before, her lovely eyes
Francesca bent, reluctant, on my face,
Nor longer sought perpetual solitude.
A holy wish sprang up within her soul
To learn the griefs of all unhappy hearts.
To me she told them, saying tenderly,
"I love thee for thy just and gracious reign."

GUIDO

Thou movest me to tears. A little child,
Sunny and gay, she flitted like a bird
Among the flowers, in life's untroubled ways.
Her smiling glance, wherever it might fall,
Infused the spirit of her happy youth.
Who could foretell that, by a sudden cloud,
Her joy should be o'ershadowed, turned to woe
By the first pain that touched her tender heart?
War, war, alas! with bold and bloody hand,
Snatched a loved brother from her close embrace;
O memory fraught with woe! At Heaven's high throne
For him in peril rose her constant prayers.

LANCIOTTO

No consolation does her heart accept;
She mourns her brother, and her spirit, erst
So pious and so gentle, turns in scorn
Upon the man that was his murderer.
A mortal hatred burns within her soul
Toward him, however innocent he be.
I vainly say, "This is no war of ours!

Our fathers sowed the seeds whose harvest dread
We now are reaping. 'Twas no crime of his,
Paolo's, that my brother murdered yours.
'Twas but a cruel accident of war.
Remorseful grief will fill his generous soul—
For never knight of finer feelings lived—
That by his deed he wounds a sister's heart."
Paolo's name enrages her, alas!
My distant brother e'er must share my love.
With quickened pulse I heard of his return
To our beloved country. But when first
I told Francesca, praying her to feel
Some joy at his return, and to receive
His presence with her sweet and courtly grace,
She gave a scream that pierced my very soul.
"Does he return?" she cried, and fainting fell.
Must I confess it?—thinking she was dead,
I swore—ves. swore—to avenge her death on him!

GUIDO

And couldst thou—

LANCIOTTO

Heaven annul the impious vow!
The oath she heard, and, shuddering, stretched her hand,
Entreating, toward me. "Nay, swear once again,
And be thine oath a vow of love, not hate
For him whose blood flowed from thy father's veins.
He only, when Francesca is no more,
Thy loving, steadfast friend shall ever be."
For this she pleads, and that my grievous hate

Dwells still within my soul, embitters her.
She urges that to thee and her old home,
Ravenna, where her eyes shall not behold
The slayer of her brother, she return.

GUIDO

When first your summons came my heart grew weak
With fear that she was ill—she is so dear—
Too dear, it may be, my whole life entwined
With hers—thou knowest it well. I live in fear
That I may live too long—thou understand'st?

LANCIOTTO

Oh, say not so!—yet with the selfsame fear
I too am stricken, when, with eyes fast closed
And pallid cheeks untinged by life's red tide,
She lies in sleep. Then pierced with pangs of dread
I lay my lips on hers to know she breathes.
I tremble till she wakes. In sports and feasts
I sought her sadness to dispel; to her
They brought but weariness. With gems and gold,
The fit adornments of her lofty place,
Her smiles I tried to win. Grateful, but sad,
She still lamented for her brother gone.
All consecrate to Heaven her spirit seems.
I built new altars, and at every hour
Hundreds of virgins raise confiding prayers
For her, their royal lady and their friend.
The arts of love with which I fain would move
Her heart to happier thoughts she sees, she feels,
She tells me so, and then—again she weeps.

Sometimes a base suspicion seizes me—
That I may have a rival. Heaven forbid!
But, if her pure and candid spirit shines
Through her fair person, and some hidden grief—
Behold her, she is coming!

Scene Second

Enter FRANCESCA

GUIDO

Daughter, embrace me! It is I, thy—

FRANCESCA

Father,
Thy hand, that I may cover it with kisses!

GUIDO

Come to my breast! Here, mingle with mine own
The beatings of thy heart. And thou, Prince, come;
Ye are my children! Here! Heaven bless you both!
Thus did I clasp you both that bridal-day
When first your hands were joined.

FRANCESCA

Ah, me, that day!
But wert thou happy, father?

LANCIOTTO

Wouldst thou say
The day that made him happy made thee sad?

FRANCESCA

A strange foreboding long had haunted me
That I should ill requite a husband's love
With constant tears. Father, to thee I said
"I was not born for marriage. Grant, I pray,
That I may hide beneath a virgin's veil
My weeping eyes." But thou didst bid me wed;
Didst say by marriage only could I give
To thee the happiness a daughter owes.
Thy wish was a command, and I obeyed.

GUIDO

Ungrateful child! to grieve a father's heart—
The only child now left to me, in life—
By thoughts of cloistered maidenhood; to me
In mine old age couldst thou, unkind, deny
The dear delight of children on my knee—
A child of my own child? Was that thy wish?

FRANCESCA

I would not change my life for mine own sake.
Upon this heart of mine the Lord has placed
A weight of anguish inconceivable.
To bear it I'm resigned. In lonely cell,
Or in the world of men, my life's pale blooms
I still must water with unceasing tears.
But in a convent's walls no other soul
Would e'er have had its life o'ercast by mine.
Unhindered from my breast my prayers would rise
To God, that He would look with pity down

On His unhappy child, and bear her soon
From this sad vale of grief. But now, a wife,
I cannot ask to die. My life, alas!
Afflicts thee, noble husband; by my death
I should afflict thee more.

LANCIOTTO

Oh, kind thou art,
Though cruel! With thy tears distress my heart,
With love's seductive poison fill my blood,
Nay, all my life embitter—only live!

FRANCESCA

Too well thou lov'st me. Every day I fear
That into hatred thy fond thoughts must change,
And that thou'lt seek to punish me for guilt—
Guilt I have ne'er—have never meant, at least.

LANCIOTTO

Guilt! Dost thou speak of guilt?

FRANCESCA

My love for thee
Is all too poor, and weakly 'tis expressed.

LANCIOTTO

Dost feel it? Never have I thought to say
What now escapes my lips. Thou hadst a wish,
And 'twas to love me, and thou couldst not! Heaven!

FRANCESCA

What think'st thou of me?

LANCIOTTO

Never word of blame
Shalt thou receive from me. The heart's deep love
Nor comes nor goes at will.

FRANCESCA

Dost believe that?

LANCIOTTO

Forgive me, for I say to thee again,
O lady, that I hold thee free from blame.
But what if 'twere that this deep grief of thine
Sprang from a noble soul in conflict strong
With an unworthy passion?

FRANCESCA

Oh, my father,
Be my fair fame protected by thy word!
Tell him, and swear to 't, that no shade of wrong
Clouded the happy days passed at thy side.
Tell him once more no heart could e'er have dreamed
That, at his side, reproach could fall on me.

LANCIOTTO

Again forgive me! love is ever quick
To feel suspicion's sharp and subtle dart.

Oft to myself I said, "If, still a child,
Pure as a snow-drop, stainless love and sweet
Touched her young heart, and now a rival claim
Shares in her secret thought my rightful place,
Since duty e'er her first obedience wins,
What right have I with curious hand unkind
To open the old wound that rankles still?
If in her soul so innocent and clear
Aught is concealed, there shall it ever be
Imbedded, as 'twere frozen in her soul."
But must I say what next assailed my mind?
One day, it chanced, I tried to comfort thee
By giving to thy brother words of praise.
O'ercome with strong emotion, thou didst cry,
"Whither, O fond companion of my heart,
Oh, whither art thou gone? Why com'st thou not,
That ere I die thy face once more I see?"

FRANCESCA

Thus did I speak?

LANCIOTTO

Words which it scarcely seemed
A sister of a brother would have used.

FRANCESCA

Wouldst thou the thoughts of the unhappy judge
E'en in their ravings? Is it not enough
That they are wretched? Wilt thou think them base?
Against the sorrowing all conspire in hate.

They offer pity which they do but feign.
Nor pity do unhappy hearts desire;
It is for death they long. When in thy life
My sufferings thou no longer canst endure.
May the tomb open for me—yes, with joy
I thither will descend, glad that I there
From all men shall escape.

GUIDO

Thou ravest, child!

LANCIOTTO

Why dost thou turn such frightful looks on me?
What have I done to thee?

FRANCESCA

Canst thou deny
That of my lasting woe thou art the cause?
Why didst thou tear me from the precious soil
Where lie my mother's sacred ashes, why?
There time had soothed my pain which here, alas!
Each object quickens, every hour renews.
At every step remembrance haunts my path.
Oh, frenzied brain! I know not what I say!
Believe me not!

LANCIOTTO

Francesca, thou shalt go
To thy beloved Ravenna, with thy father.

GUIDO

Consider, Prince—

LANCIOTTO

My rights I do resign.
To bring thee back from thy paternal home
I ne'er shall seek. Nor ever shalt thou see
The one whom thou dost dread, yet whose great love
Will never fail, who is thy husband still—
Unless, perchance, it might be, penitent,
And moved to pity for my broken life,
To me, a lonely man, thou shouldst return.
All changed by anguish then thou might'st not know
The face thou turn'st from now. But my true heart
Will feel thy presence; to thy gentle breast
I'll fly, and, resting there, will all forgive.

FRANCESCA

Thou weepest, Lanciotto.

GUIDO

Oh, my child!

FRANCESCA

Father, didst ever see a child more base,
A wife more thankless? Still, believe thou must,
That though in grief my lips speak bitter words,
My heart does not pronounce them. Father, speak!

GUIDO

Oh, shorten not thy father's lessening days,
Nor make thy husband's virtues, which had won
From Heaven a noble and beloved wife,

Futile by thy strange deeds. More light will lie
The earth above my tomb, if on some day
Hereafter thou wilt come and, laying there
Thy hand, thou'lt swear that joyful thou didst make
Thy husband with fair children and thy love.

FRANCESCA

Can I cut short my father's thread of life?
No! Heaven forbid! Daughter and wife I am,
And true to both dear ties I'll ever be.
God grant me strength! Implore His aid with me.

GUIDO

May peace descend from Thee upon my child!

LANCIOTTO

Upon my wife!

Scene Third

Enter PAGE

PAGE

A knight demands admittance.

FRANCESCA *(to GUIDO)*

Thou need'st repose. To thine apartments come.

(Exit with GUIDO.)

Scene Fourth

LANCIOTTO and PAGE

LANCIOTTO

What name gives he?

PAGE

His name he did conceal,
But I can guess it. Through the court he came,
And round the hall he gazed excitedly.
The ancestral armor ranged upon the walls
Filled him with joy; thy father's spear and shield
He recognized.

LANCIOTTO

Paolo! 'Tis my brother!

PAGE

See where he comes!

Scene Fifth

PAOLO and LANCIOTTO run to meet each other and remain long in close embrace.

LANCIOTTO

'Tis thou, 'tis thou, my brother!

PAOLO

Oh, brother mine! I am dissolved in tears!

LANCIOTTO

Thou one companion of my tender years,
From thee too long divided have I been.

PAOLO

Here last we did embrace. Another, then
A man most dear to both, I also clasped.
He wept—and I was ne'er to see him more.

LANCIOTTO

Our father!

PAOLO

Thou didst close his dying eyes.
Of his Paolo had he naught to say?

LANCIOTTO

Dying, he called upon his distant son.

PAOLO

And did he bless me? From the heights of heaven
His reunited sons he surely sees,
Rejoicing in our joy. Forever now
United we'll remain. Weary am I
Of following Glory's vain and fleeting shade.
Upon Byzantium's ancient throne my blood
I've sprinkled, in a cause I did not love,
Fighting a city that I did not hate.
And fame I won until among the great,
Loaded with honors by the Emperor,

I stood. These triumphs filled my soul with scorn.
For whom did I my sword with slaughter stain?
'Twas for the stranger in an alien land.
Have I no country who her children's blood
Holds dear and sacred? Oh, my Italy,
My country, who hast valiant sons and true,
Should Envy e'er excite affront to thee,
For thee I'll draw my shining sword, for thee
I'll fight the offender till my latest breath.
Of all the lands warmed by the genial sun,
Art thou not noblest? Of all finest arts
Art thou not tender mother, Italy?
Thy heroes' dust is mingled with thy soil.
To thee my sires their valiant spirits owe,
Their fair estates, long conquered by their swords—
All that I hold most dear thy skies o'erarch.

LANCIOTTO

To see thee, hear thee, and not love thee—no,
It is not possible. Thanks be to Heaven,
She cannot hate thee.

PAOLO

"She?" Of whom dost speak?

LANCIOTTO

Thou dost not know. One tender pledge alone
My happiness now lacks.

PAOLO

Thou lov'st, perchance?

LANCIOTTO

Ah, yes, I love, and she whom I do love
Is as an angel fair and lovable;
But strangely sad, alas!

PAOLO

I also love;
Let us our loves confide to one another.

LANCIOTTO

Our father, ere he died, a marriage planned
For me, his eldest son, by which should come
Unto our house a firm, enduring peace;
I wedded.

PAOLO

And thy love is now thy wife?
Art thou not happy? Tell me who she is;
Does she not love thee?

LANCIOTTO

I should be unjust
If I should say she loves me not. Ah, no—
Would she as well loved thee! But thou hast slain,
By war's mischance, a brother dear as life.
To see thee she refuses, such her grief.

PAOLO

Who is she? Speak! Who? Who?

LANCIOTTO

At Guido's court,
When on a high commission thou wert sent,
Thou once didst see her.

PAOLO

She?

LANCIOTTO

Guido's fair daughter.

PAOLO

And she loves thee? And is thy wife? 'Tis true—
It must be she—her brother 'twas I killed.

LANCIOTTO

Unceasingly she mourns. When she but heard
Of thy return unto thy native land
She shuddered 'neath the roof that shelters thee.

PAOLO *(repressing great emotion.)*

To see me she refuses! Oh, what joy,
What fond delight, I dreamed of finding here
At my loved brother's side. I will ride forth,
Far from this roof I will forever dwell.

LANCIOTTO

Our father's roof shall shelter both his sons.
Their claims are one. It never shall be true
That we must dwell apart.

PAOLO

Nay, live in peace!
The love of wife outlasts all other loves.
Love her forever. Take this brand of mine,
And give me thine. Then thou wilt ne'er forget
Thy brother, thy Paolo.
(Makes the exchange with gentle force.)

LANCIOTTO

Brother mine—

PAOLO

Should I escape the desperate chance of war,
And on some future day we meet again,
More coldly will our hearts' hot pulses beat;
Time's all-o'erwhelming flood Francesca's hate
Will have extinguished, and fraternal love
May then within her softened heart have place.

LANCIOTTO

Why dost thou weep, Paolo?

PAOLO

I, too, love.
One maid there was to my enraptured gaze—
One only in the world. She did not hate—
Ah. no, she did not hate me!

LANCIOTTO

Hast thou lost her?

PAOLO

Ah, Heaven has snatched her from me.

LANCIOTTO

In my love,
A brother's love, do thou be comforted.
Thy face, thy generous words, would melt to love
Even Francesca's heart. Come, come!

PAOLO

Come whither?
To meet *her?* *(Aside.)* Never must it be on earth
That Lanciotto's wife and brother meet.

ACT II

Scene First

GUIDO and FRANCESCA

FRANCESCA

Here—here—more free the air—

GUIDO

Whither dost roam
With hesitating step and doubtful mien?

FRANCESCA

Didst thou not hear, or seem to hear—oh, list!—
A voice—Paolo's voice?

GUIDO

Banish all fear
That thou wilt see him. Never will he seek
To see thee 'gainst thy will.

FRANCESCA

Has he e'er heard—
Has any one e'er told him—of my—hate?
Perchance 'twould grieve him.

GUIDO

So distressed was he
That he would straight depart. But to prevent him
Lanciotto is resolved.

FRANCESCA

He would depart?

GUIDO

Thy mind is calmer now. Lanciotto prays
That thou wilt meet his brother here to-day.

FRANCESCA

My father, O my father! thou dost know,
Alas! thou must perceive, what throbbings wild
This coming rouses in my anguished breast.
Deserted seemed fair Rimini to me,
Lonely and grim this castle's ancient halls.
But now—ah, me! my father, leave me not.
Oh, leave me nevermore! Only with thee
Dare I rejoice or weep. Thou couldst not be

To me unkind or hostile—or unjust,
Thou would'st have pity if—

GUIDO

What mean'st thou, child?

FRANCESCA

If thou could'st know how bitter and forlorn
My solitary life! Compassionate
And comforting thou art. When at thy side
I do not need to tremble, nor from thee
Must I the prompting of my heart conceal
As from all others. Not a spirit stern,
But quickly moved to joy or tears, is mine.
Here I can never laugh or weep at ease,
Lest I betray to watchful eyes my heart.
Woe, woe to me if by unguarded word
The thoughts that fill my burdened breast escape!
Thou with a father's sympathy wouldst feel
The ills that threaten thine unhappy child;
And if through perils grave her way should lie,
With gentle hand thou wouldst deliver her.

GUIDO

'Tis true, my child, thy heart was ever gay,
And thy most secret thoughts thou may'st reveal
To thy devoted father.

FRANCESCA

All, yes, all,
Would that I might unfold—to thee. O Heaven!

What do I say? Where can I hide myself?
Open for me, O Earth! conceal my shame!

GUIDO

Speak! Heaven inspires thee! For a soul like thine
To feign or to conceal is keenest pain.

FRANCESCA

Concealment and pretence my duty are;
'Tis guilt to ask for comfort; and to tell
A fault so grave unto a father kind,
Who chose the best of husbands for his child—
Yet did not make her blest—were base indeed.

GUIDO

Alas for me! have I thy life destroyed!

FRANCESCA

No, no, thou hast not, father! Oh, how weak
My wavering mind! I needs must struggle still.
Sustain me, save me from my own despair!
In the long battle I have conquered, yet
These last days of my life affright me now.
I beg thine aid, my father, that these hours
May close in holy ways, untouched by sin.
Lanciotto may divine a secret woe,
But act of guilt hath never stained my soul.
Faithful to him I am and still will be.
Father, I see thy brow is all bedewed
With drops of anguish; thou dost turn from me—
Thou shudderest.

GUIDO

No, my child. Tell me thy grief.

FRANCESCA

Thy breath is failing! Heaven, O Heaven, help!

GUIDO

'Tis naught, my child. A slight disorder here
Within my brain. 'Twill pass. How sweet it is
For aged limbs to lean on the young strength
Of children not ungrateful.

FRANCESCA

Just thou art,
And just is thy reproof. Ungrateful, yes,
I'm an ungrateful daughter—punish me!

GUIDO

What impious youth, with sacrilegious flame,
The altar of thy heart has dared approach?

FRANCESCA

No impious youth is he. Naught of my love
He knows nor dreams. And he does not love me.

GUIDO

Where is he? Can it be that thou, perchance,
Wouldst to Ravenna go to seek him there?

FRANCESCA

'Tis to escape him, father, I would go.

GUIDO

Where is he, where? Answer!

FRANCESCA

Restrain thy wrath,
For thou hast promised to be pitiful.
In Rimini he is.

GUIDO

Who yonder comes?

Scene Second

Enter LANCIOTTO

LANCIOTTO

Thou seem'st disturbed! But now thou wert content.

GUIDO

Francesca, on the morrow we depart.

LANCIOTTO

What sayest thou, Guido?

GUIDO

'Tis Francesca's wish.

FRANCESCA

Father!

GUIDO

Thou wouldst not dare—
(*Exit with threatening glance at her.*)

Scene Third

LANCIOTTO and FRANCESCA

FRANCESCA

More cruel far
Than all the rest, alas! my father is.

LANCIOTTO

Thou didst not wish to leave me. I believed
My grief had touched thy heart. There is no need
That thou return to shun Paolo's face.
He wishes to depart.

FRANCESCA

He will depart?

LANCIOTTO

Yes, life by his own hearthstone were too sad
If he by any be disliked and shunned.

FRANCESCA

Is he so much annoyed?

LANCIOTTO

In vain I sought
To change his purpose. He has sworn to go.

FRANCESCA

He loves thee well.

LANCIOTTO

Gentle and generous
His youthful heart. Love changeable and weak
He cannot feel. Alike are we in this.
And like me, too, love's victim does he live.

FRANCESCA

He is love's victim?

LANCIOTTO

Yes. Hadst thou but heard
His mournful story, thine own heart, believe,
He would have moved to pity and to love.

FRANCESCA

Why comes he here? Perchance, does he conceive
That I a brother have, other than he
Whom he has slain—and whom he still would slay?
'Tis for my pain alone he seeks this place.

LANCIOTTO

Unjust thou art! He prays that ere he go
For one brief moment thou wilt listen to him,
But for one moment thou wilt see his face.
Remember, 'tis thy kinsman asks this grace,
A brother, who amid adventures strange
Takes his uncertain way. It well may be
We ne'er shall see him more. Let conscience speak.
Had I an enemy who, ere he sailed
Across the ocean's pathless blue, should come

To offer me his hand, that hand I'd take,
And warmly I would press it, 'tis so sweet
To grant forgiveness.

FRANCESCA

Oh, urge me not, I pray! A sense of shame
O'erwhelms me at thy words.

LANCIOTTO

Nay, who can tell
But the wide sea, I'd say, may ever lie
Between us twain, and we meet nevermore.
'Tis but in Heaven, when death's dark stream is passed,
That we shall see each other face to face,
And there we ne'er shall part. There thy cold scorn
For my dear brother into love will turn.

FRANCESCA

My husband—ah! thou knowest!—Pardon me!

LANCIOTTO

Come, brother!

FRANCESCA

Oh, my God! *(Throws herself into the arms of Lanciotto.)*

Scene Fourth

Enter PAOLO

PAOLO

'Tis she! Francesca!

LANCIOTTO

Come forward, brother!

PAOLO

Oh, what shall I say?
'Tis she! But will she hear me, since my face
She still refuses to behold? Far better
It were that I depart, nor see her more.
Less bitterness her spirit then will feel.
Tell her, O brother, I forgive her hate,
And tell her it is all unmerited.
'Tis true I slew her brother whom she loved.
Against my will I slew him. Mad with loss,
His crazed, disordered troops in desperate flight,
He hurled himself with fury 'neath my sword.
With mine own life I would have rescued him.

FRANCESCA (*Still embracing her husband and not daring to lift her face.*)

My husband, is Paolo gone? Who weeps?
I hear the sound of weeping.

PAOLO

I must weep,
Francesca. Who more wretched is than I?
From home and country I an exile flee.
Was not my heart already rent enough
In losing her I did so dearly love?
Must I my only brother leave for aye?

FRANCESCA

It never shall be laid upon my soul
That brothers were divided for my sake.
My duty 'tis to go; 'tis thine to stay!
Lanciotto needs a friend, and such thou art.

PAOLO

Oh, dost thou love him? Love was e'er his due.
I also love him. When in lands remote
I saved the wives and daughters of the slain
From the fierce passions of my conquering troops,
And on all sides, with acclamations loud,
They called me bravest warrior and best,
Then the sweet memory of my brother loved
Rushed o'er my heart, and in my dreams of fame
I saw a time, a future, festal day,
When Italy and all her fairest dames
Should praise and thank their knight so chivalrous.
But sorrowful my noblest triumphs seemed;
Unfortunate my valor and renown.

FRANCESCA

Didst thou, when fighting in those lands remote,
Show pity to the conquered? Didst thou save
Unhappy wives and maidens? Could it be
That 'twas among those maidens thou didst find
The one who now reigns sovereign of thy heart?
What words are these I utter? I am crazed!
Go from me! Yes, I hate thee! Go, I say!

PAOLO

Lanciotto, fare thee well! Francesca—

FRANCESCA (*Hearing him departing, throws him an involuntary glance.)*

PAOLO (*Wishes to speak to her, but fearing to betray himself, flees.)*

LANCIOTTO

Stay,
Paolo, stay!

Scene Fifth

FRANCESCA and LANCIOTTO

FRANCESCA

Paolo!—Woe is me!

LANCIOTTO

Pity for him, pray, dost thou feel or feign?
Unnatural thou art! These constant tears
Why dost thou shed? Hast thou no other wish
Than our unhappiness? The cause I'll know
Of thy strange words; I'm weary of them. Speak!

FRANCESCA

And I am weary of thine unjust blame.
For me there is one only way of peace—
It leads away from—life.

ACT III

Scene First

PAOLO

To see her, yes, once more. Love's eager ear
Is deaf to duty's pleadings. Honor cries
That I should leave her, ne'er to see her more.
But can I? No! Oh, how she looked at me!
More beautiful in grief, yes, queenlier far
She seemed than e'er before. To lose her now!
From me has Lanciotto stolen my love!
The thought is madness! Nay, I hold him dear,
And he is happy. May his joy endure!
Must he his brother's heart pierce to the core
That his heart may be blest? Oh, bitter fate!

Scene Second

FRANCESCA

(Advances without seeing Paolo.)

Where is my father? From him I could learn
Whether this roof my—kinsman—shelters still.
To me these walls forever will be dear.
Ah, yes, this soil made sacred by his tears
Will be his place of rest when life is past.
Unworthy heart! Expel these wicked thoughts!
I am a wife!

PAOLO

She murmurs as she walks,
And as she speaks she sighs in sadness deep.

FRANCESCA

These halls I must resign. The very air
Is fraught with dreams of him I must forget.
To my paternal hearth I will return.
Through days and nights, at my own altar fires,
Prostrate before my God, for all my faults
His pardon I'll implore. I'll pray that Thou,
Sole Refuge of afflicted hearts, my heart
Wilt not abandon.

PAOLO *(Advances toward her.)*

Oh, Francesca!

FRANCESCA

Oh!—
Signor—what dost thou wish?—What do I see?

PAOLO

To speak to thee once more!

FRANCESCA

To speak to me!
Ah me, I am alone! My father, why,
Oh, why hast thou thy daughter left alone?
Where art thou, father? Help thy trembling child,
That I have strength to flee!

PAOLO

Whither wouldst flee?

FRANCESCA

Signor, pray do not follow. Heed my wish.
To my domestic altar I retreat.
Of Heaven's kind aid the unhappy e'er have need.

PAOLO

With thee I'll seek my father's hallowed shrine,
Low at its foot to kneel. What heart on earth
More than my own is wretched? Mingled there
Our piteous sighs together will ascend.
Oh, lady fair, thou wilt invoke my death,
The death of one whose life thou dost deplore.
For thee my warm petition shall arise
That Heaven thy vows may evermore receive,
May pardon thy injustice, and thy life
Crown with delights; that youth and beauty's charm
Thou still mayst keep through many happy years;
That all thy fondest hopes fulfillment find,
While love of husband and the sweet embrace
Of thy own little children make thee blest!

FRANCESCA

Paolo—Oh, what am I saying?—Nay,
Weep not, I pray. I do not ask thy death.

PAOLO

Since thou dost—hate me—

FRANCESCA

What is it to thee
If duty binds me shudder when I think?

I trouble not thy life. To-morrow's dawn
Will find me far away. Thy brother, then,
Will seek in thee companionship and love.
Thou wilt console him for Francesca's loss.
He will shed bitter tears, and he alone
When he has learned the truth will weep for me.
No other heart in Rimini will mourn.
Listen, but tell him not. No more shall I
Hither return. My heart 'twould break. Ah me!
When to my husband these last tidings come,
Console him, and—for him—shed thou a tear.

PAOLO

Francesca, is it thou dost ask of me,
"What carest thou that I abhor thee thus?"
Canst say, "My scorn does not thy life disturb"?
Why utterest thou these words of import strange?
As lovely as an angel formed in love
By the Creator, loved by every one,
To noble husband wedded, dost thou dare
To speak of death? For me 'twere fit indeed,
Who, lured by empty honors, left my home
And lost—alas! what grievous loss is mine!—
A father whom I hoped to clasp once more.
Had I to him my secret passion told,
He never would have doomed me to despair;
On me who loved her so he had bestowed
The lady whom I now have lost for aye.

FRANCESCA

What mean'st thou? Of thy—lady!—dost thou speak?

Without her presence art thou all forlorn?
Does love o'errule thy passions? Better far
Some finer flame should warm a soldier's blood;
His sword should be his love. Glory and Fame
With beckoning hand should lure him to their heights.
For noble souls such noble aims are fit;
Follow thou them, nor be debased by love.

PAOLO

What words from thee! Wouldst thou be pitiful,
Would thy resentment to forgiveness turn,
If sometime, with my sword, unsheathed for thee,
I should win greater triumphs? Speak one word!
It is enough from thee. The place, the hour,
Thou shalt decide. To shores the most remote
I'll go; and there, whatever foes assail
Or dangers threaten, sweet the way will be
Because Francesca's voice will be my guide.
Honor and pride have nerved my valiant arm;
More proud, more brave, thy name will render me.
Not with a tyrant's purpose shall my course
Be ever marred; no crown, except of bay,
And interlaced by thee, shall I desire.
One plaudit from thy lips, one word, one smile,
One glance of love from thee.

FRANCESCA

Eternal God!
What can this mean?

PAOLO

Francesca, 'tis my love!
Even to despair my love is driving me!

FRANCESCA

What do I hear? Is my poor brain o'erwrought?
What didst thou say? Thou canst not mean—

PAOLO

— love thee!

FRANCESCA

Be not so bold! Oh, hush! They might o'erhear.
Thou lovest me? Too sudden is thy flame!
Dost thou not know I am thy brother's wife?
Hast thou so soon forgot thine own beloved?
Woe, woe is me! Nay, drop that hand of mine!
Thy kisses are a sin!

PAOLO

My love for thee
Is not a sudden passion. Thou art she
Whom I have loved and lost. I spoke of thee,
I mourned for thee, I loved thee, love thee still,
And still shall love thee till my latest hour.
If for my impious love I shall be doomed
Eternal punishment below the earth
To suffer, none the less eternally
I'll love thee more and more.

FRANCESCA

Can it be true
That thou hast loved me?

PAOLO

Listen while I speak!
The day when at Ravenna I arrived,
Sent by my father on an embassy,
Crossing a corridor with courtly train
Of pensive maidens I beheld thee first.
Thou didst arrest thy footsteps at the base
Of a new tomb where prostrate thou didst weep,
And raised thy hand to Heaven in mute appeal.
"Who is yon lady?" I in wonder asked.
"Tis Guido's daughter," was the quick response.
"Whose is the tomb where reverently she kneels?"
"She seeks the sepulcher of Guido's wife,
My lady's mother." Strangely was I moved
With pity for the daughter thus bereft.
Oh, how my pulses throbbed! Thine eyes were veiled.
I did not see them; but I have not ceased
To love thee, O Francesca, since that day.

FRANCESCA

Oh, cease!—And thou didst love me?

PAOLO

Long my love
I hid within my breast. At last, methought
That thou hadst read my heart. Thy maiden steps
Unto thy secret gardens thou didst turn
One day alone. Reclining near the lake
I, sighing, watched thy chambers. Thou didst come,
And I all trembling rose. Upon a book

Thine eyes downcast were bent, and did not see
My eager face. As thou didst read there fell
A round, warm tear upon the open page.
Shaken with deep emotion, I advanced
And spoke to thee. My words were all confused,
And timidly thy soft voice answered mine.
Thou gavest me the book, and we did read,
Together we did read of Launcelot,
How he in love's sweet fetters was enchained.
We were alone, nor dreamed of any wrong.
Our eyes unconscious met; my blood was flame,
And thou didst tremble. Swiftly, ere we knew,
I kissed thy lips.

FRANCESCA

That day!—The book remained
With thee.

PAOLO

'Tis here. It lies upon my heart.
Look on it. See the page whereon we read.
Look! there the stain made by the gentle tears
Shed by thine eyes that day.

FRANCESCA

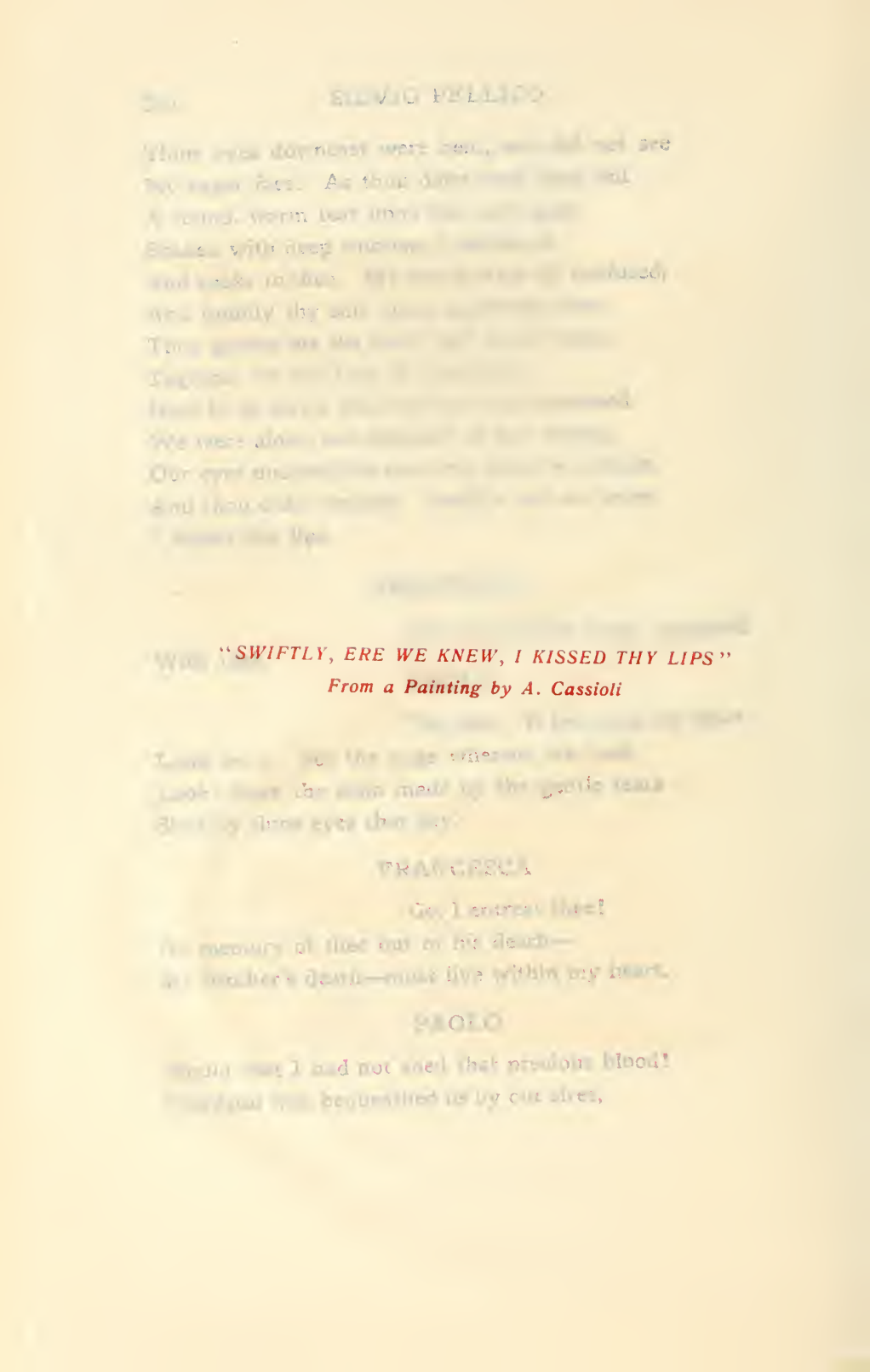
Go, I entreat thee!
No memory of thee but of his death—
My brother's death—must live within my heart.

PAOLO

Would that I had not shed that precious blood!
This fatal war, bequeathed us by our sires,

"SWIFTLY, ERE WE KNEW, I KISSED THY LIPS"

From a Painting by A. Cassioli



"SWIFTLY, ERE WE KNEW, I KISSED THY LIPS"

From a Painting by A. Cassioli

Checked my fond wish. Thy hand I did not ask,
And into Asia, fighting, I withdrew.
Soon to return and find thy soul appeased
I fondly hoped, and then to call thee mine.
Yes, I confess it, the audacious hope
To win thy love and hand—that dream was mine.

FRANCESCA

Alas! alas! Go, I beseech thee, go!
Respect my grief, my honor, and depart.
Who, who will give me strength that I resist thee!

PAOLO

Ah, thou didst press my hand!—unhoped-for joy!
Oh, tell me why thou thus hast pressed my hand.

FRANCESCA

Paolo!

PAOLO

Oh, thou dost not hate me now!
'Tis true, thou dost not?

FRANCESCA

Naught else must I feel.

PAOLO

And canst thou?

FRANCESCA

Nay, I cannot.

PAOLO

Blessèd words!
Repeat them o'er and o'er. Thou hat'st me not!

FRANCESCA

Too much I've told thee! Be not cruel! Go!
Hast thou not heard enough? Leave me, I pray.

PAOLO

Nay, let us speak at last. I'll leave thee not
Till thou dost say all that I wish to hear—

FRANCESCA

And that I should not tell. I love thee! Oh,
The words escaped my weak and guilty lips—
I love thee, I am dying of my love.
I would die innocent. Have pity, pray!

PAOLO

Oh, dost thou love me? My consuming pain
Thou canst but see. A desperate man am I,
But at these words of thine there runs a joy
Through all my being, wonderful and sweet,
Till I can scarce express my ecstasy.
Can it be true that thou hast loved me long,
And I have lost thee?

FRANCESCA

Nay, Paolo, thou,
'Twas thou that didst, unkind, abandon me.

I could not think that I was loved by thee.
Go, go! this must our last, last meeting be.

PAOLO

Thou canst not think that I shall leave thee now.
It cannot be. At least, the joy is ours
Of daily glance and touch.

FRANCESCA

Ah, that delight
Is to betray ourselves, and to excite
Unjust suspicions in my husband's breast,
And my fair name to blot. Paolo, nay,
If thou dost truly love me, leave me now.

PAOLO

Relentless Fate! I blot thy sacred name?
No, never! Since another's wife thou art,
For me remains but death. From memory's page
Erase whatever there would speak of me.
Live thou in peace. Thy peace I have disturbed.
Forgive me, never weep for me nor love me.
Alas, what do I say?—Yes, love me still,
And sometimes weep o'er my sad destiny.
I hear Lanciotto. Heaven, grant me thine aid!
Come, brother! *(Calls.)*

Scene Third

Enter LANCIOTTO and GUIDO

PAOLO

Come, give me a last embrace.

LANCIOTTO

Must it, then, be in vain?

PAOLO

A single word
Do not oppose to my determined will.
Hither I brought a sad, a desperate fate;
'Twere woe should I remain.

LANCIOTTO

Why such wild words?
And passion clouds thy brow.

PAOLO *(Madly, with a loud cry.)*

Ah, 'tis not ours!
The crime is Fate's, not ours! Farewell, Francesca

FRANCESCA

Paolo, stay, oh, stay!

LANCIOTTO

Such words from **her!**

GUIDO *(Supports his daughter.)*

She faints, she faints!

PAOLO *(About to depart.)*

Francesca!

FRANCESCA *(Faints in Guido's arms.)*

He is gone!
I die, I die!

PAOLO

Francesca!—look! Help! Help!

GUIDO

(FRANCESCA is borne to her chamber.)

My child, my child!

Scene Fourth

LANCIOTTO and PAOLO

LANCIOTTO

Paolo, what dost mean?
A horrid light runs, scorching, 'cross my eyes.

PAOLO

Oh, cruel that thou art! She's dead! I die!
Leave me, I pray, to die!

Scene Fifth

LANCIOTTO

Can it be true—she loves him, and but feigned?
Away that hideous thought! From hell it comes!

Only, Paolo shall forbidden be
To leave the palace; forcibly, at need,
He shall be held within. O base pretence!
O veil that hides their guilt! It shall be rent!

ACT IV

Scene First

LANCIOTTO and PAGE

LANCIOTTO

What? Guido hastens his departure? Nay,
I wish to see her, see my wife, Francesca.
Also let him, Paolo, come to me.

PAGE

Thy brother?

LANCIOTTO

Yes, my brother. Bid him come.

Scene Second

LANCIOTTO

He is my brother. Worse, far worse, the crime.
She hated him!—'Twas but a lying scheme,
And I, forsooth, in that base fraud believed.
His absence, not his presence, caused her tears.
In secret did Francesca summon him

To come again to Rimini, to her!
Curb thyself well, my thought, nor dwell on this;
For with fierce counsel thou dost urge me on
To place my hand upon my hilt. I tremble.

Scene Third

GUIDO and LANCIOTTO

LANCIOTTO

To leave me is thy daughter still resolved?
Hoped she without my knowledge to depart?
To such a purpose didst thou give consent?

GUIDO

The better way it seemed.

LANCIOTTO

So guilty, then,
Is she, thy daughter?

GUIDO

Nay, unyielding Fate
Dooms our sad house to an unending woe.

LANCIOTTO

Thou dost not deem her guilty, yet she burns
With an accursed flame?

GUIDO

She mourns her love,
And from its object prays to be removed.

She scarce had come to consciousness, when, hot
With shame and wrath, I dragged her from thy sight.
Forgetting e'en that I her father was,
And she my only child, I laid her down
Low at a holy statue's marble base;
Then bared my sword above her helpless form,
With threats of death—ah me!—and curses deep,
If she concealed the truth. Choking with sobs,
The unhappy woman spoke.

LANCIOTTO

And what said she?

GUIDO

Her tears I scarce could bear. She is my child.
Herself she bared her throat to the cold steel,
And, ever weeping, fixed her eyes on mine.
"Guilty art thou?" I cried. "Answer, or die!
Guilty art thou?" Her anguish made her dumb.
My heart was rent in twain. I turned my face,
That hers I might not see. I felt her arms
Embracing me, and in a dying voice,
Her face upon the earth, she faintly sobbed,
"My father, I am innocent. I swear it."
I wiped my brow, and bade her swear again,
"I am not guilty." From my shaking hand,
I threw the sword; I raised her to her feet,
And strained her to my heart. Though wronged and grieved,
I am a father still and love my child.

LANCIOTTO

Oh, strange delusion! Sinful love she feels,
Yet boasts herself as innocent. In vain!
Far from my eyes, perchance, a passion sweet
She dreams of with Paolo—vainly dreams!
With flattering promises he fills her ears,
That to Ravenna he will follow her.
Base traitor! Still my power controls you both!

GUIDO

These hoary hairs thy courtesy should claim.
Save her I must. Do thou see her no more.

Scene Fourth

LANCIOTTO and PAOLO

LANCIOTTO

Wretch that thou art, come forward!

PAOLO

Dost thou think
That insults such as this I calmly bear
From other lips? No, never! But in thee
My father's claim to sufferance I respect.
A brother or a subject do I come?

LANCIOTTO

Paolo, as a brother answer me.
If she had been thy wife, if some one else

Had snatched her from thy bosom, if that one
Had been thy best, thy dearest, earliest friend,
One whom, while he betrayed thee, thou didst clasp
As more than brother to thy loyal heart,
Of what wouldst deem him worthy? Tell me true.

PAOLO

Full well I know what mercy costs thy soul.

LANCIOTTO

Canst thou divine the struggle in my soul?
'Twere well didst thou perceive it. Thou hast named
Our father. To his sons he e'er was kind,
E'en when he thought them wrong.

PAOLO

Thou, thou alone,
Hast merited succession to his place.
What shall I ever say to thee? Alas!
With such strange kindness thou dost shame my heart.
I've boasted of my chivalry—but no,
It never equaled thine.

LANCIOTTO

What wouldst thou do,
Were she thy wife?

PAOLO

Francesca? Ne'er should fall
Even a rival's shadow on her path.

LANCIOTTO

What if thy brother dared to seek her love?

PAOLO

That sacred name no longer should he use.
I'd work him woe, whoever he might be.
I'd pierce him with my dagger o'er and o'er—
The traitor!—who should dare to love my wife.

LANCIOTTO

By fiery impulses to swift revenge
I also am assailed. E'en while I speak,
Believe me, I can scarce restrain this hand,
Which flies at each hot thought to seize my sword.
And thou dost dare admit this horrid crime?
Thou couldst seduce a wife?—thy brother's wife?

PAOLO

Less cruel wouldst thou be hadst thou my veins
Laid open with thy sword and let my blood
Flow forth in streams. So vile I could not be.
Could I pollute that pure, angelic soul,
The purest Heaven e'er made? It could not be.
The heart that loves Francesca is not base;
Her image graven on the humblest soul
To heights sublime will raise it. By my love
I am become ambitious to be great
With all of truest greatness—to be gentle,
Religious, valiant, pure, and pitiful.
And if a nobler flame now warms my heart

Than warriors or than princes often feel,
I owe it to my love, my holy love.

LANCIOTTO

Than any man more insolent thou art,
Who dar'st to boast of thy base love to me!

PAOLO

If base had been my love, within my breast
Hidden and guarded I had kept it well.
But, pure as it is great, it bids me speak.
A thousand deaths I would have died to save
Her life from breath of blame. But go I must.
There is no other way. A long farewell
Thou to thy brother must in sadness say.
We part forever, for thy lady's sake.

LANCIOTTO

Dar'st thou deny the baseness of thy love?
All joy of life hast thou not snatched from me?
I'll blot from memory e'en my brother's name;
But can I make Francesca's heart forget?
Wilt thou not bear, wherever thou shalt roam,
The love of her whom I must call my wife?
Still at her side, unloved, I must remain.
She ne'er will say, "I hate thee." Piously
She still will feign, but I the truth shall know;
And of her hatred thou, wretch, art the cause!

PAOLO

I love her, I confess it. But no blame,
No, Heaven forbid! can touch Francesca's name,

LANCIOTTO

Wouldst thou deceive me, too? I read thy thoughts.
Thou fearest that one day upon thy love,
Upon Francesca, vengeance I shall wreak.
Revenge burns fierce within my spirit now.
To sacrifice you both have I no right?
I am a king. I am a husband scorned,
A prince insulted. I will use my rights.
Let Fame pronounce her sentence—what she will.
Your perfidy will have her deepest scorn.

PAOLO

Nay, 'twill be said hereafter, "What the crime
If young Paolo, to Ravenna sent,
Loved with a holy flame the purest one
Of all earth's lovely spirits!" Over her
What rights hadst thou? Thy face she ne'er had seen;
Thou sought'st her hand in wedlock, not for love,
But that thy State strong and united be.
Are human loves, kind Nature's sweetest gifts,
Denied to sons of princes? Nay, and thou,
Perchance thou didst not question her young heart,
And learn the truth, ere thou didst make her thine.

LANCIOTTO

How thou art bold! To insolence untold
Thou addest insults still! I'll bear no more!
(Puts his hand to his sword.)

Scene Fifth

Enter GUIDO and FRANCESCA

FRANCESCA *(Appears first.)*

Father, I see them draw their swords!

GUIDO *(Holds FRANCESCA; then steps between the brothers.)*

Stay! stay!
O brothers, let your wrath give place to love.

PAOLO

More than my life thou hast already ta'en
Now life itself destroy.

FRANCESCA

Nay, mine, slay me!
Shed thou my blood; I am the offending one.

GUIDO

Alas, my child!

LANCIOTTO

Thy father's presence, woman,
By thy good fortune, saves thee from my rage.
Stay thou within his arms; for woe to thee,
Should his paternal kindness fail thee now.
That thou wert cradled in a royal bed
I may forget. Worse than a slave thou art.
Thy love is infamous; more infamous

Than any slave is an unfaithful wife.
These words are maddening. To have loved thee so,
To have adored thee, to be scorned by thee!
Thou knowest well my pride of ancient line,
My haughty spirit, and untarnished name.
Insults there are too great to be forgiven.
Honor demands their punishment. But no,
Perchance that word is all unknown to thee.

GUIDO

Stop! Thou art mad!

LANCIOTTO

The voice of honor speaks,
And when that voice all-powerful I hear,
I hear no other. And my sword I seize
When Honor beckons.

FRANCESCA

Father, he slays me not.
Oh, father, slay thou me!

LANCIOTTO

Oh, do I rave?
And are you all affrighted at my mien?
O Guido, when my hair shall whitened be,
And in the past I live; when cold my blood,
And I recall my sins and better deeds;
E'en in old age, remembering a wife,
Loved as a woman, worshiped as a saint,

Yet traitor to my love, I still shall feel
All of my ancient wrath rise in my breast,
And uttering imprecations I shall flee
With face turned toward the tomb that hides my woe.
That hour I shall not see. This day's despair
Hurries me to my gave, whose presence near
She joyfully perceives. 'Twill please her well
To tread upon my tomb. Perchance will come
With her another who will scorn my dust.

FRANCESCA

O Heaven, grant me thine aid that I reply!
I deaf to Honor's voice? Nay, 'twas not base
That I Paolo loved. A prince he was
Of my own Italy, a noble knight
Of station like my own, in honor held
By peoples and by rulers. 'Twas no sin.
Thy wife I was not. Oh, my words are vain!
Thine anger I deserve, for from my heart
This early passion I could ne'er expel.
Nor could I wish it gone, except—no more!
With this my heart's one secret I had died
If he had not returned. I swear to this.

PAOLO

Francesca, pardon me!

FRANCESCA *(To LANCIOTTO.)*

Pardon thou him—
Not as my lover, but thy brother, pardon!

LANCIOTTO

Thou pleadest for Paolo! Shameless, thou!
Together dost thou think to leave these walls?
Or where the place that sees thee reunite?
Perhaps he schemes e'en from thy father's side
To bear thee off.

PAOLO

Oh, the insulting thought!

LANCIOTTO

Thou speak'st to *me* of insult? She shall go,
But never shall she look upon thee more.
With guards let this man be surrounded. Ne'er
Shall he move forth one step outside these walls.

PAOLO *(Resists.)*

Such outrage base beneath my father's roof
I will not suffer.

LANCIOTTO

Am I not thy lord?
Give up that rebel brand!

PAOLO *(Overcome by guards.)*

Thou dost disarm me,
Brother? Oh, how changed!

FRANCESCA

Pity!—Paolo—Oh!—

PAOLO

Francesca!—

LANCIOTTO

Lady!

GUIDO

Come! yield to his rage.

ACT V

(The hall is lighted by a lamp.)

Scene First

FRANCESCA and GUIDO

FRANCESCA

Is his heart softened, father?

GUIDO

(Comes from LANCIOTTO'S chamber.)

When I entered,
In terror from his bed he wildly leaped.
"O Heaven!" he cried, "and is it really come.
This dawn of day accursed? Is it to-day
That I must lose Francesca? Nay, I'll not.
I do retract consent; she shall remain;
I cannot live without her." While he spoke,
Tears, bitter tears, rained down his mournful face.
To name thee stirred his soul to madness first;
Then, moved by tenderest love, he wept for thee.
Long in my arms I held him, weeping too,
Nor striving to allay his grievous woe,

With gentle words I soothed him, pleading still
That thou depart, nor see his face again.
Let us at once set forth.

FRANCESCA

Nay, father, nay!
If now I see him not, then nevermore
Shall I my husband see. Of his free pardon
I crave assurance.

GUIDO

Oh, he pardons thee
And promises Paolo to forgive.

FRANCESCA

Oh, joy! But let us— in this solemn hour
Of peace and pardon—let us leave unnamed
Him whom I ne'er shall meet on earth again,
And whom forever I would now forget.
Already in my heart his voice grows faint,
Already my pure womanhood returns,
And penitence and tender memory
Of him, my faithful husband, given by thee—
Whose love I was not good enough to prize—
Take full possession of my tranquil soul.
I beg once more to see him. Bear with me;
This grace for me obtain. Low at his feet
Prostrate I would my ingratitude deplore,
Reveal to him my pangs of sharp remorse,
Entreat him not to spurn me. 'Tis my prayer.

Go to him, tell him, if I see him not
My hope of Heaven's forgiveness seems in vain.

GUIDO

Thou art so urgent? I'll conduct him hither.

Scene Second

FRANCESCA

O Rimini beloved! I leave thee now
Forever, city fatal to my life.
Adieu, ye walls, ill-omened, but so dear!
Adieu, loved cradle of those princes twain!
What am I saying? Here I offer now
My final prayer, O God, for this dear house.
Unworthy though I be, close not thine ear.
I pray not for myself, for these I pray,
These princes, brothers—on their heads, I beg
That thou in love lay Thine almighty hand—
What do I see?

Scene Third

FRANCESCA and PAOLO

PAOLO *(Rushes forward, distraught, carrying a drawn dagger.)*

Oh, joy supreme! I see her once again!
My prayer is granted. Stay! If thou shouldst flee,
I'll follow.

FRANCESCA

Bold thou art. And whence these arms?

PAOLO

I bribed my guards with gold.

FRANCESCA

Oh, Heaven, new crimes!

PAOLO

I come to hinder crimes. The jealous rage
Of Lanciotto I'll not gratify.
Thou art the victim he would fain destroy.
A horrid fear has forced me hither now.
I closed my eyes to sleep, when lo! a sight
Too terrible for words confronted me.
Dying I saw thee, and thy face and form
Were covered o'er with blood. To earth I sprang
To rescue thee. My name thou didst pronounce.
And thou didst die. O horrid prophecy!
Delirium of despair! In vain I woke,
And shook my senses free. Before my eyes
That fearful vision stands. Look how the sweat,
Like agony of death, streams from my locks
At the narration.

FRANCESCA

Oh, be calm, I beg!

PAOLO

Mad with this dream of anguish, I arose;
I bought the guards, my sword I wildly seized.

With fear that I should see thee nevermore
I was convulsed. I find thee here. Oh, joy!
Command me. Of my arms, as of my heart,
Thou art the queen. I long to die by thee.

FRANCESCA

Come to thy senses! Thou art raving mad!
That man whose noble name thou dost insult
But now extended pardon to us both.
Leave me! What canst thou hope for?

PAOLO

Leave thee? No!
Never, until outside these cruel walls,
Safe at thy father's side, I see thee ride.
Forebodings strange and awful that thy life
With danger and with death is overhung
O'erwhelm me with despair. I scarce can breathe—
Thou lov'st me not. To fate thou art resigned.

FRANCESCA

Against my fate I cannot struggle more.

PAOLO

Tell me the time, the place, where we may meet.

FRANCESCA

If e'er on earth our wicked love shall end—

PAOLO

Never? Then never shall we meet again?
Francesca, place thy hand upon this heart.
Some time upon thine own thou'lt lay that hand
And then remember mine—its throbbings wild.
Frightful and fierce they are. May they be few!

FRANCESCA

Oh, love!

PAOLO

I had adored thee. Not a day
Had passed but with new pleasures I had planned
Thy happiness. To me thou wouldst have borne—
Enchanting fancy!—children like thyself,
Whom I had taught, next God, to reverence thee
And love thee as I love thee.

FRANCESCA

'Tis a sin
Even to hear such words as these from thee!

PAOLO

Never canst thou be mine?

FRANCESCA

Forevermore
My heart will feel the debt I still must owe
To my most generous husband. Sacrifice,
E'en more than love, is his unselfish part.
If unjust fate should in an early tomb

Enwrap him, ere my light extinguished be,
For him I'll ever wear a widow's veil;
Nor by this love, now buried in my heart,
Will I offend his gentle memory.

PAOLO

Thou understandest not! I do not make
Uncertain, empty threats. I'll let him live,
And let him take my life. But life for thee
Will only last removed from his revenge.
Live, and in silence love me aye, for aye.
Mingled with all thy dreams thou'lt see my face;
A blessed shade, forever at thy side
By day and night I'll stand, adoring thee.

FRANCESCA

Paolo—

PAOLO

Man and Heaven have wronged us twain.

FRANCESCA

Be quiet! Pity me, or we are lost.
My father, come!

PAOLO

No rights a father has
Over his offspring, if with tyranny
He sacrifices her to his own will.
The bloom of thy fair youth with rudest touch
He has destroyed; thy maiden happiness

In tears he has engulfed. He lit the fires
That now thy life consume. To the tomb's edge
Who drives thee now? Thy father.

FRANCESCA

Impious one!
Think what thou sayest! I hear a sound!

PAOLO

No man
Shall tear thee from my arms! Thou'rt mine forever!

Scene Fourth

Enter GUIDO and LANCIOTTO

LANCIOTTO

Look! By my guards I am betrayed. Paolo!
I shall go mad! to see this infamy
Thou, Guido, hast besought me? With fine art
She sent thee on her mission. 'Twas their hope
Together to rebel or flee. They die—
Together they shall die!

(He unsheathes his sword, and fights with Paolo.)

FRANCESCA

Oh, evil thought!

GUIDO

O wicked child! Thou drivest me to curses!

PAOLO

Francesca, all abhor thee. I alone
Will thy defender be.

FRANCESCA

O, brothers, cease!
Between your blades I place my neck. Slay me—
'Tis I alone am guilty.

LANCIOTTO

Die, then, die!

(Stabs her.)

GUIDO

Oh, wretched that I am!

LANCIOTTO *(To PAOLO.)*

And thou, vile youth,
Defend thyself!

PAOLO

Never! now run me through!

(Throws down his sword, and is stabbed.)

GUIDO

What horrid deeds are these!

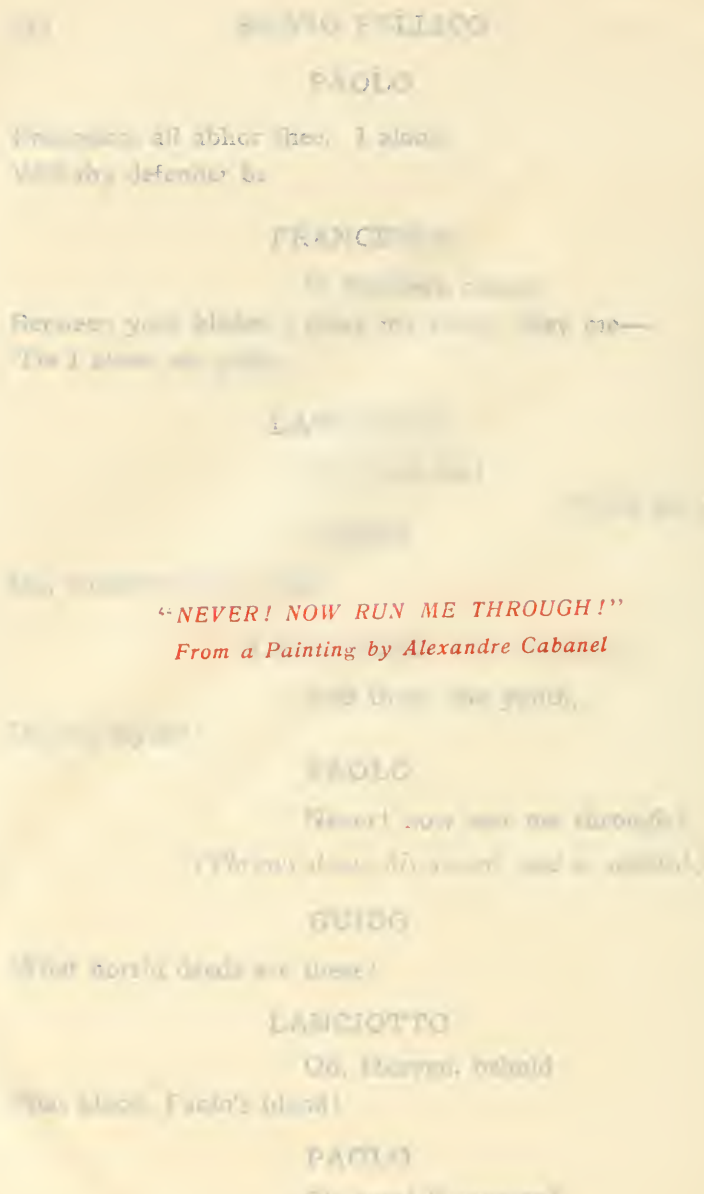
LANCIOTTO

Oh, Heaven, behold
That blood, Paolo's blood!

PAOLO

Oh, woe! Francesca!

"NEVER! NOW RUN ME THROUGH!"
From a Painting by Alexandre Cabanel



"NEVER! NOW RUN ME THROUGH!"
From a Painting by Alexandre Cabanel

FRANCESCA

My father, thou didst curse thy dying child.

GUIDO

My daughter, I forgive thee.

PAOLO

O Francesca!
'Tis I, 'tis I, have caused thy cruel death!

FRANCESCA

Eternal—woe—awaits—us—'neath—the—earth. *(Dies.)*

PAOLO

She dies, and I die with her. Love, for aye—*(Dies.)*

LANCIOTTO

She has expired! Paolo, this keen blade
Thou gavest me turns now upon myself.

GUIDO

Restrain thy hand. 'Tis thy blood, from his veins,
Stains the sad turf. Woe, woe! it is enough
To make yon sun, whose dawn foretells the day,
Shudder with horror on his fiery way.

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